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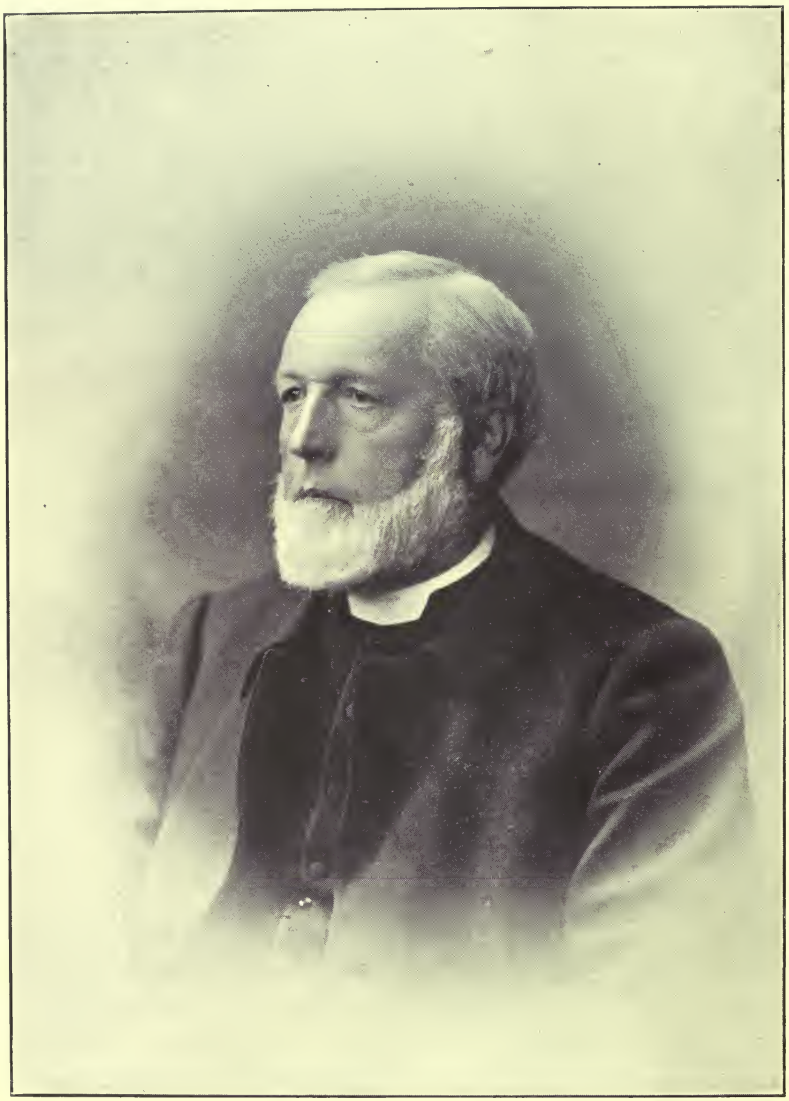
FOLK TALES AND FAIRY LORE



Rev. JAMES MACDOUGALL.

Folk Tales and Fairy Lore

IN GAELIC AND ENGLISH

COLLECTED FROM ORAL TRADITION

BY

REV. JAMES MACDOUGALL

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Author of "Craignish Tales," and "Folk and Hero Tales"

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE EDITOR.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I HAVE pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness to Mrs. MacDougall for her whole-hearted interest in the progress of the work from first to last, for transcribing the English Text, and for approving numerous minor changes in expression, which I had suggested, and thus relieving me from the sole responsibility of making those changes. It is but right to say, however, that as the work advanced through the press, I felt impelled to make the alterations in the text, and especially in the translation, much more thorough-going than I had at first contemplated.

In the Gaelic text I have endeavoured to simplify the spelling, and therefore excluded such MS. forms as daramh (dara), 'san t-seallamh ('san t-sealladh), a' deanadh (deanamh), o'n taice so (tac) p. 168, romh (roimh), sid (sud). Fhalbh (p. 32) remains as probably the correct form of thallaibh. The final vowel of fem. *a* stems has been printed in full, as also of the verbal perfects cuala, faca; and, latterly, whenever possible, the substitution of commas for letters, or words, has been avoided. Traces of the fem. *a* stem accusative sing. have been retained, *e.g.*, cuir umad cirb de mo bhreacan, p. 214; as also an old accusative pl. mas. *o* stem used as nom. chuir na feara eòlas, p. 16; while other traces of the accusative mas. *o* stems are gus an cuala e an aon ghuth, p. 138; and ach an aon, p. 86.

Some combinations have been retained, which, though not strictly grammatical, are universally in use, such as—a' trusadh a cuid, p. 270; ag cur bacadh, p. 298; le rùn tilleadh, p. 302; gun tuilleadh dàil, p. 8; bhàrr a' bhùird-obair, p. 150; do 'n bhean bhochd, p. 100.

The common spelling has been adhered to in words like àiridh, cha'n, sìthe in preference to the more correct àirigh, cha n-, sìdhe; and the accent has been retained on the two short unaccented words á out of, àm time, as in MS.

Tacain, for a while, is uniformly so written in MS., cf. Stokes' Goid.[2] 149b.

A trace of the original neuter gender of benn is preserved, *e.g.*, aig sàil Beinne Bhric, p. 242, where the MS. has Beinn-a-Bhric.

Entirely new matter added by the Editor is enclosed in square brackets.

Unfortunately, the first three formes, up to p. 48, were printed off prematurely; and therefore, while regretting numerous printers errors (the gravest of which is *heared*, p. 15), I entreat readers to keep in view the following corrigenda:—

Read—tèaruinte, p. 6, 44.
is i a' sìneadh. p. 12.
de'n airgiod ghill, p. 20.
gealltainn, p. 20.
fo'n stairsnich, p. 22.
cho fada is a, p. 22.
na faidhreach, p. 22.
is a bha e, p. 26.
cha, gu'n, tugadh, p. 30, 36.
bhóidich, p. 40.
dhìrich, p. 42.
bha e a' dol, p. 44.
comharraichte, p. 182.

In conclusion, I beg to express my warmest thanks to friends and correspondents who have taken an interest in the work, among others to Mr. Henry Whyte, "Fionn," who looked over the sheets as they were passing through the press; to Mr. Duncan M'Isaac, who carefully read proofs of the whole book; and especially to Rev. C. M. Robertson, who, in addition to reading the proofs, has given me the benefit of his opinion on points of difficulty in the text, and has suggested several corrections. Though unable to adopt every suggestion that has been made, or to agree with everything in the book itself, I have had much pleasure in the work of editing it, and part with it in the hope that it will prove no unworthy monument to the literary memory of a highly cultured and worthy man.

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

FROM the days of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell, who speaks of Mr. Donald Macqueen as "a very learned minister in the Isle of Sky whom both Dr. Johnston and I have mentioned with regard," the lamp of learning has burnt steadily, if sometimes obscurely, among the Highland clergy. The Church of Scotland sees to it that ministers shall possess the modicum demanded by her standards. But here and there ministers of studious habits, not content with the ordinary elements of education, strike out in new directions. Too seldom has their attention been turned to Gaelic, of which the duties of their office demand an accurate knowledge and a fluent use. A whole world of poetry, tradition, superstition, anecdote, proverb, and clever repartee is familiar to the rank and file of the Highland clergy within the sphere of their labour and recreation, but this knowledge has been turned to literary account by only a few.

Mr. James MacDougall was one of those who during a long life consistently maintained the best traditions of his class. A native of Craignish, where he was born in 1833, he engaged in tutorial work and teaching before entering college. Following the usual curriculum, he was at length ordained, and became a missionary, preaching in remote glens of the West Highlands till he was presented to the Parish of Duror. The Royal Seal, bearing date 12th July, 1871, now lies before me, together with a note of charges for the same, amounting to £9 6s. 11d. In 1900 he was married to a daughter of Mr. Cuthbert Cowan, Ayr—a union which added much to his own happiness and to the prosperity of the Parish. He died at Duror Manse 4th September, 1906.

Mr. MacDougall possessed great literary taste, which he cultivated, and from an early period composed original poems in Gaelic and in English. His chief interest, apart from his life work, lay in books and what was destined to find a place in them. The Editor well remembers meeting him in the year 1893 on

board a Loch Linnhe steamer going Oban-wards. The conversation turned on the subject of Fairy Lore, and Mr. MacDougall needed no great persuasion to recite some of his fairy stories, little thinking that while he was the collector, and, in a sense, the author of them, his hearer would become their sponsor. The appearance of his library gave one the impression that he had a love for his books. They were neither so numerous as to lie unread, nor so few as to indicate limited culture, and merely parochial interests. Mostly of value, they were handled accordingly. Here and there are marginal notes that always show penetration. The roads and lanes and hillocks of Duror, in common with other country places, had their own tales and suggestive names, the origin of which he was fond of investigating. His derivations are reasoned, and in pleasing contrast to the vagaries of popular etymology. His well known interest in all local matters led to his being consulted by the Scottish Boulder Committee, and to some correspondence with the convener, Mr. David Milne Home, LL.D.

A delightful host and companion, he drew his friends from almost every walk in life. Some of them came from far. To mention but one—the brilliant and ever-to-be-lamented Professor Strachan, whose genius and enthusiasm have done so much for Celtic studies, found himself from time to time enjoying the hospitality of Duror Manse. And the Rev. D. Macfarlane, then minister of the neighbouring Parish of Glencoe, writes—"One could not forget the exuberant welcome at Duror when we came to make a Céilidh, and the insistence which made the afternoon call a three days' visit." But whether they came from far or near, all that knew him owned the charm of his conversation, which arose in part from his manifest friendliness and courtesy, and in part from his keen observation and experience of life, ranging from the quiet of Duror to the excitement of foreign travel, from geological problems to the Welsh Revival (which he studied on the spot), from Gaelic Tales (and even riddles) to the translation of the Hymnal, to which he also put his hand, and executed some versions with credit. Besides his tales in *Waifs and Strays of*

Celtic Tradition, vols. I. and III., and another tale, "The Urisk of the Corrie of Howlings," *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, i. 328, he has left no printed matter save a pamphlet on the Clan MacDougall, and some translations of Hymns. Of his MSS., the chief contents are now before the public. But a number of tales and poems, some of which the Editor had prepared for the press, are withheld in order to keep the present volume to a reasonable size.

This brief survey of an attractive and memorable life may fitly close in the words of Rev. D. Macfarlane, now minister of Kingussie, between whom and the minister of Duror there existed a strong bond of sympathy and friendship:—"Mr. MacDougall's instincts were those of the scholar and the gentleman, with a healthy love of out-door life as represented in rod and gun and dog. These were always to be found in pleasant confusion in his study. Not a sporting parson, but a parson who found in sport a real contribution to healthy-mindedness. Nor was he an ecclesiastic, though a diligent and watchful pastor, knowing his people with an intimacy that included their material prospects by land and sea, as well as their domestic and spiritual welfare. To walk through his Parish with him was to be instructed in all the social life of the people by merely listening to his friendly inquiries of old and young. His taste for Celtic studies and Folklore was of course inexplicable to the country people, especially so in a minister; yet he persevered because these studies were an intellectual stimulus to him, and because he was proud of these remnants of Celtic thought and fancy, and felt they should be preserved.

Others can appraise his work, but for me there remains the pleasant recollection of many evenings spent in Duror Manse, when folklore, legend, and story were dramatically re-told. A new tale, or the different rendering of an old one, or even an uncommon word, would be welcomed by him with almost boyish delight; for his oft-repeated regret was that he had not more methodically committed to writing the treasures of Celtic lore he had early come in contact with.

He was ever a helpful neighbour, a good friend, a stimulating companion, and the pattern of a robust and healthy religious life. Absorbed as he was in pursuits and studies off the main line of ministerial activity, he never suffered them to interfere with the claims of his profession. He was always the minister. His lot was cast in a secluded glen, while his ability and talents would have fitted him for much more important charges; but he cheerfully accepted the position, and faithfully did his day's work. To those who knew and loved him, Duror will never be the same since his vigorous and genial personality has passed for ever from it."

G. C.

Manse of Strathfillan,
June, 1910.

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FOLK TALES

AND

FAIRY LORE.

RIDIRE NAM BEANN 'S NAN GLEANN 'S NAM BEALACH.

Bha ann roimhe so ridire beairteach ris an abradh daoine Ridire nam Beann 's nan Gleann 's nam Bealach. Mu choinneamh Caisteal an Ridire so bha tulach bòidheach uaine o 'm faiceadh e, 'n uair a sheasadh e air a mhullach, gach bó is each agus ceithir-chasach a bh' aige.

Air latha grianach brèagh chaidh e suas air an tulach so agus an uair a sheall e m'a thimchioll, cha robh beathach beò a bhuineadh dha ri fhaicinn. Sheas e tacain far an robh e, a' smuainteachadh ciod a thàinig riu, no c'àit' an rachadh e g'an sireadh. Am meadhon a smuainteachadh thug e sùil sìos gu bun an tulaich, agus ciod a chunnaic e 'na sheasamh an sin ach an Gadhar Cluas-dhearg Bàn.

"Gu dé fàth do sprochd an diugh, a Ridire nan Gleann 's nam Beann 's nam Bealach?" ars an Gadhar Cluas-dhearg Bàn. "Is mór sin 's cha bheag," fhreagair an Ridire. "Tha gach beathach a bh' agam 's an t-saoghal air chall, 's gun fhios agam c'àit' an deachaidh iad."

"Ma bheir thu dhomh-sa té de d' nigheanaibh r' a pòsadh, bheir mise air ais iad uile dhuit ann an tiota," ars an Gadhar Cluas-dhearg Bàn. Thubhairt an Ridire gu 'n tugadh, na'm bitheadh i féin toileach a ghabhail; agus dh' fhalbh iad le chéile dh' ionnsaidh a' Chaisteil.

Cho luath 's a chaidh iad a stìgh, chuir an Ridire

THE KNIGHT OF THE GLENS AND BENS AND PASSES.

THERE was erewhile a rich knight whom people called the Knight of the Glens and Bens and Passes. Opposite this knight's castle was a pretty green knoll, and when he was standing on the top of it he could see every cow and horse and four-footed beast he had.

On a fine sunny day he ascended this knoll and looked around, but not a living creature belonging to him was to be seen. He stood for a while where he was, thinking what had become of them, or where he should go in search of them. In the midst of his cogitation he cast a glance down to the foot of the knoll, and what did he behold standing there but the White Red-eared Hound.

"What is the cause of thy sadness to-day, Knight of the Glens, Bens, and Passes," said the White Red-eared Hound. "Great is that, and not little," replied the knight, "every beast I had in the world is lost, and I know not where they have gone." "If thou wilt give me one of thy daughters in marriage, I will bring them all back to thee in an instant," said the White Red-eared Hound. The knight said he would, if she herself were willing to have him, and they went together to the castle. As soon as they entered, the knight sent for his eldest daughter, and, when she came, he spake to her in gentle, coaxing words to see if she would marry the White Red-eared Hound. She marry the spotted dog! She would do nothing of the kind for

fios air a nighean bu shine, agus, 'n uair a thàinig i, labhair e rithe 'm briathraibh brìodalach ciùin, feuch am pòsadh i 'n Gadhar Cluas-dhearg Bàn. An ise 'phòsadh an cù breac! Cha deanadh i leithid air-son an t-saoghail. Agus gun fhacal tuilleadh a ràdh, dh' fhalbh i mach fo dhiomb mór gu'n do chuireadh tairgse cho tàmailteach m' a coinneamh.

Chuir e fios 'na déidh-sa air an té mheadhonaich. Ach cho luath 's a thàinig i stigh agus a chual' i 'n gnothach a bh' aige rithe, thionndaidh i air a sàil agus sheòl i mach gun uibhir agus freagradh a thoirt da. An sin thàinig an té b' òige stigh, agus an uair a chual' i 'n t-aobhar mu 'n do chuireadh fios oirre, thubhairt i r' a h-athair: "Pòsaidh mise e air chumhnant gu 'n toir e bhur cuid féin air ais dhuibh-se."

Gun dàil na b' fhaide ghairmeadh daoine dh' ionnsaidh na bainnse agus air an oidhche sin féin phòsadh nighean òg an Ridire ris a' Ghadhar Chluas-dhearg Bhàn.

Moch an ath latha chaidh an Ridire mach gu mallach an tulaich uaine mu choinneamh a' Chaisteil, agus air dha sealltainn m' a thimchioll, chunnaic e gach beathach a bhuineadh dha ag ionaltradh far am fac' e mu dheir-eadh iad. Phill e stigh le gàirdeachas agus co a choinn-ich e 'san dorus ach an aon duine b' eireachdail a chunnaic e riamh. B' e so Gadhar Cluas-dhearg Bàn na h-oidhche roimhe, air fhuasgladh o na geisibh fo 'n robh e, agus air aiseag g' a chruth nàdurra féin, a chionn gu'n do phòs nighean òg an Ridire e le 'toil féin. Chaidh iad a stigh le chéile, agus an uair a chunnaic dà nighean eile an Ridire an duine brèagh a bh' aig am piuthar, bha iad duilich nach do phòs iad féin e.

Dh' fhuirich an duine òg agus a bhean beagan làith-ean na b' fhaide maille ris an Ridire, agus an sin dh' fhalbh iad dh' ionnsaidh an àit' aige-san, Caisteal mór,

the world! and without saying another word she went out in great displeasure that so insulting an offer had been put before her.

After her he sent for the middle one. But as soon as she came in and heard his business with her, she turned on her heel and sailed out without giving him as much as an answer. Then came the youngest, and, when she heard the reason why she was sent for, she said to her father: "I will marry him on condition he will bring your own property back to you."

Without further delay people were invited to the wedding, and on that same night the knight's young daughter was married to the White Red-eared Hound.

Early next day the knight went out to the top of the green knoll opposite the castle, and, on looking round, he beheld every beast that belonged to him pasturing where he had last seen them. He returned in joy, and whom did he meet at the door but the very handsomest man he had ever seen. This was the White Red-eared Hound of the night before, freed from the spells under which he lay, and restored to his own natural form, because the knight's young daughter had married him of her own free will. They went in together, and, when the two other daughters of the knight saw the good-looking husband their sister had, they were sorry that they themselves had not married him.

The bridegroom and his wife stayed a few days longer with the knight, and then they went to his place, a fine large castle, where they were as comfortable and happy as the day was long. But, at the end of a day and a year, she made ready to go to her father's house, where she was intending to remain until she was delivered. Before she left him, her husband told her not to tell anyone beneath the sun what his name was; for if she did, she would never see him again. She

brèagh, far an robh iad cho sona, sòlasach 's a bha 'n latha fada. Ach aig ceann latha 's bliadhna rinn ise deas air-son dol gu tigh a h-athar far an robh i 'cur roimpe fuireachd gus am bitheadh i air a h-asaid. Mu 'n d' fhalbh i, thubhairt an duine aice rithe gun i dh' innseadh do neach fo 'n ghréin c' ainm a bh' air-san; oir, na 'n innseadh, nach faiceadh i tuilleadh e. Gheall i nach innseadh, agus thug i 'n rathad oirre.

Ràinig i tigh a h-athar gu teàruinnte, agus cha robh i ach goirid an sin 'n uair a dh' asaideadh i.

Tri oidhchean an déidh a h-asaid thàinig ceòl sìth' mu thimchioll an tighe, leis an do chuireadh an luchd-faire 'nan cadal, agus an sin thàinig còg mhór a stigh fo 'n àrd-dorus, a sgriob leatha 'n leanabh, agus a dh' fhàg aran agus searrag fhìon' an ceann na leapa.

An uair a bha 'n t-àm dhi pilleadh dhachaidh am fagus, rinn a peathraichean oirre-se uibhir 's a b' urrainn iad, feuch an innseadh i dhaibh ainm an duine aice. Ach chuimhnich i air a gealladh, agus cha d' innis i e. An sin thàinig an duine féin, agus thug e leis i 'na charbad.

An ceann là 's bliadhna eile thàinig i rithist gu tigh a h-athar gu bhi air a h-asaid, agus thachair gach ni dhi mar air a' cheud uair.

Thàinig i 'n treas uair gu tigh a h-athar. Ach mu 'n d' fhàg i 'tigh féin thug an duine aice òrdugh teann dhi gun i dh' innseadh 'ainm-san do dhuine beò. Gheall i nach innseadh: ach bhagair a peathraichean gu'n loisgeadh iad i na 'n cleitheadh i orra-san e na b' fhaide, agus chuir iad i 'na leithid a dh' eagal 's gu 'n d' aidich i mu dheireadh gu 'm b' e Samhradh-ri-dealt a bh' air. Air an treas oidhche an dèidh a h-asaid thàinig an ceòl mu thimchioll an tighe, agus am feadh 'bha 'n luchd-faire 'nan cadal, thug a' chròg leatha 'n leanabh. Ach air an uair so cha d' fhàg i aon chuid aran no fìon; agus cha d' thàinig an duine, mar b'

promised that she would not, and went on her way.

She reached her father's house in safety, and was not long there until she was delivered.

Three nights after that event fairy music came about the house, by means of which the watchers were put asleep, and then there came in under the lintel a big hand which swept away the child, and left bread and a bottle of wine at the head of the bed.

When the time for her to return home was at hand her sisters did all they could to see if she would tell them her husband's name. But she remembered her promise and told it not. Then her husband himself came and took her away in his chariot.

At the end of another year and day she came again to her father's house to be delivered, and everything happened to her as on the first occasion.

She came the third time to her father's house. But before she left her own home her husband gave her strict orders not to tell his name to a living being. She promised that she would not; but her sisters, threatening to burn her if she hid it from them any longer, put her in such a fright that she at last confessed Summer-under-dew was what he was called. On the third night after the child was born, fairy music came about the house, and, while the watchers were asleep, the hand took away the child. But this time it left neither bread nor wine, and the husband came not, as he was wont, to take her home. By this she knew that she had done wrong in giving her husband's name to her sisters.

As soon as she could move she set out towards home; but, when she reached it, she found no living creature about the castle. She saw how matters stood,

àbhaist da, g' a tabhairt dachaidh. Le so dh' aithnich i gu 'n d' rinn i 'n eucoir ainm an duine aice innseadh d'a peathraichean.

Cho luath 's a b' urrainn i gluasad thog i oirre dhachaidh. Ach an uair a ràinig i, cha d' fhuair i creutair mu thimchioll a' Chaisteil. Thuig i mar bha, agus gun tuilleadh dàil dh' fhalbh i an déidh an duine aice air a' cheart rathad a ghabh e. Shiubhail i air a h-aghaidh fad an latha, gus an robh dubhadh air a bonnaibh agus tolladh air a bròg an, na h-eòin bheaga, bhuchallach, bhachlach, bhàrra-bhuidh' a' gabhail mu thàmh am bun nam preas agus am bàrr nan dos, agus easagan lughach, laghach a' taghadh àite mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh iad dhoibh féin, ged nach robh ise, nighean Ridire nam Beann 's nan Gleann 's nam Bealach. An sin thug i sùil roimpe, agus chunnaic i tigh beag soluis fad' uaipe; ach ma b' fhada bhuaipe e, cha b' fhada dhi-se 'ga ruigheachd.

Bha 'n dorus fosgailte agus gealbhan math air meadhon an ùrlair. Chaidh i stigh, agus thubhairt bean-an-tighe, 's i 'na suidhe aig ceann shuas an teine: "Thig a nìos, a bhean bhochd. Is e do bheatha fuireachd an so an nochd. Bha 'n duine agad an so an raoir, e féin 's a thriùir chloinne. Sin agad ubhal a dh' fhàg e agam-sa air do shon." Ghabh i aig a' bhan-choigreach gu math agus gu ro mhath. Chuir i uisge teth air a casan agus leaba bhog fo 'leisean; agus, anns a' mhaduinn, an uair a chuir i i air ceann na slighe, agus a bha i 'fàgail beannachd aice, shìn i dhi siosar, agus thubhairt i: "Sin agad siosar, agus an uair a gheàrras tu a' cheud bheum leis, leigidh tu as e, agus 'na dhéidh sin geàrraidh e leis féin an t-aodach anns a' chumadh a's àill leat a thoirt da."

Thionn' i air falbh, agus shiubhail i air a h-aghaidh fad an là gus an robh dubhadh air a bonnaibh agus tolladh air a bròg an, na h-eòin bheaga, bhuchallach,

and, without further delay, she went after her husband in the very way he took. She travelled onwards all day long, until there was blackening on the soles of her feet and holing on her shoes; the little nestling, rolled-up, yellow-topped birds were taking to rest at the foot of the bushes and in the tops of the trees, and the pretty, nimble squirrels were choosing as best they could a place for themselves, though she, the daughter of the Knight of the Bens and Glens and Passes, was not. Then she cast a glance before her, and saw far from her a little house with a light; but, if it was far from her, she took not long to reach it.

The door was open, and a good fire in the middle of the floor. She went in, and the mistress of the house, who was sitting beyond the fire, said: "Come up, poor woman, thou art welcome to stay here to-night. Thy husband was here last night, he and his three children. There is an apple which he left with me for thee." She treated the stranger well, and very well. She put warm water on her feet and a soft bed under her side, and in the morning, when she set her on the head of the way and was bidding her good-bye, she handed her scissors and said: "There are scissors for thee, and, when thou wilt make the first cut with them, thou shalt let them go, and after that they will of themselves cut the cloth in the shape thou wishest to give it."

She turned away and travelled onwards all day long till there was blackening on the soles of her feet and holing on her shoes; the little nestling, rolled-up, yellow-topped birds were taking to rest at the foot of the bushes and in the tops of the trees, and the pretty, nimble squirrels were choosing as best they might a place for themselves, though she, the daughter

bhachlach, bhàrra-bhuidhe a' gabhail mu thàmh am bun nam preas agus am bàrr nan dos, agus na h-easagan lughach, laghach a' taghadh àite mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh iad dhoibh féin, ged nach robh ise, nighean Ridire nam Beann 's nan Gleann 's nam Bealach. Aig beul na h-oidhche thug i sùil roimpe, agus chunnaic i tigh beag soluis fada bhuaipe, ach ma b' fhada bhuaipe, cha b' fhada dhi-se 'ga ruigheachd.

Bha 'n dorus fosgailte, agus teine math air meadhon an ùrlair. Chaidh i stigh, agus thubhairt bean-an-tighe, 's i 'na suidhe aig ceann shuas an teine; "Thig a nìos, a bhean bhochd. Is e do bheatha an so an nochd. Bha 'n duine agad ann an raoir, e féin agus a thriùir chloinne." Fhuair i gabhail aice gu math le bean-an-tighe. Chuir i uisge teth air a casaibh, agus leaba bhog fo 'leisibh; agus an uair a bha i falbh 's a' mhaduinn, shìn i dhi meuran, agus thubhairt i: "Sin agad meuran; agus cho luath 's a chuireas tu aon ghreim leis, leigidh tu as e, agus oibrichidh e leis féin tuilleadh."

Thionn' i air falbh, agus chum i air a turus le ceum math, gus am fac' i uair-eigin air feadh an là an duine aice agus a chlann air thoiseach oirre. An sin chruadhaich i a ceum, agus shìn i as 'nan déidh le 'h-uile neart. Sheall esan 'na dhéidh, agus an uair a chunnaic e i a' tighinn, luathaich e féin agus na bha maille ris an ceum; ach ged luathaich, bha ise a' buidhinn orra. Cha robh fios aige ciamar a bheireadh e e féin as oirre, gus am fac' e ceàrdach air thoiseach air. Rinn e dìreach air a' cheàrdaich, agus anns an dol seachad dh' iarr e air na goibhnean moille 'chur air a' bhoireannach a bha 'tighinn 'na dhéidh. Fhreagair iad gu'n deanadh iad sin; agus an uair a ràinig ise iad, rug iad oirre, agus chuir iad cearcall cho teann m' a meadhon 's gu 'm b' ann air éiginn a b' urrainn i ceum a thabhairt. Ach air a shon sin, cho luath 's

of the Knight of the Glens and Bens and Passes, was not. In the dusk she gave a glance before her, and saw far from her a little house with a light; but, if it was far from her, she took not long to reach it.

The door was open, and a good fire on the middle of the floor. She went in, and the mistress of the house, who was sitting beyond the fire, said: "Come up, poor woman, thou art welcome here to-night. Thy husband was here last night, himself and his three children." She got well cared for by the mistress of the house. She put warm water on her feet and a soft bed under her side, and when she was leaving in the morning handed her a thimble and said: "There is a thimble for thee, and, as soon as thou hast made one stitch with it, thou shalt let it go, and it will work afterwards alone."

She turned away and kept on her journey at a good pace until she saw sometime during the day her husband and his children before her. Then she hardened her pace and stretched away after him with all her might. He looked behind him, and, when he saw her coming, he and those with him hastened their steps; but, though they did, she was gradually gaining upon them. He knew not how he would take himself off from her until he beheld a smithy ahead of him. He made straight for the smithy, and, in passing, told the smiths to put an impediment on the woman who was coming after him. They replied that they would do that, and when she reached them they seized her and put so tight a hoop about her middle that it was with difficulty she could take one step. Notwithstanding, as soon as she got out of their hands she went away again as well as she could until she came to a steep ascent in her path. Ascending this brae

a fhuair i as, dh' fhalbh i rithist, mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh i, gus an d' ràinig i uchdan cas 'na slighe. A' dìreadh an uchdain so le spàirn chruaidh, sgàin an cearcall, agus thubhairt i: "Ged sgàin mo chrios, cha do sgàin mo chridhe." Dh' fhalbh i 'n sin le deann, agus chum i air siubhal gus an robh dubhadh air a bonnaibh agus tolladh air a bròg an, na h-eòin bheaga, bhuchallach, bhachlach, bhàrra-bhuidhe a' gabhail mu thàmh am bun nam preas agus am bàrr nan dos, agus na h-easagan lughach, laghach a' taghadh an àite 'b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh iad dhoibh féin, ged nach robh ise, nighean Ridire nan Gleann 's nam Beann 's nam Bealach. Chunnaic i mu dheireadh tigh beag soluis fada bhuaipe; ach ma b' fhada bhuaipe, cha b' fhada dhi-se 'ga ruigheachd.

Chaidh i stigh, agus thubhairt bean-an-tighe rithe: "O, an d' thàinig thu, nighean an Ridire? 'S e do bheatha 'n so an nochd. Bha 'n duine agad an so an raoir, e féin agus a chlann, agus dh' fhalbh iad moch 's a' mhaduinn." Fhuair i gabhail aice gu math le bean-an-tighe. Chuir i uisge teth air a casaibh, agus leaba bhog fo 'leisibh. Agus an uair a bha i 'falbh anns a' mhaduinn thubhairt i, 's i sìneadh snàthaid dhi: "Sin agad snàthad, agus an uair a nì thu aon ghreim leatha, leigidh tu as i agus fuaighidh i 'n sin leatha féin.

Dh' fhalbh i aon uair eile air a turus, agus chum i air aghaidh gus an d' thàinig i air coltas àite duin'-uasail. Chunnaic i tigh beag roimpe, agus rinn i dìreach air. Ciod a bha 'n so ach tigh cailleach-chearc an duin'-uasail. Chaidh i stigh, agus fhuair i cead fuireachd.

Cha robh i ach goirid an sin an uair a thug i fa-near gu 'n robh gluasad mór am measg muinntir a' bhaile. Dh' fheòraich i de chailleach-nan-cearc ciod a b' aobhar do'n ghluasad; agus dh' innis a' chailleach dhi

with a hard struggle, the hoop burst, and then she said: "Though my girdle has burst, my heart has not." She then went off with a rush, and kept travelling until there was blackening on the soles of her feet and holing on her shoes; the little nestling, rolled-up, yellow-topped birds were taking to rest at the foot of the bushes and in the top of the trees, and the nimble, pretty squirrels, were choosing the best place they could for themselves, though she, the daughter of the Knight of the Glens and Bens and Passes, was not. At last she saw far away from her a little house with a light in it; but, if it was far from her, she took no long time to reach it.

She went in, and the mistress of the house said to her: "Oh, hast thou come, daughter of the knight? Thou art welcome here to-night. Thy husband was here last night, himself and his children, and they went away early in the morning." She got well treated by the mistress of the house, who put warm water on her feet and a soft bed under her side, and when she was leaving in the morning she said, as she handed her a needle: "There is a needle, and, after thou hast made one stitch with it, thou shalt let it go, and it will then sew alone."

She went away once more on her journey, and kept going forward till she came to what appeared to be a gentleman's place. She saw a little house before her, and made straight for it. What was this but the house of the gentleman's hen-wife. She went in, and got leave to stay.

She was not long there when she noticed that there was a great stir among the people of the town. She enquired of the hen-wife what was the cause of the

gu 'n robh am fear, leis an robh an t-àite, 'tighinn dachaidh, agus a' dol a phòsadh an oidhche sin. Smuainich i car tiota, ach ciod air bith umhail a chuir i, ghlèidh i a beachd dhi féin. Fhuair i 'n siosar, am meuran, agus an t-snàthad, agus chuir i air shiubhal iad. An ùine ghoirid cha robh duine mu thimchioll an àite nach d'thàinig a dh' fhaicinn nan rudan iongantach a bh'aig a' bhean an tigh cailleach-nan-cearc.

Am measg chàich thàinig a' chàraid ùr-phòsda agus an uair a chunnaic a' bhean òg an acfhuinn fhuaghail a' falbh leò féin, cha deanadh ni feum leatha, ach am faotainn dhi féin.

Faodar an còrr innseadh am beagan bhriathar. Fhuair a' bhean òg an acfhuinn fhuaghail air chumhnant gu 'n leigeadh i leis a' bhan-choigreach faire 'dheanamh tri oidhchean an déidh a chéile an seòmar an duine aice. Ach thug i 'n aire deoch fhàgail aige a chuir e 'n cadal cho trom 's nach cual' e smid a thubhairt a' bhan-choigreach ris fad dà oidhche. Air an treas oidhche air do 'n ghiolla 'bu shine aithneachadh roimh làimh, gu 'm bi 'mhathair a bh' anns a' bhan-choigreach, dhòirt e 'n deoch-chadail, agus lìon e 'n cupan le stuth eile. Dh' fhuirich 'athair 'na fhaireachadh, agus chual' e 'bhan-choigreach ag ràdh: "A Shamhraidh-ri-dealt, nach truagh leat mi, 's gu'n d' shiubhail mi 'n saoghal ad' dhéidh?" Air ball dh' aithnich e co a bh' aige. Chaidh banais mhór, fhialaidh, aighearach a dheanamh; agus fhuair a' bhean òg, a bha, cead fuireachd le 'siosar, a meuran, agus a snàthaid, an tigh cailleach-nan-cearc.

Agus an uair a bha 'bhanais seachad, chuir iad mise dhachaidh le bròg an beaga paipeir air cabhsair ghloineachan.

stir, and the hen-wife told her that the man who owned the place was coming home and going to marry that night. She considered for a moment, but whatever she suspected she kept her opinion to herself. She got the scissors, the thimble, and the needle, and set them going. In a short time there was not a person about the place who did not come to see the curious things the woman in the hen-wife's house had.

Among the rest came the newly-married couple, and, when the bride saw the sewing implements going of their own accord, nothing would please her but to get them for herself. The remainder of the tale may be told in a few words. The bride got the sewing implements on condition that she would suffer the strange woman to watch three nights in succession in her husband's room. But she took good care to leave him a drink which put him in so sound a sleep that he heard not a syllable the strange woman said for two nights. But the third night the eldest boy, having understood beforehand that the strange woman was his mother, spilt the sleeping draught and filled the cup with other stuff. His father remained awake this night and heared the strange woman saying: "Summer-under-dew, dost thou not pity me? and that I have travelled the world after thee." At once he knew whom he had. Next day a great, bountiful, merry wedding was made, and the erst bride got leave to stay with her scissors, thimble, and needle in the hen-wife's house; and when the wedding was over they sent me home with little paper shoes on a causeway of pieces of glass.

GOBHAINN DUBH NAN SOC.

CHUIR Gobhainn Dubh nan Soc a stigh 'ùine ag ionnsachadh na goibhneachd; ach aig ceann na h-ùine, cha b' urrainn e ni a bhuineadh do dh' obair goibhne 'dheanamh, ach suic chrann-àraidh.

Dh' fhosgail e ceàrdach beagan mhìltean a mach o Dhùnéideann, agus thòisich e air deanamh shoc. Anns an àm sin bha faidhir a' seasamh uair 's a' mhìos anns a' bhaile, agus cho tric 's a thigeadh i mu 'n cuairt, rachadh an Gobhainn Dubh dh' a h-ionnsaidh le 'sheann each bàn féin agus cairt làn shoc. Agus an déidh dha na suic a reic, philleadh e dachaidh 'na shuain chadail anns a' chairt, a' fàgail an t-seann eich bhàin gu bhi deanamh an rathaid mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e.

Air latha àraid faidhreach chaidh e mar bu ghnàth leis do 'n tigh-òsda; agus co a thachair air an sin ach Gobhainn-an-Rìgh. Chuir na feara eòlas air a chéile, agus shuidh iad sìos ag òl gus an deachaidh an deoch 'nan cinn.

An sin thòisich a' bhòilich, agus cha'n aidicheadh an dara fear nach b' e féin gobhainn a b' fhearr na 'm fear eile. A chur stad air a' chonnsachadh, dh' éirich Gobhainn-an-Rìgh, agus thubhairt e ris a' Ghobhainn Dubh: "Cuiridh mise tri cheud marg an geall gu 'n dean mi roimh 'n ath fhaidhir rud-eigin nach dean rud air bith a nì thusa roimh 'n àm sin a mach." Dh'eirich an Gobhainn Dubh, agus fhreagair e: "Cuiridh mise

THE SWARTHY SMITH OF THE SOCKS.

THE Swarthy Smith of the Socks had served his time learning smith-craft, but at its close he could not make anything connected with smith-work but socks for ploughs.

He opened a smithy a few miles out of Edinburgh, and began sock-making. At that time a fair was held once a month in the city, and as often as it would come round the Swarthy Smith used to go to it with his old white horse and a cart full of socks. And after selling the socks he would return home, sound asleep in his cart, leaving the old white horse to find his way as best he could.

On a certain market day he went as usual to the Inn, and who met him there but the King's Smith. The worthies soon made one another's acquaintance, and they sat down drinking till the liquor went to their heads.

Presently they began to boast, and neither of them would admit that he was not a better smith than the other. To put an end to the wrangle, the King's Smith stood up, and said to the Swarthy Smith: "I'll bet three hundred merks that before next fair I'll make something that nothing you can make within the same time will surpass." The Swarthy Smith then stood up and answered: "I'll lay another three hundred that

tri cheud eile, nach dean thu ni d'a leithid; ach gu 'n dean mise rud a théid air thoiseach air an rud a nì thusa."

Dhealaich na laoich, a' gealltainn a chéile a choinneachadh an ath fhaidhir, leis na rudan a dheanadh iad.

Aig deireadh an là phill an Gobhainn Dubh dhachaidh 's a' chairt, mar b' àbhaist dha. Air an ath mhaduinn thionn' e mach do 'n cheàrdaich agus thòisich e air tuilleadh shoc a dheanamh. Chum e orra là an déidh là gus an d' thàinig an là roimh 'n ath fhaidhir. Air feasgar an là sin, thàinig duin'-uasal a stigh do 'n cheàrdaich, agus thubhairt e ris a' Ghobhainn Dubh: "Am bheil guth idir agad air an rud sin a dheanamh leis am buidhinn thu 'n geall air Gobhainn-an-Rìgh? Mur tòisich thu gu h-ealamh, bi cinnteach gu 'n caill thu." Fhreagair an Gobhainn Dubh: "Cha'n 'eil fhios agam ciod a tha thu 'ciallachadh! Cha'n fhiosrach mi gu 'n do chuir mi geall air bith ri Gobhainn-an-Rìgh." "Chuir thu sin," ars an duin'-uasal: "Bha mi féin 'san éisdeachd, agus chuala mo chluasan féin thu 'cur tri cheud marg ris."

"Ma-tà, caillidh mi; oir cha d' ionnsaich mi riamh ni saoghalta a dheanamh ach suic," ars an Gobhainn Dubh. "Cum a suas do mhisneach," ars an duin'-uasal. "Ma bheir thu dhomh-sa leth na bhuidhneas tu, nì mise dhuit rud a choisneas an geall."

"Bheir mi dhuit sin le m' uile chridhe," ars an Gobhainn Dubh.

Gun tuilleadh dàil chaidh an duin'-uasal an greim. Rinn e 'n toiseach cnap math bocsa. An déidh sin chuir e pìos mór iaruinn air an teallach, agus an ùine ghoirid thug e mach e 'na mhialchu. Agus an uair a bha gach ni deas, chuir e 'm mialchu anns a' bhocsa, agus dhruid e 'm brod air.

"A nis," ars an duin'-uasal, agus e 'tionndadh ris

you can do nothing of the kind, but that I'll make something to surpass the thing you will make." The heroes parted, promising to meet at next fair, having with them the thing they were to make.

At the close of the day the Swarthy Smith returned home in the cart as usual. Next morning he turned out to the smithy, and began to make more socks. He kept at them day after day until the day before the market arrived. In the evening a gentleman came to the smithy and said to the Swarthy Smith: "Have you no word at all of making something with which you are going to win the bet from the King's Smith? If you do not begin quickly, be sure you will lose." The Swarthy Smith replied: "I do not know what you mean; I am not aware that I laid any bet with the King's Smith." "You did," said the gentleman; "I was within hearing, and mine own ears heard you lay three hundred merks against him." "Well, then, I will lose, for I never learned to make anything in the world with the exception of socks," said the Swarthy Smith. "Keep up your courage," said the gentleman, "if you will give me half of what you win I'll make something for you which will win the bet." "I will give you that with all my heart," said the Swarthy Smith.

Without further delay the gentleman set to work. First he made a good lump of a box. After that he placed a large piece of iron in the forge, and in a short time drew it out a deer-hound. And when everything was finished, he put the deer-hound into the box, and closed the lid over him.

"Now," said the gentleman, turning to the smith, "when you go away to-morrow with the socks, you

a' Ghobhainn Dubh, "an uair a dh' fhalbhas tu am màireach leis na suic, bheir thu leat am bosca so; agus an uair a ruigeas tu an fhaidhir bithidh Gobhainn-an-Rìgh romhad, agus thig e ad' choinneamh. Ma dh' iarras e ort do bhocsa fhosgladh, agus an rud a th' ann a leigeil fhaicinn da, their thu ris gur ann da-san is còir sin a dheanamh an toiseach, a chionn gu 'm b' e a chuir an geall an toiseach. An sin fosglaidh e a bhocsa, agus leumaidh fiadh mach as. Cho luath 's a chì thu am fiadh, bi cinnteach gu 'm fosgail thu do bhocsa féin, agus gu 'n leig thu mach an cù; agus tha mise air mo mhealladh mur coisinn e 'n geall dhuit." An sin dh' fhàg an duin'-uasal feasgar math aig a' Ghobhainn Dubh, agus dh' fhalbh e.

Air maduinn an ath latha dh' fhalbh an Gobhainn Dubh le 'shuic agus le 'bhocsa anns a' chairt. Ràinig e 'n fhaidhir ann an deagh àm, agus choinnich Gobhainn-an-Rìgh e le bocsa fo 'achlais. An sin thachair gach ni eatorra mar bha dùil aig an duin'-uasal. Mu dheireadh dh' fhosgail Gobhainn-an-Rìgh a bhocsa, agus leum fiadh brèagh mach as, agus air falbh ghabh e 'na dheannaibh. An sin dh' fhosgail an Gobhainn Dubh a bhocsa féin, agus leum mialchu gasda a mach, agus shìn e an déidh an fhéidh, agus stad cha d' rinn e gus an do ghlac e 'm fiadh, agus an d' fhàg e aig casan a' Ghobhainn Duibh e. "M' fhianuis ort féin, a nis," ghlaodh an Gobhainn Dubh ri Gobhainn-an-Rìgh, "gu 'n do chaill thu do gheall." "Chaill mi an geall so, gu dearbh; ach theagamh gu'm buidhinn mi an ath aon," fhreagair Gobhainn-an-Rìgh, agus e a' sìneadh do 'n Ghobhainn Dubh gach peighinne do 'n airgiod gill.

Chaidh iad an sin do 'n tigh-òsda agus cha robh iad fad' ann gus an do chuir iad leithid eile a' ghill mu dheireadh. 'Na dhéidh sin dhealaich iad, a' gealltain a

will take this box with you, and when you arrive at the fair, the King's Smith will be there before you, and will come to meet you. If he then asks you to open your box and show him what is in it, you will tell him that he ought to open his first, because it was he who first laid the bet. Then he will open his box, and a stag will spring out. As soon as you see the stag, open your box and let out the dog; and I am mistaken if he do not win for you the bet." Then the gentleman bade good evening to the Swarthy Smith and departed.

Next morning the Swarthy Smith went away with his socks and his box in the cart. He reached the fair in good time, and there met the King's Smith with a box under his arm. Then everything passed between them as the gentleman had expected. At length the King's Smith opened his box and a fine stag sprang out, and away he went at full speed. The Swarthy Smith then opened his box, and a handsome deer-hound sprang out and stretched away after the stag and stopped not until he caught the stag and left it at the Swarthy Smith's feet.

"Now, I call you to witness," said the Swarthy Smith to the King's Smith, "that you have lost your bet." "I have lost this one, indeed; but perhaps I may win the next," replied the King's Smith, while he handed the other every penny of the money wagered.

Then they went to the Inn, and were not long there until they laid another such wager as the last. After that they parted, promising to meet at the next fair, having the machines they would make with them. Then the Swarthy Smith went into the cart, and the white horse took him home.

chéile choinneachadh aig an ath fhaidhir, agus na h-innil a dheanadh iad aca maille riu. An sin chaidh an Gobhainn Dubh 's a' chairt, agus thug an t-each bàn dachaidh e.

Air an ath mhaduinn b' e 'cheud ni a rinn e dol do 'n cheàrdaich agus an tri cheud marg fhalach ann an toll a rinn e fo 'n stairsneach. Cha robh guth aige air a' gheall, ach chum e air suic a dheanamh gus an d' thàinig am feasgar mu dheireadh roimh 'n fhaidhir.

Goirid mu 'n d' thàinig àm sguir, co a thionn' a stigh do 'n cheàrdaich ach an duin'-uasal a rinn am mialchu. Chuir e fàilt' air a' Ghobhainn Dubh, agus dh' fheòraich e dheth an d' rinn e fhathast an t-inneal sin leis an robh e 'dol a bhuidhinn an ath ghill o Ghobhainn-an-Rìgh. Ach cha robh cuimhne aig a Ghobhainn Dubh, aon chuid gu'n do chuir e geall, no ciod uime 'bha e. "Ma-tà," ars an duin'-uasal "ma gheallas tu dhomh-sa leth na bhuidhneas tu, agus nach tèid thu tuilleadh do 'n tigh-òsda, nì mise dhuit inneal leis an toir thu mach an geall." "Geallaidh mi sin, agus comh-gheallaidh mi e cuid-eachd cho fad 's a dh' fhaodas mi," fhreagair an Gobhainn Dubh.

An sin chaidh an duin'-uasal an greim. Rinn e 'n toiseach bocsa. 'Na dhéidh sin rinn e béisd-dubh mhòr làidir mar a rinn e 'm mialchu. Agus an uair a bha i deas, chuir e i anns a' bhocsa, agus dhruid, agus ghlais e 'm brod oirre. "A nis," ars e ris a' Ghobhainn Dubh, "bheir thu leat am bocsa so dh' ionnsaidh na fhaidhreach, agus cha 'n fhosgail thu e gus am fosgail Gobhainn-an-Rìgh 'fhear féin an toiseach. Buidhnidh thu 'n geall an uair so fhathast. Ach feuch nach téid thu do 'n tigh-òsda, agus nach cuir thu geall eile, air eagal gu 'n caill thu na bhuidhinn thu. An ceann beagan là tadhailidh mise rithist anns a' cheàrdaich, agus bheir thu dhomh

The first thing he did next morning was to go to the smithy and hide the three hundred merks in a hole he dug under the door-step. He had no word of the bet, but he continued making socks until the last evening before the fair.

Shortly before the time to stop work came, who turned into the smithy but the gentleman who made the deer-hound. He greeted the Swarthy Smith, and asked him whether he had yet made that machine with which he was going to win the next bet from the King's Smith. But the Swarthy Smith remembered neither that he laid a bet, nor what it was about. "Well," said the gentleman, "if you promise me half of what you win, and that you will go no more to the Inn, I will make you a machine with which you will carry off the bet." "I promise that, and also will fulfil my promise as far as I can," replied the Swarthy Smith.

Then the gentleman set to work. He made first a box, and then a large strong otter in the same way as he had made the deer-hound. And when it was ready he put it in the box, and shut and locked the lid over it. "Now," said he to the Swarthy Smith, "you will take this box with you to the fair, and you will not open it until the King's Smith will first open his. You will win the bet this time yet. But see that you go not to the Inn, and that you lay not another bet for fear you lose all you have won. In a few days I will call again at the smithy, and you will give me half the money you will win." The smith said he would do as he was told, and they parted.

Next day the Swarthy Smith went away with the box to the fair. When he arrived he met the King's

leth an airgid a choisneas thu." Gheall an Gobhainn Dubh gu 'n deanadh e mar dh' iarradh air, agus dhealaich iad.

Air an ath latha dh' fhalbh an Gobhainn Dubh leis a' bhocsa chum na faidhreach. An uair a ràinig e, choinnich e Gobhainn-an-Rìgh; ach dhiùlt e 'bhocsa 'fhosgladh an toiseach. An sin chaidh Gobhainn-an-Rìgh gu taobh an uisge, agus cho luath 's a dh' fhosgail e 'bhocsa, leum bradan a mach as do 'n uisge, agus shnàmh e air falbh uapa. An sin dh' fhosgail an Gobhainn Dubh a bhocsa féin, agus leum a' bhéist-dubh a mach an déidh a' bhradain, agus an ùine ghoirid rug i air, agus phill i leis 'na beul, agus dh' fhàg i e aig casaibh a maighstir."

"M' fhianuis ort féin," ars an Gobhainn Dubh, "gu 'n do chaill thu do gheall." "Chaill mi, gun teagamh," fhreagair Gobhainn-an-Rìgh, "agus, ma thig thu leam do 'n tigh-òsda, paidhidh mi dhuit a h-uile peighinn deth." "Cha téid mi; oir chuir mi romham nach cuirinn geall tuilleadh," ars an Gobhainn Dubh. "Uile-cheart," arsa Gobhainn-an-Rìgh; agus phaidh e 'm fear eile air ball.

An ceann beagan làithean co bhuail a stigh do 'n cheàrdaich ach an duin'-uasal. Dh' fheith e greis an dùil gu'm paidheadh an Gobhainn Dubh dha na choisinn e gun iarraidh; ach ged dh' fheitheadh e gu là 'bhràth' cha tigeadh an Gobhainn Dubh air ni d'a leithid. Mu dheireadh thubhairt e ris: "Thàinig mi air-son mo dhuais': is fhearr dhuit a thabhairt domh, agus mo leigeil air falbh." Ach duais no buidheachas cha tugadh an Gobhainn Dubh dha. An uair a chunnaic e so, thug e 'n rathad air; ach mu 'n d' fhalbh e dh' fhàg e rud-eigin anns a' cheàrdaich.

Beagan làithean 'na dhéidh sin thàinig duin'-uasal eile air muin eich a dh' ionnsaidh na ceàrdaich, 's an t-each aige ro chrùbach a chion chrùidhean. Air dha

Smith, but on being asked refused to open his box first. Then the King's Smith went to the water side and as soon as he opened his box a salmon leapt out into the water, and away he swam. Then the Swarthy Smith opened his own, and the otter sprang out after the salmon, and in a short time seized the salmon and returned with it in his mouth and left it at his master's feet. "I call you to witness," said the Swarthy Smith, "that you have lost your bet." "I have undoubtedly," replied the King's Smith, "and if you come with me to the Inn I'll pay you every penny of it." "No, I will not, for I have resolved that I will not lay a bet again," said the Swarthy Smith. "All right," said the King's Smith, and he paid the other smith on the spot.

At the end of a few days who entered the smithy but the gentleman. He waited a while, expecting that the Swarthy Smith would pay unasked what he had earned, but though he should wait to the crack of doom the Swarthy Smith would not allude to anything of the kind. At last he said to him: "I have come for my reward; you had better give it me and let me go." But reward or thanks the Swarthy Smith would not give. When he saw this he went away, but before going he left something in the smithy.

A few days after this another gentleman came on horseback to the smithy, and his horse very lame for want of shoes. After greeting the smith he said: "I wish you would shoe my horse, for he is so much in need that he cannot go a step." "Is it I!" said the Swarthy Smith. "I never made an article of smith-work except socks for ploughs." The gentleman replied: "Many a thing a man could make if he had

fàilte an latha 'chur air a' ghobhainn, thubhairt e: "B' fhearr leam gu 'n cuireadh tu crùidhean air an each agam, oir tha e cho deireasach 's nach 'eil comas ceum aige." "An e mise?" ars an Gobhainn Dubh, "cha d' rinn mise ball riamh de dh' obair goibhneachd ach suic chrann-treabhaidh." Fhreagair an duin'-uasal: "Is iomadh rud a dheanadh duine na'm bitheadh de mhisnich aige gu 'm feuchadh e ris. Feuch thusa, agus cuidichidh mi fhéin leat." "Seadh, seadh, ma-tà! nì mise cho math 's is urrainn mi," fhreagair an Gobhainn Dubh.

Chaidh an duin'-uasal a mach, agus gheàrr e ceithir chasan an eich dheth o na glùinean. Thug e stigh iad, agus chàraich e iad 'san teine. Chaidh e féin air làimh a' bhuilg, agus bha 'n Gobhainn a' cumail an teine dùinte mu na casan. An déidh dhaibh a bhi tacain maith 'san teine, ghlaodh e ris a' Ghobhainn Dubh: "Mach leis an teas." Rug an Gobhainn air an teanchair, agus shlaod e mach a' cheud chas a dh' ionnsaidh an innein. Ghlac e 'n sin an t-òrd-làimh, agus leum an duin'-uasal a dh' ionnsaidh an uird-mhóir, agus le beagan bhuillean chrùidh iad a' chas cho glan 's a rinn gobhainn riamh. An uair a bha iad réidh dhith, ghabh iad na casan eile, agus chrùidh iad té mu seach dhiùbh air an dòigh cheudna. An sin ghlaodh an duin'-uasal ris a' Ghobhainn Dubh: "Bi mach leis an dà chois thoisich, agus buail iad 'nan àite féin air an each." Rinn an Gobhainn Dubh sin, agus rinn an duin'-uasal féin an ni ceudna air an dà chois dheiridh.

Ann an tiota dh' éirich an t-each cho slàn 's bha e riamh, agus crùidhte, deas, air-son an rathaid. An sin leum an duin'-uasal 'san dìollaid, agus dh' fhalbh e.

Cho luath 's a dh' fhalbh an duin'-uasal, chaidh an Gobhainn Dubh a stigh do 'n tigh, agus thubhairt e r' a mhnaoi: "Cha bhi mi na 's fhaide 'paidheadh

courage enough to try. Try you, and I will assist you." "Very well, then, I will do as well as I can."

The gentleman went out and cut the horse's four feet off below the knees. He took them in to the smith and laid them in the fire. He himself went to the bellows-handle, and the smith was keeping the fire banked up about the feet. After they were a good while in the fire he cried to the Swarthy Smith: "Out with the heat!" The smith took hold of the tongs, and with them pulled the first foot out of the fire on to the anvil. He then seized the hand hammer and the gentleman took the sledge hammer, and with a few strokes they shod the foot as neatly as ever smith did. When they were done with it they took the other feet and shod them one by one in the same manner. Then the gentleman cried again to the Swarthy Smith: "Get you out with the two fore feet and strike them in their place on the horse." The Swarthy Smith did that, and the gentleman himself did the same with the two hind feet. In an instant the horse stood up as sound as ever he was, shod and ready for the road. Then the gentleman sprang into the saddle and departed.

As soon as the gentleman went away the smith entered the house, and said to his wife: "I'll no longer pay wages to rascally smiths, for I can now shoe without them. Come out and help me to shoe the white horse, because I have to go with him to the town soon." When he had finished what he had to say, he went to the stable, and cut the white horse's feet off, and then he took them to the smithy, and put them in the fire. He sent his wife to blow the bellows, while he kept

tuarasdail do shlaoightearan ghoibhnean; oir thèid agam fhéin a nis air crùidheadh as an eugmhais. Tiugainn a mach, agus cuidich leam an t-each bàn a chrùidheadh, oir tha agam ri dol leis do 'n bhaile an ùine ghoirid." An uair a chrìochnaich e na bh'aige ri ràdh, dh' fhalbh e do 'n stàbull, agus gheàrr e casan an eich bhàin dheth, agus an sin thug e stigh do 'n cheàrdaich iad, agus chàraich e iad anns an teine. Chuir e a bhean a shéideadh a' bhuilg, agus chaidh e féin a chumail guail air na casan. An uair a shaoil e gu'n robh iad deas, shlaod e té dhiùbh mach a dh' ionnsaidh an innein, agus bhuail e buille oirre leis an òrd. Ach bha 'chas 'na cnàimh guailte suas g' a leth, agus uime sin chuir am buille i 'na sgealban air feadh na ceàrdaich. Bha 'n còrr de na casan air a' cheart chor, agus le sin cha robh aig a' Ghobhainn Dubh ach an t-each bàn, bochd a chur á crádh gun dàil, agus a chlosach a chur fo 'n talamh cho sàmhach 's a b' urrainn e.

Uine mhath an déidh do 'n dara duin'-uasal falbh, thàinig an treas duin'-uasal do 'n cheàrdaich, agus dà chailleach maille ris. Thubhairt e ris a' Ghobhainn Dubh: "An dean thu dhomh-sa nighean òg de 'n dà chaillich so, agus bheir mi dhuit duais mhath air-son do shaothrach?" Fhreagair an Gobhainn Dubh: "An e mise? Cha d' rinn mise riamh ach suic." "An toir thu dhomh fhéin, ma-tà, tacan de 'n cheàrdaich, agus de d' chuideachd? ars an duin'-uasal. "Gheibh thu sin," fhreagair an Gobhainn Dubh. "So, ma-tà! bi 'n greim. Is iomadh ni a dheanadh fear, na 'm bitheadh aige de mhisneach gu 'm feuchadh e ris." Chuir iad na cailleachan anns an teine, agus chaidh an duin'-uasal a shéideadh a' bhuilg, agus an Gobhainn Dubh a chumail guail air an teine. An uair a thug iad garadh math do na cailleachan, tharraing iad a mach iad a dh' ionnsaidh an innein;

coals over the feet. When he thought they were ready he drew one out to the anvil, and struck it with the hammer. But the foot up to its middle was nothing but charred bone, and therefore the stroke sent it flying in splinters over the smithy. The rest of the feet were in the same condition, and so the smith had no alternative but to put the poor white horse out of pain at once, and lay his carcass under ground as quietly as possible.

A good while after the second gentleman departed, a third gentleman came to the smithy with two old women in his company. He said to the Swarthy Smith: "Will you make for me a young maiden of these old women, and I will give you a good reward for your labour?" The Swarthy Smith answered: "Is it I? I never made anything but socks." "Will you then give me a while of the smithy and of your assistance?" said the gentleman. "Yes, you will get that." "Come, then, begin work. Many a thing a man could do if he had courage enough to try." They put the old women in the fire, and the gentleman went to blow the bellows, and the Swarthy Smith to keep coals on the fire. When they had given the old women a good heating they drew them out to the anvil, and then the gentleman began to strike with the sledge hammer and the smith with the hand hammer, and with one welding heat they made the very handsomest maiden man ever beheld. When they had done, the gentleman gave the Swarthy Smith a good reward, and departed with the young maiden in his company.

As soon as he parted with them, the Swarthy Smith made his way to the house, and said to his wife:

agus an sin thòisich an duin'-uasal air bualadh leis an òrd-mhòr, agus an Gobhainn Dubh leis an òrd-làimh, agus le aon gharadh tàthaidh rinn iad an aon nighean bu bhrèagh 'chunnaic duine riamh. An uair a bha iad deas, thug an duin'-uasal duais mhath do 'n Ghobhainn Dubh, agus dh' fhalbh e, agus an nighean òg aige 'na chuideachd.

Cho luath 's a dhealaich e riu, ghabh an Gobhainn Dubh a stigh do 'n tigh, agus thubhairt e r' a mhnaoi: "Nach 'eil naigheachd agam dhuit? Tha mi 'n déidh nighean òg cho brèagh 's a chunnaic thu riamh a dheanamh de dhà shean chaillich. Falbh agus nì sinn té eile de d' mhàthair fhéin agus de m' mhàthair-sa, agus an sin bithidh againn ni nach robh againn gus an so, nighean leinn fhéin." Thubhairt a bhean: "Thoir an aire nach e leithid eile ri goibhneachd an eich bhàin a bhitheas agad."

"Cha'n eagal da sin," ars an Gobhainn Dubh, agus chaidh e 'n greim.

Dh' fheuch e gach ni a dheanamh mar chunnaic e an duin'-uasal a' deanamh; ach, mur b' e leithid eile ri goibhneachd an eich bhàin a bh' aige mu dheireadh, b' e ni-eigin a sheachd miosa.

Chaidh ùine seachad, agus an sin co 'thadhail anns a' cheàrdaich ach an ceud dhuin'-uasal. An déidh dha fàilte chur air a' Ghobhainn Dubh, thubhairt e ris: "Am bheil saod idir ort leth an airgid a choisinn mi dhuit a thoirt domh, mar gheall thu?" Cha robh sin air a' Ghobhainn Dubh: cha d' thugadh e uibhir agus buidheachas. An sin thòisich an duin'-uasal air fàs cho mór 's gu 'n robh an Gobhainn Dubh an cunnart a bhi air a leudachadh eadar e agus oisinn an teallaich. An uair a chunnaic an Gobhainn Dubh an cunnart mór 'san robh e, thug e mach as a phòca sporan leathraich a bha druidte le iallan, agus an sin thubhairt e ris an duin'-uasal: "Tha mi 'faicinn

"Have I not news for you? I have just made as handsome a young maiden as you ever saw of two old wives. Come and we will make another of your mother and mine, and then we shall have what we never had before, a daughter of our own." But his wife said: "Take care that you will not have the smithing of the white horse over again." "There is no fear of that," said he; and he set to work. He tried to do everything as he saw the gentleman do, but if the result was not the smithing of the white horse over again, it was something seven times worse.

Time passed, and then who called in at the smithy but the first gentleman. After saluting the Swarthy Smith, he said: "Are you at all disposed to give me, as you promised, half of the money I earned for you?" No, the smith was not. He would not as much as thank the gentleman. Then the gentleman began to grow so big that the smith was in danger of being flattened between him and the side of the forge. When the Swarthy Smith saw the danger he was in, he took from his pocket a purse which was fastened with thongs, and then he said: "I see that you can make yourself big enough, but if you will now make yourself so small that you can enter this purse, I will give you all the money I owe you." In an instant the gentleman began to grow smaller and smaller until at last he was so small that he leaped, a little black mote, into the purse. As soon as the smith saw this, he drew the thongs and tied them hard and fast about the mouth. He then laid the purse on the anvil and gave it three strokes of the sledge hammer as hard as he could. The purse burst with so loud a report that the smith's wife thought the smithy and

gu 'n téid agad air thu féin a dheanamh mór gu leòir; ach, ma nì thu nis cho beag thu féin 's gu 'n téid thu 'san sporan so, bheir mi dhuit na th' agad orm a dh' airgiod." Ann an tiota thòisich an duin'-uasal air fàs na bu lugha agus na bu lugha gus an robh e mu dheireadh cho beag 's gu 'n do leum e 'na dhùradan crìon, dubh a stigh do 'n sporan. Cho luath 's a chunnaic an Gobhainn Dubh so, tharraing e na h-iallan, agus cheangail e iad gu teann cruaidh mu 'n bheul. Leag e 'n sin an sporan air an innein agus bhuail e tri builean de 'n òrd-mhòr cho math 's a b' urrainn e. Sgàin an sporan agus rinn e braigheadh cho mór 's gu 'n do shaoil bean a' Ghobhainn gu 'n do shéideadh a' cheàrdach agus na bh' innte anns na speuran àrd. Ruith i mach le uamhas, agus dh' fheòraich i gu dé thachair. Fhreagair an duine aice: "Fhalbh! ma thug esan an car asam-sa mu 'n each bhàn agus mu na cailleachan, thug mise 'n car as-san le 'bheatha thoirt dheth."

Lean e air na suic a dheanamh, agus air dol leò, uair 's a' mhìos, chum na faidhreach; ach, dh' fhàs e 'na dhuine glic, agus uair air bith a thigeadh éiginn airgid air, bheireadh e beagan as an ionmhas a dh' fhalaich e fo stairsneach na ceàrdaich.

all that it contained were blown into the skies. She ran out in terror and asked what had happened. "Never mind, if he cheated me over the white horse and the old wives, I have cheated him of his life."

He continued to make socks and to go with them once a month to the fair; but he became a wise man, and, any time he had need of money, he would take a little from the hoard he had hidden under the threshold of the smithy.

[AN TAILLEAR AGUS TAIBHSE CHILL-AN-IUBHAIR.]

O cheann fhada bha mòran a' creidsinn gu 'n robh cuid de na seann chladhanna le làraichean sheann eaglaisean annta air an tathaich le taibhsibh agus le bòcain gun àireamh. An déidh tuiteam na h-oidhche, bu tearc iad le 'm b'àill dol seachad air aon dhiubh, gu sònraichte ma bha e fad air falbh o ionaid-chòmhnaidh nam beò, agus bu teirce na sin iad aig an robh de an-dànachd gu 'n rachadh iad a stigh do'n àite mhi-chneasda ré uair shàmhach a' mheadhoin-oidhche. Gidheadh thairgeadh còrr fhear neo-sgàthach an dearbhadh so a thoirt seachad air a mhisnich. A dheanamh an dearbhaidh cinnteach, bha claigeann duine air fhàgail am fròigean taobh a stigh do làraich na seann eaglaise, agus cho luath 's a bhuaileadh dà uair dheug a dh' oidhche, rachadh e stigh do'n làraich 'na aonar, agus bheireadh e air ais leis an claigeann do dh' àite far an robh a chompanaich a' feitheamh r'a theachd.

Bha, uair-eigin, Tàillear a chòmhnaidh air baile Fhionnchuirn làimh ri taobh deas Loch Obha; agus air dha àicheadh gu'n robh taibhsean idir ann, thug a choimhearsnaich dùbhlan da a dhearbhadh dhoibh gu'n robh e n da-rìreadh le dol mu mharbh mheadhon-oidhche do chladh Chill-an-iubhair, agus an claigeann a bha 'n uinneig na seann eaglais' a tha 'tabhairt 'ainme do 'n àite, a thoirt air ais leis.

THE TAILOR AND THE KILNURE ANIMATED CORPSE.

Long ago, many people believed that burying places with the ruins of an ancient church standing within them were frequented by ghosts and bogles innumerable. After nightfall few people cared to pass one of these abodes of the dead, especially if it stood far away from the dwellings of the living, and fewer still had the foolhardiness to enter the uncanny place during the silent hour of midnight. And yet some bold fellow now and again would offer to furnish this infallible proof of his daring! To make the proof certain a human skull was left in a crevice inside the old, ruined church, and, as soon as twelve o'clock at night struck, he would enter the church alone and bring back the skull to a place where his companions awaited his coming.

A tailor once, living on the farm of Fincharn, near the south end of Loch Awe, having denied the existence of ghosts, was challenged by his neighbours to prove his sincerity by going at the dead hour of midnight to the burying place of Kilnure and bringing back with him the skull lying in the window of the old church that gives its name to the place. The tailor replied that he would give them a stronger proof even than that, by sewing a pair of trews in the church between bed-time and cock-crow that very night.

Fhreagair an Tàillear gu'n d'thugadh e dhoibh dearbhadh 'bu làidire eadhon na sin le paidhir-thriubhais 'fhuaigheal anns an eaglais eadar àm dhol a laidhe agus gairm-choileach air an oidhche sin féin. Ghabh iad e air 'fhacal; agus cho luath 's a thàinig deich uairean a dh' oidhche, chaidh e stigh do'n eaglais, shuidh e air lic-lighe a bha 'na laighe air ceithir puist, agus an déidh dha coinneal laiste a chur làimh ris, thòisich e air 'obair chianail, fhadalaich. Chaidh a' cheud uair seachad sàmhach gu leòir, am feadh bha e 'fuaigheal, agus a' cumail suas a mhisnich a' seinn agus a' feadlaich nam port 'bu shunndaiche a b' urrainn e a chuimhneachadh. Chaidh an dà uair dheug mar an ceudna seachad, gidheadh cha'n fhaca 's cha chual' e ni air bith a chuir an sgàth bu lugha air.

Ach uair-eigin an déidh sin chual' e fuaim a' teachd o lic-lighe a bha eadar e 's an dorus; agus air dha fiar-shùil a thoirt 'na rathad bha leis gu 'm fac' e 'n talamh fuipe 'g éirigh 's a' tuiteam. Chuir an seall-adh air tùs ioghnadh air, ach an ùine ghoirid smuaintich e gu 'm b' e 'n ni a b' aobhar dha so solus neo-shocrach na coinnle 's an dorchadas. Le sin, an déidh dha crathadh a thoirt air a ghuailnibh, thionndaidh e rithist r'a obair, agus chum e air fuaigheal agus air seinn cho sunndach 's a bha e riamh.

Goirid an déidh sin thubhairt guth fròmhaidh, a thàinig a mach o'n chloich cheudna: "Sud a' chròg mhór liath, 's i gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir." Ach fhreagair an Tàillear: "Chì mi sin, agus fuaighidh mi so"; agus thòisich e air seinn agus air fuaigheal, mar bha e roimhe.

An ceann tacain eile thubhairt an guth fròmhaidh ceudna le fuaim na b'àirde. "Sud an ceann mór, liath, is e gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir." Ach fhreagair an Tàillear a rithist: "Chì mi sin, agus fuaighidh mi

They took him at his word, and, as soon as ten o'clock came, the tailor entered the old church, seated himself on a flat grave-stone resting on four pillars, and, after placing a lighted candle beside him, he began his dreary, tedious task. The first hour passed quietly enough while he was sewing away and keeping up his heart singing and whistling the cheeriest airs he could think of. Twelve o'clock also passed, and yet he neither saw nor heard anything to alarm him in the least.

But sometime after twelve he heard a noise coming from a gravestone which was between him and the door, and, on casting a side-look in its direction, he thought he saw the earth heave under it. The sight at first made him wonder, but he soon came to the conclusion that it was caused by the unsteady light of the candle in the dark. So, with a hitch and a shrug, he returned to his work and sewed and sang away as cheerily as ever.

Soon after this a hollow voice, coming from under the same stone, said: "See the great, mouldy hand, and it so hungry looking, tailor." But the tailor replied: "I see that, and I will sew this," and then he sang and sewed away as before.

After another while the same hollow voice said, in a louder tone: "See the great, mouldy skull, and it so hungry looking, tailor." But the tailor again answered: "I see that, and I will sew this," and he sewed faster and sang louder than ever.

A third time the voice spake, and said in a louder and more unearthly tone: "See the great, mouldy shoulder, and it so hungry looking, tailor." But the tailor replied as usual: "I see that, and I will sew this," and he plied the needle quicker and lengthend his stitches.

so"; agus dh' fhuaigh e na bu luaithe, agus sheinn e na b' àirde na rinn e riamh.

An treas uair labhair an guth agus thubhairt e le fuaim a b' àirde agus a bu neo-shaoghalta na rinn e fhathast: "Sud an slinnein mór, liath, 's e gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir." Ach fhreagair an Tàillear mar bu ghnàth leis: "Chì mi sin, agus fuaighidh mi so," agus chluich e 'n t-snàthad na bu luaithe, agus tharraing e na greimeannan na b' fhaide.

Chaidh an obair so air a h-aghaidh fad ùine, an duine marbh a' leigeadh ris an ath uair a shléisde, agus, mu dheireadh, a choise. An sin thubhairt e le guth uamhasach: "Sud a' chas mhór, liath, 's i gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir." Aon uair eile fhreagair an Tàillear gu misneachail: "Chì mi sin, agus fuaighidh mi so." Ach bha fios aige gu 'n d'thàinig an t-àm dha teicheadh. Le sin chrìochnaich e 'obair le dithis no tri de ghreimeannan fada, agus snaim chruaidh air an ceann, shéid e as a' choinneal, agus leum e mach an dorus, an duine marbh 'ga leantuinn agus a' bualadh buille, a thàirneadh air-san, air peirceall an doruis far an d' fhàgadh fad iomadh latha aile a làimh agus a mheòir.

Gu fortanach thòisich a nis coilich Fhionnchuirn air glaodhaich, agus an sin thuit am marbh air ais d'a uaigh, agus phill an Tàillear dhachaidh gu caithreamach.

This went on for some time, the dead man showing next his haunch and finally his foot. Then he said in a fearful voice: "See the great, mouldy foot, and it so hungry looking, tailor." Once more the tailor bravely answered: "I see that, and I will sew this." But he knew that the time for him to fly had come. So, with two or three long stitches and a hard knot at the end, he finished his task, blew out the candle, and ran out at the door, the dead man following him, and striking a blow aimed at him against one of the jambs, which long bore the impression of a hand and fingers.

Fortunately the cocks of Fincharn now began to crow, the dead man returned to his grave, and the tailor went home triumphant.

IAIN DUBH MOR MAC RIGH NA SORCHA.

Bha ann roimhe so Rìgh na Gréige a chaidh le 'thriùir mhac, Uthar, Art, agus Uilionn, do 'n bheinn-sheilge. An uair a ràinig iad a' bheinn, shuidh iad sìos air tolman bòidheach uaine air chùl gaoithe 's ri aodann gréine, far am faiceadh iad gach duine, 's nach faiceadh duine iad. Thubhairt am mac 'bu shine, 's e 'na shuidhe air làimh dheis 'athar, agus a dhà bhràthair air a làimh chlì: "Dh' fheumadh an duine sin a bhi glé mhath air a shon féin a thigeadh a nis agus a bhuaileadh buille air m' athair, agus a bheireadh fiacail á dorus a bheòil. Fhreagair am mac a b' òige: "Cha chuala sinn riamh iomradh air duine 'dheanadh sin ach Iain Dubh Mór mac Rìgh na Sorcha. Cha bu luaith' a chaidh am facal as a bheul na thàinig Iain Dubh Mór mar sheabhag na seilge bho 'n chreachann agus bhuail e 'n Rìgh anns a' bheul, agus thug e leis fiacail a chuir e á dorus a bheòil.

An sin dh' éirich triùir Mhac an Rìgh, agus bhòidich iad nach leigeadh iad poll á bròg no lub á osan gus am faigheadh iad fiacail an athar. Shìn iad as dachaidh, agus chuir iad soitheach an òrdugh, agus shuidhich iad a cùrsa an taobh a shaoil iad anns an robh dùthaich Iain Duibh Mhóir suidhichte, agus:—

BIG BLACK JOHN, SON OF THE KING OF SORCHA.

THERE was before now a King of Greece who went with his three sons, Uther, Arthur, and Ulin to the hunting hill. When they reached the ben they sat down on a pretty little green knoll, behind the wind and before the sun, where they would see every man, and no man would see them. The eldest son, as he was sitting on his father's right hand, and his two brothers on the left, said: "That man who would come and strike a blow at my father, and take a tooth out of the door of his mouth, would need to be well able to defend himself." The youngest son answered: "We never heard mention of any man who would do that unless Big Black John, son of the King of Sorcha." No sooner had the word gone out of his mouth than Big Black John came like the hunting falcon from the rocky summit, struck the king on the mouth, and took with him a tooth he sent out of the door of his mouth.

Then the king's three sons stood up and vowed that they would not let mire out of brogue or water out of hose until they would find their father's tooth. Home they stretched, got a vessel ready, and set her course in the direction where they thought Big Black John's country was situated, and—

Bu bhòidheach an sealladh an soitheach,
Mar eun air bhàrraibh nan tonn,
A' sgaoileadh o chéile na sàile
Le guailnibh lìomharra lom;
A croinn chaola deagh-shnaithte
Cho dìreach ri saighead nach cam,
A' lùbadh fo h-aodach bréid-gheal,
Mar shéideadh an osag nach gann.

An déidh dhoibh a bhi seòladh fad mhóran làithean, dhìrich Uilionn òg an crann, feuch am faiceadh e fearann air bith anns an t-sealladh. An uair a fhuair e suas cho fad' 's a b' urrainn e dol, ghlaodh càch ris, an robh e 'faicinn dad idir. Fhreagair e gu 'n robh. "Gu dé 'tha thu 'faicinn?" ars iadsan. "Is beag e ma's eilean e, agus is mór e ma's eun e," thubhairt esan, agus theirinn e. An ceann greis mhaith chaidh e suas a rìs, ach cha b' urrainn e 'ràdh fathast ach mar thubhairt e cheana, gu 'm bu bheag an ni 'bha e 'faicinn na 'm b' eilean e, ach gu m' bu mhór e, na'm b' eun e. An ceann ùine móire dhirich e 'n treas uair, ach mu'n d' ràinig e bàrr a' chroinn, ghlaodh e mach: "Is e fearann a th' ann," agus rinn iad dìreach air.

Cho luath 's a ràinig iad an cladach, chaidh iad air tìr, agus dh' imich iad air an aghaidh feuch ciod a thachradh orra. Cha deachaidh iad ro fhada gus an d' thàinig iad gu beul creige móire, far am fac' iad, 'na sheasamh leis féin, bodachan beag, seacta, seargta; agus làimh ris, cliabh le taod fada 'n ceangal ris. Dh' fheòraich iad deth co e, agus ciod a bha e 'deanamh an sud? Fhreagair e gu 'm b' esan Portair Iain Duibh Mhóir, Mac Rìgh na Sorcha; agus nach b' urrainn duine air bith dol a dh' ionnsaidh a' Chaisteil, mur rachadh e sìos leis a' chreig anns a' chliabh.

[The vessel was a beauteous sight,
Like bird upon the billows' height,
The salt sea cleaving wide asunder,
With smoothly-polished, bare prows under;
Her masts, well hewn, and slim and narrow,
As straight and faultless as an arrow,
Bending beneath the white sails' show,
What time the freshening breeze would blow.]

After they had sailed for many days, young Ulin ascended the mast to see if he could espy any land in sight. When he got as high as he could go, the rest cried to him if he saw anything at all. He said that he did. "What dost thou see?" said they. "Little it is if an island, and big it is if a bird," replied he, and then descended. At the end of a good spell he went up again; but as yet he could only say, as he had done already, that what he saw was little if an island, but big if a bird. After a long while he ascended the mast the third time, but, before he reached the top, he cried aloud, "It is land," and they made straight for it.

As soon as they reached the shore they landed, and travelled onwards to see what should occur to them. They had not gone very far when they came to the edge of a precipice, where they saw standing a little, shrivelled, withered, old manikin, and near him a creel with a long rope tied to it. They enquired of him who he was and what he was doing yonder. He replied that he was the gate-keeper of Big Black John, son of the King of Sorcha, and that no man could go to his castle unless he went down the precipice in the creel. The eldest brother went over to the edge of the precipice and looked down; but, when he saw the depth beneath, he was so filled with horror that he would not take all he ever saw and descend. Then

Chaidh am bràthair 'bu shine null gu beul na creige, agus dh' amhairc e sìos, ach an uair a chunnaic e 'n doimhneachd a bha fuidhe, dh' oilltich e cho mór is nach gabhadh e na chunnaic e riamh agus teàrnadh. An sin chaidh an dara bràthair a null gu beul na creige; ach an uair a dh' amhairc e thairis oirre, ghlac a leithid de dh' uamhunn esan mar an ceudna 's nach gabhadh e 'n saoghal mu 'n iadh a' ghrian is dol sìos anns a' chliabh. Mu dheireadh leum Uilionn òg flathail, do nach b' aithne geilt no giorag, a stigh do 'n chliabh; agus an uair a bha e dol thar beul na creige, ghlaodh e r' a bhràthraibh: "Tillibh dhachaidh leis an luing, agus ma bhitheas mise beò, ruigidh mi sibh luath no mall.

Ràinig e bun na creige gu teàruinte, agus b' ann an sin a bha 'n t-àite brèagh, le Caisteal mór, cuairtichte le balla àrd, goirid as.

Rinn e air a' Chaisteal, agus co a choinnich e air an rathad ach a bhean féin, a ghoideadh uaidh le Iain Dubh Mór bliadhna roimh 'n àm sin, agus a bha aige anns a' Chaisteal; ach cha robh fhios aige gus an sin co a ghoid i, no c'àit' a thugadh i. Chuir e ioghnadh mór air tachairt oirre anns an àit' ud, ach cha bu lugha an t-ioghnadh a chuir e oirre-se 'tachairt ris-san ann.

Phill i leis dh' ionnsaidh a' Chaisteil, agus an déidh dhi gabhail aige gu math le biadh agus le deoch, dh' innis i dha gu 'n robh Iain Dubh Mór agus a cheathrar ghaisgeach anns a' bheinn-sheilg', agus gu'n tigeadh iad dhachaidh 'san fheasgar. "Ach," ars i, "druididh sinn na geatachan rompa, agus ged tha iad cho foghainteach, cha'n urrainn iad teachd a stigh gun taing dhuinn."

Thàinig am feasgar agus Iain Dubh Mór 's a ghaisgich leis. An uair a fhuair e na geatachan druidte air thoiseach air, ghlaodh e ris a' bhoirionnach

the second brother went over to the edge of the precipice, but, when he looked over, such dread seized him that he would not take the world about which the sun revolves to go down in the creel. At length noble young Ulin, who was a stranger to fear or panic, went into the creel, and, when going over the edge of the rock, he cried to his brothers: "Return home with the ship, and, if I live, I will reach you soon or late."

He arrived at the foot of the rock safely, and it was there that the fine place was, with a big castle surrounded by a high rampart at a short distance from him. He made for the castle, and whom did he meet on the way but his own wife, who was stolen from him by Big Black John a year before that time, and whom he had with him in the castle; but he knew not till then who stole her, or where she had been taken. He wondered greatly to meet her in that place, but not less did she wonder to meet him there.

She returned with him to the castle, and, after she had tended him well with meat and drink, she told him that Big Black John and his four warriors were in the hunting ben, and that they would come home in the evening. "But," said she, "we will shut the gates before them, and, though they are mighty, they cannot enter in spite of us."

The evening came, and Big Black John and his companions with him. When he found the gates closed before him, he called on the woman to open them for him. But he got not as much as an answer. He cried a second and a third time, but, though he did, it was in vain. At last he understood that young Ulin had come, and that he was in the castle. With

am fosgladh dha: ach cha d' fhuair e uibhir agus freagradh. Ghlaodh e 'n dara agus an treas uair; ach ma ghlaodh, b' ann an dìomhain. Mu dheireadh thuig e gu'n d' thàinig Uilionn òg, agus gu 'n robh e stigh anns a' Chaisteal. Le sin ghlaodh e ris: "Géill no còmhrag." "Géill no còmhrag," ars Uilionn òg, "cha'n fhaigh thu 'n nochd, ach cuir air do shon féin glé mhoch am màireach."

Le éirigh na gréine air an ath latha dhìrich Uilionn òg air a' bhalla, agus ghlaodh e: "Am faigh mi cothrom na Féinne?" Fhreagair Iain Dubh Mór: "Gheibh thu còmhrag aon fhir, no còmhrag dithis, no triùir fhear, mar is àill leat." Cha d' éisd Uilionn òg ri tuilleadh cainnt, ach leum e thar a' bhalla, agus ghlaodh e gu 'n gabhadh e còmhrag ri aon fhear. Fhuair e sin, agus chaidh e féin agus Gaisgeach na Sgéithe-deirge an caraibh a chéile. Ghleac iad gu cruaidh fad an là; ach mar bha 'm feasgar a' dlùthachadh, bha Uilionn òg a' fàs sgìth agus fann; ach an uair a chuimhnich e gu 'n robh e fad' o 'chàirdean agus dlùth d'a naimhdean, ghlac e misneach, thug e aon bheum fuilteach, agus chuir e 'n ceann de Ghaisgeach na Sgéithe-deirge.

Leum e 'n sin thar balla a' Chaisteil ach mu 'n gann a bha e stigh, ràinig dùbhlan Iain Duibh Mhóir e: "Géill no còmhrag." Fhreagair e mar air an oidhche roimhe. "Géill no còmhrag cha'n fhaigh thu uam-sa 'n nochd, ach cuir air do shon féin glé mhoch am màireach, agus gheibh thu sin."

Moch air an ath latha dhìrich Uilionn òg balla 'Chaisteil, agus dh' iarr e rithist cothrom na Féinne. Fhuair e sin, agus chaidh e féin agus Gaisgeach na Sgéithe-uaine an dàil a chéile. Bha e 'buidhinn air a' Ghaisgeach an toiseach an là, ach mu chromadh na gréine 's an àird-an-iar dh' fhairich se e féin 'fàs sgìth agus fann. Ach an uair a smuaintich e gu 'n

that he cried to him: "Surrender or combat." "Surrender or combat," said young Ulin, "thou shalt not get to-night; but prepare to defend thyself early enough to-morrow."

With the rising of the sun next day young Ulin ascended the rampart and cried: "Shall I get the fair-play of the Féinn?" Big Black John replied: "Thou shalt get a combat with one man, or a combat with two or three men, as it liketh thee." Young Ulin listened not to more talk, but sprang over the rampart and cried: "I'll take a combat against one man." He got that, and he and the champion of the Red Shield closed with one another. They fought hard the day long; but, as evening was nearing, young Ulin was growing faint and wearied. But, when he remembered that he was far from his friends and near to his foes, he took courage, dealt a bloody blow, and struck the head off the champion of the Red Shield.

Then he sprang over the castle rampart; but, before he was barely in, there reached him Big Black John's defiance—"Surrender or combat." He replied as he had done on the night before: "Surrender or combat thou shalt not get from me to-night, but make ready to defend thyself early enough to-morrow morning."

Early next morning young Ulin ascended the rampart of the castle, and again asked the fair play of the Féinn. He got that, and he and the champion of the Green Shield encountered one another. He was getting the better of the champion in the beginning of the day, but, about the going down of the sun in the west, he felt himself growing wearied and faint. But, when he thought that he was far from his friends and near to his foes, he roused himself, and with one bloody

robh e fad' o'chàirdean agus dlùth d'a naimhdean, thug e brosglachadh air féin, agus le aon bheum fuilteach thilg e 'n ceann de 'n Ghaisgeach. Leum e 'n sin a stigh thar a' bhalla, ach chuir Iain Dubh Mór dùbhlan 'na dhéidh mar air an oidhche roimhe.

Air an ath làtha agus air an là 'na dhéidh thachair gach ni mar air a' cheud dà là, agus chuir e na cinn bhàrr Gaisgeach na Sgéithe-gile agus Gaisgeach na Sgéithe-duibhe.

Bha nis na Gaisgich uile marbh, agus air an ath mhaduinn bha Iain Dubh Mór féin aige ri choinneachadh. Leum e stigh thar a' bhalla, agus air an oidhche sin ghabh a bhean aige cho math 's a b'urrainn i. Air an ath mhaduinn leum e mach mar b' àbhaist da, agus tharruinn e féin agus Iain Dubh Mór an dàil a chéile. Chòmhraig iad air tùs le 'n loinn, ach uaireigin air feadh an là thàinig iad cho dlùth air a chéile 's gu 'n deachaidh iad an spàirn chruaidh ghleac. Dheanadh iad bogain á bhogain agus creagain á chreagain, far am bu bhuige e 'dol fodha gu ruig an sùilean, agus far am bu chruaidhe e gu ruig an glùinean, agus far am bu mheadhonaiche e gu ruig ceann reamhar na sléisde. Mu chromadh na gréine chuir Uilionn òg Iain Dubh fodha, agus thilg e 'n ceann dheth.

An uair a chunnaic a bhean so, ruith i dh' ionnsaidh a' gheata agus dh' fhosgail i e, air chor 's nach do ruig a fear leas am balla leum air an oidhche sin. Dh' fhuirich iad le chéile anns a' Chaisteal gus an do leithiseadh creuchdan Uilinn òig. An sin rinn iad deas air-son pilltinn dachaidh, agus thug iad leò gach òr agus airgiod a bh' anns a' Chaisteal. Thug iad leò mar an ceudna each agus mialchu agus seabhag-sheilge Iain Duibh Mhóir; agus, ni 'bu phrìseile leò na gach ni eile, fiacail Rìgh na Gréige. Bha 'n t-astar fada, agus ghabh iad ùine mhath air

stroke he struck the champion's head off. He then sprang over the rampart, but Big Black John sent a defiance after him as on the preceding night.

On the next day and the day following, everything happened as on the first two days, and he struck the heads off the champion of the White Shield and the champion of the Black Shield.

The champions were all dead now, and next morning he had to meet Big Black John himself. He sprang in over the rampart, and that night his wife treated him as well as she could.

Next morning he sprang out as usual, and he and Big Black John drew near each other. They fought first with their swords, but sometimes during the day they came so close to one another that they went into a hard wrestling bout. They would make quagmires of quagmires and knolls of knolls; where it was softest sinking to the eyes, and where it was hardest to the knees, and where it was most intermediate to the thick end of the thigh. At the going down of the sun young Ulin put Big Black John under him, and struck off his head.

When his wife saw this she ran to the gate and opened it, so that her husband required not to leap over the rampart that night.

They stayed together in the castle until young Ulin's wounds were healed. Then they made ready to return home, and they took with them all the gold and silver in the castle. They also took with them Big Black John's horse, and hound, and hunting falcon, and (what they reckoned more precious than all other things) the tooth of the King of Greece. The distance was long, and they took a long time on the way. At length they

an t-slighe. Mu dheireadh thàinig iad an sealladh àite Rìgh na Gréige. Ach an àite dol dh' ionnsaidh a' Chaisteil, chaidh iad gu tigh a' mhuilleir, far an do chuir iad rompa fuireachd gus am faiceadh iad ciamar a bha gnothaichean a' dol mu thimchioll an àite. Cha do ghabh iad orra co iad, ni mó dh' aithnich am muillear iad, ged b' eòlach orra e roimhe sin.

An uair a thàinig an oidhche, agus a bha iad a' còmhradh ri chéile taobh an teine, thubhairt am muillear ri Uilionn òg: "Tha each agad cho brèagh 's a chunnaic mi riamh. Bu chòir dhuit dol leis am màireach gu réis nan each aig Caisteal an Rìgh." "Cha téid mis' ann," ars Uilionn òg, "ach faodaidh thusa an t-each a thoirt leat, agus dol ann, ma thoilicheas tu." Cha robh dhìth air a' mhuillear ach an tairgse, agus ghabh e ris le 'uile chridhe.

Air an ath latha dh' fhalbh am muillear leis an each dh' ionnsaidh na réis. Ràinig e 'n Caisteal ann an àm. Chaidh na h-eich a tharraing suas aig ceann a' bhlàir-réis, agus an t-òrdugh falbh a thoirt seachad. Le sìnteig no dhà shaighdich each a' mhuilleir a mach roimh chàch uile, agus dh' fhàg e iad na b' fhaide 'na dhéidh leis gach ceum a thug e gus an d' ràinig e 'n ceann-uidhe. Bha e 'n sin astar mór air thoiseach air a' mharcaiche 'bu dlùithe dha, agus fhuair e 'n duais.

Thill e dhachaidh 'san fheasgar le moit mhóir air, a chionn gu 'n do bhuidhinn e 'n réis. Dh' innis e do Uilionn òg gach gaisge a rinn e leis an each, agus an sin thubhairt e: "Tha réis-chon ri bhi aig a' Chaisteal am màireach. Tha tri daimh fhiadh ri 'n leigeil as roimh na con, agus an cù 's luaithe, agus is mó a mharbhas, is e a gheibh an duais. Bu chòir dhuit dol ann leis a' chù agad." "Cha téid mis' ann," ars Uilionn òg, "ach thoir leat an cù, agus rach féin ann leis." Cha robh tuilleadh dhìth air a' mhuillear, agus an uair a thàinig an t-àm, dh' fhalbh e leis a' chù air éill. Ràinig e'n t-àite. Chaidh na

came in sight of the place of the King of Greece. But, instead of going to the castle, they went to the miller's house, where they purposed staying until they would see how things were going on about the place. They did not let on who they were, and the miller did not recognise them, well acquainted with them though he was before then.

When night came, and they were talking together beside the fire, the miller said to young Ulin: "Thou hast as handsome a horse as I ever saw. To-morrow thou shouldst go with him to the horse-race at the king's castle." "I will not go," said young Ulin, "but thou mayest take him with thee, and go, if thou pleasest." The miller wanted nothing but the offer, and he accepted it with all his heart.

Next day the miller went to the race with the horse. He reached the castle in good time. The horses were drawn up at the end of the racing field, and the order to start was given. With a stride or two the miller's horse shot out ahead of all others, and left them further behind him with every step he took, until he reached the winning-post. He was then a long distance before the rider next to him, and he got the prize.

The miller returned home in the evening, full of pride because he had won the race. He told young Ulin all the brave things he had done with the horse, and then he said: "A dog race is to be held at the castle to-morrow. Three stags are to be let go before the dogs, and the dog that is fastest and that kills most will get the prize. Thou shouldst go with thy dog." "I'll not go," said young Ulin; "but take thou the dog and go with him." The miller wanted nothing more, and when the time came he went away with the

féidh a leigeil as, agus na coin 'nan déidh. Ach mu 'n deachaidh iad ro fhada mharbh cù a' mhuilleir dà fhiadh, agus an cù a b' fhaigse dha aon fhiadh.

An uair a bha 'n réis seachad, thàinig an Rìgh far an robh am muillear, agus dh' fheòraich e dheth c'àit' an d' fhuair e 'n t-each, agus an cù a bh' aige. Fhreagair e gu 'n d' fhuair e coingheall dhiubh o dhuine 'thàinig a dh' ionnsaidh a thighe, agus a fhuair cead fuireachd ann; agus gu 'n robh seabhag-sheilg' aige cho brèagh 's a chunnaic duine riamh. "Falbh dhachaidh, agus innis dha gu 'm bi réis-sheabhag an so am màireach," ars an Rìgh, "agus bi cinnteach gu 'n toir thu leat e féin agus a sheabhag chum na réis."

Dh' fhalbh am muillear dhachaidh, agus dh' innis e do 'n choigreach mar chaidh dha aig an réis, agus am fios a chuir an Rìgh leis.

Air an ath mhaduinn dh' fhalbh Uilionn òg agus am muillear leis an t-seabhaig, agus ràinig iad an Caisteal an àm. Chaidh sè calmain a leigeil as, agus na seabhagan as an déidh. Ach mu 'n deachaidh iad ro fhada, spad seabhag Uilinn òig an t-sè.

An sin chaidh an Rìgh far an robh an coigreach aig an robh i, agus nach d' aithnich duine 'làthair, agus thubhairt e ris: "An reic thu 'n t-each, 's an cù, agus an t-seabhag a th' agad, agus bheir mi dhuit prìs mhath orra?" Fhreagair an coigreach nach reiceadh; ach gu 'n tugadh e dha rud beag eile a bh' aige, gun dad idir. Thug e 'n sin an fhiacail a mach as a phòc', agus shìn e i do 'n Rìgh, ag ràdh: "Feuch ciamar a fhreagras sin duibh."

Air ball dh' aithnich an Rìgh a mhac, agus rinn e gàirdeachas mór r' a fhaicinn slàn, fallain. Mhol e 'n sin e air-son na h-oibre a rinn e air a sgàth-san. "Rinn mi obair a tha cheart cho math ri sin. Thug mi dhachaidh mo bhean, a ghoideadh uam, bliadhna

dog on a leash. He reached the place. The deer were let go, and the dogs after them. But before they had gone very far the miller's dog killed two deer, and the dog next him one. When the race was over the king came where the miller was and inquired of him where he had found the horse and the dog he had. He replied that he got the loan of them from a man who had come to his house and got permission to stay; and that he had as fine a hunting falcon as any man ever saw. "Go home and tell him that a falcon race will be held here to-morrow," said the king, "and be sure that thou wilt take with thee himself and his falcon to the race."

The miller went home, and told the stranger how it fared with him at the race, and the message the king had sent.

Next morning young Ulin and the miller went away with the falcon, and in due time reached the castle. Six pigeons were let off, and the falcons after them. But, before the pigeons had gone far, young Ulin's falcon killed the six.

Then the king went where stood the stranger whose it was and whom no one present knew, and said to him: "Wilt thou sell thy horse, dog, and falcon? and I will give thee a handsome price for them." The stranger replied that he would not, but that he had another small thing that he would give him for nothing. He then took the tooth out of his pocket and handed it to the king, saying: "See how that will suit you."

Immediately the king knew his son, and rejoiced greatly to see him safe and sound. He then praised him for the service he had done him. "I have done

mu 'n d' fhalbh mi o 'n tigh." "Ma thug," ars an Rìgh, "thoir an so i gun dàil, chum 's gu 'm faic mi i." Chuireadh fios oirre gu tigh a' mhuilleir, agus an uair a thàinig i, rinn an Rìgh gàirdeachas mór r' a faicinn a rìs. Ghabh ise an fhiacail, agus chuir i i anns a' cheart àite anns an robh i, an dorus a bheòil. An sin rinneadh cuirm mhór dhaibh-san uile 'bh' aig na réisean, agus an uair a bha 'chuirm seachad, dh' fhalbh mise dhachaidh.

as good a service as that. I have taken home my wife who was stolen from me a year before I left home." "If so, bring her here without delay, that I may see her." She was sent for to the miller's house, and when she arrived the king rejoiced greatly to see her again. She took the tooth and placed it where it first was, in the door of his mouth. Then a great feast was made for all who were at the races, and when the feast was over I went home.

CATHAL O' CRUACHAN AGUS BUACHAILLE NA GREIGHE.

Bha Cathal O' Cruachan agus Buachaille na Greighe ann uair-eigin roimhe so.

Thachair iad air a chéile, agus chuir iad geall air-son camanachd. Bha a' chamanachd ri seasamh tri làithean, agus aig ceann na tìm sin bha an t-each a b' fhearr 's a' ghreigh aig Cathal ri 'fhaighinn na 'm buidhneadh e, agus a' bhean aige r' a tabhairt do Bhuachaille na Greighe na 'n cailleadh e.

Choinnich iad air a' cheud là, agus bhuidhinn Cathal O' Cruachan. Choinnich iad a rìs an dara là, agus chaill Cathal O' Cruachan, agus bhuidhinn Buachaille na Greighe. Air an treas là chaidh iad ris a' chluich aon uair eile, agus chuir iad an là glé theth, ach bhuidhinn Cathal, agus chaill am Buachaille.

An sin thubhairt Buachaille na Greighe ri Cathal: "Tachair orm-sa am màireach aig a' leithid so de dh' àite, agus gheibh thu na h-eich a chur seachad ort."

Mu 'n d' fhalbh Cathal 's a' mhaduinn, thubhairt a bhean ris: "Cuimhnich nach gabh thu gin de na h-eich gus an tig loth pheallagach, odhar, a bhitheas air dheireadh orra uile."

Choinnich iad, agus chuir Buachaille na Greighe na h-eich seachad air a bheulaibh; ach cha do ghabh e h-aon diubh, gus an d' thàinig an loth pheallagach, odhar, a bha air dheireadh. An sin thubhairt e: "Is e so mo roghainn de na h-eich," agus an uair

CATHAL O'CRUACHAN AND THE HERD OF THE STUD.

SOME time before now lived Cathal O'Cruachan and the Herd of the Stud.

They met each other and laid a bet for shinnying. The shinnying was to last three days, and, at the end of that time, Cathal was to receive the best horse in the stud if he should win, and to give his wife to the Herd of the Stud if he should lose.

They met on the first day, and Cathal O'Cruachan won. They met again on the second day, and Cathal O'Cruachan lost, and the Herd of the Stud won. On the third day they went at the game once more, and contested the day pretty hotly; but Cathal won, and the Herd lost.

The Herd then said to Cathal: "Meet me to-morrow at such a place, and thou shalt get the horses sent past thee."

Before Cathal left in the morning, his wife said to him: "Remember that thou shalt not take any of the horses until there shall come a dun, shaggy filly, that shall be the last of all."

They met, and the Herd of the Stud sent the horses past in front of Cathal; but Cathal took none of them till the dun, shaggy filly, that was last, came. Then he said: "This is my choice of the horses;" and, when

a rug e oirre, dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh, làn-thoilichte leatha. Ach mo thruaigh léir! cha b' fhada a mheal e a shòlas. An uair a ràinig e dhachaidh, dh' innis iad da gu 'n do ghoid Famhair a bhean an uair a bha e air falbh. Bhóidich e nach rachadh poll à 'bhròig no lub á 'osan gus am faigheadh e a bhean, air-neo gus an cailleadh e a bheatha 'san oidhirp.

An camhanaich na maidne thog e air, agus bha e falbh, gus an robh dubhadh air a bhonnaibh, agus tolladh air a bhròg an, na h-eòin bheaga, bhuchallach, bhachlach, bhàrra-bhuidhe a' gabhail mu thàmh am bun nam preas 's am bàrr nan dos, na h-easagan lughach, laghach, mar a b' fhearr a thaghadh iad féin d'a chéile; ach ged bha iad-san cha robh Cathal O' Cruachan. Chunnaic e tigh beag soluis fada uaith, ach ged b' fhada uaith e, cha b' fhada 'ga ruighinn e.

Ciod an tigh a bha aige an so ach tigh Madadh na Maoile Móire. Thubhairt am Madadh còir: "A Chathail O'Cruachain, a dhuine bhochd, chaidh do bhean bhòidheach seachad an so an raoir aig an Fhamhair Mhór air a ghualainn.

Fhuair e gabhail aige gu math leis a' Mhadadh chòir, na 'n deanadh sitheann fhiadh agus earb, feòil chaorach agus mhult, gu leòir de bhoicionn ghabhar fodha agus de chraicionn chaorach thairis air sin. Chaidil e cho socrach 's a rinn e riamh. 'N uair a dh' éirich e 's a' mhaduinn, fhuair e deagh ghabhail aige leis a' Mhadadh agus 'n uair a bha e 'gabhail beannachd leis, thubhairt e ris: "Ma thig càs no éiginn ort am feasd, anns an dean luathas chas feum dhuit, cuimhnich orm-sa, agus bithidh mi ri d' thaobh."

Bha e a' falbh gus an robh dubhadh air a bhonnaibh agus tolladh air a bhròg an, na h-eòin bheaga, bhuchallach, bhachlach, bhàrra-bhuidhe a' gabhail mu thàmh am bun nam preas 's am bàrr nan dos; na h-easagan lughach, laghach, mar a b' fhearr a

he laid hold of her, he went away home, thoroughly pleased with her.

But, alas! (my utter woe!) he did not long enjoy his happiness. When he reached home, they told him that a giant stole his wife while he was away. He vowed that mire would not go out of his shoe, or water out of his hose, till he should find his wife, or till he should lose his life in the attempt.

In the dawn of the morning he set off, and he was travelling till there was blackening on his soles, and holing on his shoes, the little nestling, folding, yellow-tipped birds were taking to rest at the foot of the bushes, and in the tops of the trees; the little, nimble, pretty squirrels were choosing, as best they could, crevices for each other; but though they were, Cathal O'Cruachan was not. He saw a little house with a light in it, a long way from him, but though it was a long way from him, he was not a long time in reaching it.

What house had he here but that of the Dog of the Great Mull? The kind Dog said: "Cathal O'Cruachan, poor man, thy pretty wife went past here last night with the Big Giant, she being on his shoulder."

Cathal got well treated by the kind dog, if the venison of red deer and roes, the flesh of sheep and wethers, abundance of goat-skin under him, and sheep-skin over him, would suffice. He slept as comfortably as he ever did. When he got up in the morning he was well treated by the Dog, and when he was taking farewell with him he said to him: "If hardship or necessity shall ever come on thee, in which swiftness of foot will be of use to thee, think of me, and I will be at thy side."

thaghadh iad féin d'a chéile; ach ged bha iad-san, cha robh Cathal O' Cruachan.

Chunnaic e tigh beag soluis fad' uaith, ach ged b' fhada uaith cha b' fhada 'ga ruighinn e.

Chaidh e stigh, agus gu dé bha an so ach tigh Seabhag Chreag na Sgeilpe. Thubhairt an t-Seabhag ris: "A dhuine bhochd, chaidh do bhean bhrèagh seachad an so an raoir aig an Fhamhair Mhór air a ghualainn." Fhuair e gabhail aige gu math le Seabhag Chreag na Sgeilpe na 'n deanadh eòin ruadha, 's tàrmachain, liath-chearcan, is gach seòrsa eun a b' annasaiche na chéile sin. Chuir an t-Seabhag a laighe e, air dùn iteag a thàinig thairis air.

"Caidil thusa gu socair, a Chathail O' Cruachain; is fear-faire furachail Seabhag Chreag na Sgeilpe," ars i.

Chaidil e gu socrach, agus 'n uair a dh' éirich e 's a' mhaduinn, fhuair e gabhail aige gu math, leis an t-Seabhaig. 'N uair a bha e a' falbh, thubhairt i ris: "Ma thig càs no éiginn ort am feasd anns an dean dà sgéith luath, làidir, feum dhuit, cuimhnich orm-sa, agus bithidh mise ri d' thaobh.

Thog e an sin air, agus bha e a' falbh gus an robh dubhadh air a bhonnaibh, agus tolladh air a bhròg an, na h-eòin bheaga, bhuchallach, bhachlach, bhàrra-bhuidhe a' gabhail mu thàmh am bun nam preas 's am bàrr nan dos; na h-easagan lughach, laghach, mar a b' fhearr a thaghadh iad féin d'a chéile; ach ged bha iad-san, cha robh Cathal O' Cruachan. Chunnaic e tigh beag soluis fad' uaith, ach ged b' fhad' uaith e, cha b' fhada 'ga ruighinn e.

Chaidh e stigh, agus gu dé bha so ach tigh Dreathan-donn Sruth an t-Siubhail. Fhuair e a shuipeir o an Dreathan de phronnaig arain agus chàise. Chuir e laighe e ann an dùn cóinnich, a bha cho socrach aige ri leabadh iteag na Seabhaige.

He was travelling until there was blackening on his soles and holing on his shoes; the little nestling, folding, yellow-tipped birds, taking to rest at the root of the bushes, and in the tops of the trees; the little, nimble, pretty squirrels, as best they could, choosing sheltering places for each other, but though they were, Cathal O'Cruachan was not.

He saw a little house with a light in it a long way from him, but though it was a long way from him, he was not a long time in reaching it.

He went in, and what was this but the house of the Falcon of the Rock of the Ledge. The Falcon said to him: "Poor man, thy beautiful wife went past here last night on the shoulder of the Big Giant." He got well treated by the Falcon of the Rock of the Ledge, if grouse and ptarmigan, greyhens and every sort of birds that was rarer than another, would do that. The Falcon put him to bed in a heap of feathers which came over him. "Sleep peacefully, Cathal O'Cruachan, a vigilant watcher is the Falcon of the Rock of the Ledge."

He slept peacefully; and when he rose in the morning, he got well treated by the Falcon. When he was going away she said: "If hardship or distress shall ever come upon thee, in which two swift strong wings will be of use to thee, think of me, and I will be at thy side."

He then set off, and he was travelling until there was blackening on his soles, and holing on his shoes; the little nestling, folding, yellow-tipped birds were taking to rest at the foot of the bushes and in the tops of the trees; the little, nimble, pretty squirrels as best they could chose resting places for each other, but if they were, Cathal O'Cruachan was not. He saw a little house with a light in it a long way from him; but though it was a long way from him, he was not a long time in reaching it.

He went in, and what was this but the house of the

Air an là màireach 'n uair a bha e 'gabhail beannachd leis, thubhairt e ris: "Ma thig càs no éiginn ort ri d' thìm, anns an dean mise feum dhuit, cuimhnich orm-sa, agus bithidh mise ri d' thaobh."

Air feasgar an là sin ràinig e tigh an Fhamhair. 'N uair chunnaic a bhean e, thubhairt i ris: "Feumaidh tu dol am falach, oir marbhaidh am Famhair thu, cho luath 's a thig e." Chuir i an sin am falach e cho math 's a dh' fhaodadh i.

'N uair a thàinig am Famhair as a' Bheinn-sheilge, agus a chaidh e stigh, thubhairt e: "I! Ho! Hothagaich! tha mi a' faireachdainn fàile arrabhalaich an so an nochd." "Cha'n 'eil ann ach eun a thug an cat a stigh 's a tha mise a' ròstadh."

'N uair a chaidh am Famhair a laighe, thòisich a' bhean ri ràdh ris: "Cha ghabh thu marbhadh leis cho làidir 's a tha thu." "Cha ghabh mi marbhadh le leum orm féin aghaidh ri aghaidh," ars am Famhair. "Ach am faca thu an stoc a tha mach mu choinneamh an doruis? Tha caora am broinn an stuic, agus tha eun am broinn na caorach, agus tha ubh am broinn an eòin: agus co fhad' 's a bhitheas an t-ubh slàn, tha mo bheatha-sa tèaruinte.

Dh' éirich am Famhair 's a' mhaduinn, agus thog e air do 'n Bheinn-sheilge. Cha bu luaithe a chaidh e as an t-sealladh thar gualainn na beinne na bha Cathal a mach leis an tuaigh. 'N uair a sgoilt e 'n stoc, leum caor' air falbh as le luathas mór. Sheall e as a déidh, agus chunnaic e nach robh ann ach faoineachd dha dol 'ga ruith. An sin thubhairt e ris féin: "Nach bu mhath an so Madadh na Maoile Móire," agus mu 'n gann bha am facal a mach á 'bheul, bha 'm Madadh am broilleach na caorach. Thàinig e leatha, agus dh' fhàg e i eadar a chasan. Dh' fhosgail Cathal an sin a' chaora, ach cha bu luaithe a rinn e sin na leum eun a mach aisde, agus a sgiath e air falbh. Thubhairt e

Brown Wren of the Stream of Flowing. He got from the Wren his supper of crumbs of bread and cheese. He put him to bed in a heap of moss, which he found as comfortable as the feather bed of the Falcon.

On the morrow when he was taking farewell with him, he said: "If hardship or distress come upon thee in thy time, in which I can do thee good, think of me, and I will be at thy side."

On the evening of that day he reached the Giant's house. When his wife saw him, she said: "Thou must hide thyself, for the Giant will kill thee as soon as he will come." She then hid him as well as she might.

When the Giant came from the Hunting-hill and went in, he said: "E! Ho! Hoagich! I feel the smell of a traitor here to-night." "It is only a bird which the cat brought in, and which I am roasting," said the woman.

When the Giant went to bed, the woman began to say to him: "Thou canst not be killed, as thou art so strong." "I can not be killed by attacking me face to face," said the Giant. "But hast thou seen the stock outside opposite the door? There is a sheep in the centre of the stock, and there is a bird in the belly of the sheep, and there is an egg in the belly of the bird; and as long as the egg remains whole my life shall be safe."

The Giant rose in the morning and set off to the Hunting-hill. No sooner did he go out of sight over the shoulder of the ben than Cathal was out with the axe. When he split the stock, a sheep sprang away with great speed. He looked after her, and saw that it was but folly for him to go and chase her. Then he said to himself: "How useful the Dog of the Great Mull would be here!" and almost before the expression was out of his mouth, the Dog was in the breast

an sin ris féin: "Nach bu mhath an so Seabhag Chreag na Sgeilpe.

Mu 'n gann bha 'm facal a mach as a bheul, thàinig an t-Seabhag chòir, agus thug i air ais an Calman marbh, agus dh' fhàg i aig a chasan e. Cha bu luaithe a dh' fhosgail Cathal an t-eun na thuit ubh a mach as, agus rol e stigh do chàrn mór chlach a bha dlùth do 'n àite.

Ghlaodh an sin a' bhean ris: "A Chathail O' Cruachain, greas ort: tha am Famhair an déidh tighinn thar faobhar na beinne a' gabhail gach sligh' a's giorra na chéile." An sin thubhairt Cathal: "Nach bu mhath an so Dreathan-donn Sruth an t-Siubhail," agus mu 'n gann a thubhairt e 'm facal, sud an Dreathan a stigh do 'n chàrn, agus a mach thàinig e, is an t-ubh aige 'na ghob. Cha mhór nach robh am Famhair aig an Dreathan cho luath ri Cathal O' Cruachan. Ach shìn an Dreathan an t-ubh do Chathal, chuir e fo bhròig e, agus bhrist e e. Cha luaithe a bhrist Cathal an t-ubh na thuit am Famhair marbh an taobh a stigh do leth-cheud ceum dha.

Dh' fhuirich Cathal O' Cruachan agus a bhean an oidhche sin an tigh an Fhamhair. Air an ath latha thug iad leò gach òr is airgiod a bh' ann. Thug iad leò, mar an ceudna, Dreathan-donn Sruth an t-Siubhail, Seabhag Chreag na Sgeilpe, agus Madadh na Maoile Móire. Agus an uair a ràinig iad an dachaidh féin, rinn iad cuilm mhór, thlachdmhor dhoibh féin, d' an coimhearsnaich, is d' an càirdean.

'N uair a theirig a' chuilm, thubhairt am Madadh: "Feumaidh sinne 'bhi falbh."

Ach thubhairt Cathal: "Cha bhi." "Feumaidh mise falbh co dhiùbh," deir am Madadh, "oir bithidh mo thigh air a robadh aig sionnaich, aig feòcullain, is aig taghain." Thubhairt an t-Seabhag: "Feumaidh mise falbh cuideachd, oir bithidh mo dhachaidh air

of the sheep. He came with her, and left her between his feet. Cathal then opened the sheep, and no sooner had he done so than a bird sprang out of her, and flew away. Then said he to himself: "How useful would be here the Falcon of the Rock of the Ledge!" Almost before the word was out of his mouth the kind Falcon came, and brought back the dove dead, and left it at his feet. No sooner did Cathal open the bird than an egg fell out of it, and rolled into a cairn, which was near the place.

The wife then cried: "O! Cathal O'Cruachan! make haste, the Giant is after coming over the edge of the ben, taking each way that is shorter than another." Then said Cathal: "How useful would be here the Brown Wren of the Stream of Flowing!" and almost before he had uttered the words, there was the Wren within the cairn, and out he came with the egg in his bill. The Giant was almost as soon as Cathal near the Wren; but the Wren reached the egg to Cathal, who put it under his shoe, and broke it. No sooner had he broken the egg than the Giant fell dead within fifty paces of him.

Cathal O'Cruachan and his wife stayed that night in the Giant's house. The next day they took all the gold and silver they found there. They also took with them the Brown Wren of the Stream of Flowing, the Falcon of the Rock of the Ledge, and the Dog of the Great Mull. And when they reached their own home, they made a great liberal feast for themselves, their neighbours, and their friends.

When the feast came to an end, the Dog said: "We must be going." But Cathal said: "You will not be going." "I must go, at anyrate," said the Dog. "My house will be robbed by foxes, pole-cats, and martins." The Falcon said: "I also must go, for my

a robadh aig feannagan, 's aig fithich." Agus thubhairt an Dreathann: "Bithidh mise 'falbh an cuideachd mo chàirdean, o 'n tha iadsan làidir agus mise lag. Bithidh iad 'nan cuideachd dhomh air an t-slighe." Thubhairt an t-Seabhag ris: "Leum an àird cùl mo dhà sgéithe, agus cha bhean eun eile dhuit, gus an ruig thu dhachaidh."

Ghabh an sin Cathal O' Cruachan an cead càirdeil r' a chàirdean. Dhealaich mise riu aig an dorus, agus thug mi dhachaidh orm.

house will be robbed by hooded crows and ravens." "I will be going in the company of my friends," said the Wren, "since they are strong and I weak. They will be company for me on the way." The Falcon said to the Wren: "Spring up between my two wings, and no other bird will touch thee, till thou shalt reach home."

Cathal O'Cruachan then took leave of his friends. I parted with them at the door, and betook myself home.

DOMHNULL NAN CUAL.

Bha Domhnull 'na fhear-giùlain connaidh gu tigh duin'-uasail àraidh a bha 'san tìr, agus is ann air an aobhar sin a thugadh Domhnull nan Cual air mar ainm.

Bha Domhnull a' saothrachadh gu dichiollach gach latha, ach an déidh sin uile cha robh fois aige 'na inntinn, ann an aon fhocal cha robh e riaraichte le 'staid.

Air là àraidh, is e air a rathad gu tigh an duin'-uasail, ro sgìth leis an eallaich-chonnaidh a bh' air a mhuin, choinnich duin'-uasal òg e a thubhairt ris: "Tha thusa, a Dhomhnuill chòir, 'gad shàrachadh. Nach 'eil thu 'fàs sgìth de ghiùlan a' chonnaidh?" "Tha, gu dearbh, glé sgìth; agus bhithinn coma ged gheibhinn atharrachadh seirbhise," deir Domhnull. An sin thubhairt an duin'-uasal òg ris: "A Dhomhnuill, is mise am Bàs; agus ma ghabhas tu seirbhis agam, nì mi lighiche dhiot, ach air chumhnant gu 'm faigh mi thu a' cheud uair a bheir thu 'n car asam." Ghabh Domhnull ris a' chumhnant, oir b' fhearr leis rud air bith na bhi ag giùlan connaidh.

Thubhairt am Bàs an sin ris: "'N uair théid thu dh' fhaicinn duine thinn, ma chì thu am Bàs 'na sheasamh aig a cheann, cha ghabh thu gnothuch ris, oir cha bhi e beò; ach ma bhitheas e 'na sheasamh aig a chasan, gabhaidh tu e os làimh, oir bithidh e beò.

Bha Domhnull a' deanamh mar dh' iarradh air, agus

[DONALD OF THE BURTHENS.

DONALD was a fire-wood carrier to the house of a certain nobleman who lived in the country, and it is for that reason he was called Donald of the Burthens.

Donald was labouring diligently every day, but after all his mind was not at rest—in one word, he was not satisfied with his condition.

On a certain day, as he was on his way to the nobleman's house, very weary with the burden of wood that was on his back, a young gentleman met him, who said to him: "Worthy Donald, you are wearing yourself out. Are you not growing weary of the fire-wood carrying?" "Yes! indeed! weary enough; and I should not care though I should get a change of occupation," said Donald. Then said the young gentleman to him: "Donald, I am Death; and if you take service with me I'll make a Doctor of you, but on condition that I get you the first time that you cheat me." Donald accepted the condition, for he would rather anything than continue carrying firewood.

Then Death said to him: "When you'll go to see a sick man, if you see Death standing at his head, you'll take nothing to do with him, for he'll not live; but if He be standing at his feet, you will take him in hand, for he will live."

Donald was doing as was requested of him, and

bha gach ni a' soirbheachadh leis. Gach duine a theireadh e bhi theachd beò, bhitheadh e beò; agus gach neach a theireadh e bhitheadh marbh, bhitheadh e marbh.

Dh' fhàs an Rìgh an sin ro bhochd. Chaidh fios a chur air Domhnull, agus thàinig e chum a' Chaisteil. Ach 'n uair chaidh e stigh gu taobh leabadh an Rìgh, chunnaic e 'n gòsganach ud 'na sheasamh aig a cheann, agus cha ghabhadh e gnothach ris. Mu dheireadh cho-éignich iad e gu rud-eigin a dheanamh air a shon. Dh'iarr e 'n sin an Rìgh a thionndadh 'san leabadh gus am bitheadh a cheann far an robh 'chasan, agus a chasan far an robh 'cheann. Cha luaithe a chaidh so a dheanamh na thòisich an Rìgh ri fàs na b' fhearr. Chunnaic e 'n so am Bàs ag èalaidh sìos gu ceann an Rìgh, agus dh' iarr e 'n Rìgh a thionndadh air ais d'a àite rìs. Chaidh a' chluich so air adhart car tacain gus mu dheireadh an do ghabh am Bàs a' leithid de chorruich 's gu'n d' fhalbh e mach 'na dheann.

'N uair dh' fhàs an Rìgh gu math, thog Domhnull air, ach cha deachaidh e fad' o'n Chaisteal 'n uair choinnich am Bàs e. "Tha thu agam, a nis," deir am Bàs, "oir bhrist thu 'n cumhnant. Thug thu 'n car asam."

"Tha sin mar sin, gun teagamh," thubhairt Domhnull, "ach an leig thu leam gus an abair mi m' ùrnaigh?" Cheadaich am Bàs dha a iarrtas. Thionndaidh an sin Domhnull ris, agus thubhairt e: "Cha'n abair mi idir i." Dh'fhàg an so am Bàs e ann am mór-chorruich, a' bóideachadh gu 'm bitheadh e suas ris fhathast air-son a chuir.

Bha Domhnull air a fhàgail dha fhéin a nis; cha robh am Bàs a' cur dragha air bith air. Bha gach ni a' soirbheachadh leis, agus bha e 'fàs fo mhór-mheas 'san dùthaich. Air là àraidh, agus Domhnull ag

everything was prospering with him. Every man he said would live, lived; and every person he said would die, died.

Then the King grew very poorly. Word was sent to Donald, and he came to the Castle. But when he went within to the King's bedside, he saw that spectre standing at his head, and would take nothing to do with him. In the end they prevailed upon him to do something for him. He then asked that the King should be turned in the bed, till his head should be where his feet were, and his feet where his head was. No sooner was this done than the King began to grow better. Donald now saw Death creeping down to the King's head, and he asked that the King should be turned back to his place again. This game went on for some time, till in the end Death got into such a passion that he went away as fast as he could.

When the King grew well, Donald took his departure, but he had not gone far from the Castle when Death met him. "I have you now," said Death, "for you have broken the condition. You have cheated me."

"That is so, without a doubt," said Donald; "but will you allow me respite till I say my prayers?" Death granted his request. Donald then turned to him and said: "I'll never say them at all." Death now left him in a great rage, vowing that he would be upsides with him yet for his trickery.

Donald was now left to himself; Death was not causing him any trouble. Everything continued prospering with him, and he was growing to great esteem in the country. On a certain day, as Donald was walk-

imeachd an rathaid 'na aonar, choinnich buidheann bheag de chloinn na sgoil' e, agus iad, a réir coltais, ro bhrònach. Bha Domhnull blàth-chridheach, agus le sin chaidh e null, agus dh' fhiosraich e dhiubh cion-fàth an trioblaide. Fhreagair iad: "Cha'n urrainn sinn ar n-ùrnaigh a ràdh, agus peanasaichidh ar Maighstir sinn." Cha b' urrainn do Dhomhnull so a sheasamh. Shuidh e taobh an rathaid leis a' chròilein timchioll air, agus theagaisg e 'n ùrnaigh dhoibh.

Cha luaithe a dh' fhalbh a' chlann na thàinig am Bàs, agus thubhairt e ri Domhnull: "Tha thu agam a nis, co dhiùbh!" An sin fhreagair Domhnull: "Is iongantach an duine thu: cha'n 'eil àit' anns nach bi thu: tha iad ag innseadh dhomh-sa, ged rachadh do chur ann am botul, gu 'n tigeadh tu as, agus gu 'm marbhadh tu." "Tha sin fìor," deir am Bàs. "Cha'n 'eil mi 'gad chreidsinn, ach tha botul agam-sa, agus feuch an téid thu ann." Chaidh am Bàs 's a' bhotul, agus bhuail Domhnull an *corc* ann gu teann, ag ràdh aig a' cheart àm: "Fan thusa an sin." Dh' fhalbh e leis a' bhotul, agus thilg e mach air loch e, agus bha e saor aon uair eile.

An ceann ùine, gun bhi fada, thàinig am botul gu tìr far an deachaidh a bhristeadh. Fhuair am Bàs an sin mu sgaoil, is cha do stad e gus an do chuir e crìoch air Domhnull.

ing on the road alone, a small troop of school children met him. They were apparently very downcast. Donald was warm-hearted, and on this account he went over and asked them the cause of their trouble. They answered: "We cannot say our prayer, and our Master will punish us." Donald could not stand this. He took a seat at the side of the road, with the small group around him, and taught them their prayer.

No sooner had the children gone than Death came, and said to Donald: "I have you now, at all events." Then said Donald: "You are a wonderful fellow; there's no place where you are not; they tell me that, though you were put in a bottle, you would come out and kill?" "That is true," said Death. "I don't believe you; but I have a bottle here—try whether you'll go in." Death went into the bottle, and Donald knocked the cork in tight, remarking at the same time: "Stop you there." He went away with the bottle, and threw it out on a loch, and he was once more free.

After a time not long delayed, the bottle came to land where it was broken. Death then got at large, and never halted till he had put an end to Donald.]

IAIN DUBH LEODHASACH, SEOLADAIR.

B' E mac iasgair a bh' ann an Iain Dubh. An uair a bha e 'na bhalachan beag, bhàthadh 'athair, agus an déidh sin thogadh e le bràthair 'athar. Bha e a' fuireachd goirid as do'n Acarsaid Mhóir an Leódhas, far am b' àbhaist da bhi 'g iasgach, agus a' faicinn nan soithichean a bha 'tadhal na h-Acarsaid. Ghabh e mar so spéis mhór do'n mhuir, agus mu dheireadh cha'n fhoghnadh ceàird air bith leis, ach a bhi 'na sheòladair.

Air feasgar àraidh chunnaic e long bhrèagh a' tighinn fo làn-aodaich a stigh do'n chala, agus bha leis nach fac' e riamh roimhe sealladh 'bu bhòidhche. Leum e stigh 'na bhàt'-iasgaich beag féin agus mu'n d' ràinig acair na luinge an grunnd, bha e air bòrd oirre. Dh'fheith e gus an robh a h-aodach paisgte, agus an sin dhìrich e aon de na croinn, agus thòisich e air ruith a mach 's a stigh air na slataibh agus air streap air na ruip, mar chunnaic e na seòladairean a' deanamh. Thug an Sgiobair fa-near cho dàna, tapaidh 's a bha e, agus cho luath 's a theirinn e as a' chrann; agus dh'fheòraich e dheth am bu mhath leis a bhi 'na sheòladair? Fhreagair Iain Dubh nach robh ni air bith air an t-saoghal a b' fhearr leis.

"Falbh dhachaidh, ma-tà," ars an Sgiobair, "agus faigh cead d' athar, agus thigibh le chéile 'n so am màireach, agus ma chòrdas sibh féin agus mise, leigidh mise leat falbh còmhla rium-sa, agus an t-seòladaireachd ionnsachadh. Thubhairt Iain Dubh nach robh 'athair

BLACK-HAIRED JOHN OF LEWIS, SAILOR.

A FISHER'S son was Black-haired John. When he was a little boy his father was drowned, and after that he was brought up by his uncle. He lived a short distance from the Great Anchorage (now Stornoway), in Lewis. There he used to fish, and see the vessels that frequented the Anchorage. He thus took a great liking for the sea, and at length no trade would please him but to be a sailor.

On a certain evening he saw a fine ship coming into the haven under full sail, and it seemed to him that never before had he seen a more beautiful sight. He sprang into his own little fishing boat, and before the ship's anchor reached the bottom, he was on board of her. He waited until her sails had been furled, and then he ascended one of the masts, and began to run out and in on the yards, and to climb the ropes as he saw the sailors do. The Captain noticed how bold and active he was, and as soon as he descended from the mast, he asked him whether he would like to be a sailor? Black John answered that there was nothing in the world he would like better.

"Go home, then," said the Captain, "and get thy father's leave, and to-morrow come ye here together; and if ye and I agree, I will let thee go away with me and learn sailoring." Black John said that his

beò, ach gu'n iarradh e cead bràthair 'athar. Dh' fhoghainn sin leis an Sgiobair, agus dh'fhalbh Iain Dubh dhachaidh le cabhaig mhóir.

Moch air an ath latha thill e air ais 'na ruith 's 'na leum, agus mu'n gann a fhuair e air bòrd, thubhairt e le gàirdeachas gu'n d' fhuair e làn-chead o bhràthair 'athar falbh leis an luing. "Agus an d' thubhairt e diog riut mu mhuinntireas a ghabhail?" ars an Sgiobair. "O, thubhairt," fhreagair Iain Dubh, "tha mi ri mi féin a cheangal ris an luing fad chóig bliadhna, chum gu'n ionnsaich mi an t-seòladaireachd gu ceart." "Agus gu dé a thubhairt e riut mu thuarasdal?" "Thubhairt gu'n robh mi ri bonn-a-sè fhaotainn aig ceann a' cheud mhìosa agus dà bhonn-a-sè aig ceann an dara mìosa, a' dùblachadh mar sin duais gach mìosa gu deireadh nan cóig bliadhna."

Rinn an Sgiobair glag mór gàire air tuarasdal Iain Duibh, agus gun smuainteachadh roimh làimh air ciod a bha e 'dol a dheanamh, thubhairt e: "Gheibh thu sin, a laochain"; agus chaidh Iain a cheangal ris an luing le bann-céirde.

Air an ath latha sheòl an long a mach as an Acarsaid, agus chaidh i air turus-cuain do dhùthaich fad' air falbh. Ràinig i an t-àite gus an robh i ri dol, agus dh'fhuirich i fada thairis, ach aig ceann cheithir bliadhna phill i air a h-ais do Shasunn, agus ann an toiseach na cóigeamh bliadhna de mhuinntireas Iain Duibh, ràinig i 'm baile-puirt d'am buineadh i.

Thàinig a sealbhadairean air bòrd oirre, agus an déidh dhoibh an Sgiobair fhàilteachadh, thòisich iad air amharc mu thimchioll na luinge.

Bha Iain Dubh air fàs 'na ghille gasda agus 'na sheòladair taghta. Ach fathast cha d'fhuair e peighinn a thuarasdail, na b' fhaide na tasdan no dhà a nis 's a rithist an uair a bhitheadh e 'dol air tìr leis na seòladair-

father was not living, but that he would ask his uncle for leave to go. That satisfied the Captain, and John went home in great haste.

Early next day he returned, running and leaping, and scarcely had he got on board when he said with joy that he had got his uncle's full permission to go with the ship. "And did he say nothing to thee about taking an engagement?" said the Captain. "O yes," answered John, "I am to bind myself to the ship for five years that I may learn seamanship aright." "And what did he say to thee about wages?" "He said that I was to get a half-penny at the end of the first month, two half-pennies at the end of the second month, and so doubling the wages of each succeeding month to the close of the five years."

The Captain laughed aloud at Black John's wages, and without thinking beforehand of what he was about to do, he said: "Thou shalt get that, my little hero," and John was then bound to the ship by a deed of indenture.

On the following day the ship sailed out of the Anchorage, and went on a long voyage to a far away country. She reached the seaport to which she was bound, and stayed a long time abroad, but at the end of four years she returned to England; and in the beginning of the fifth year of Black John's engagement, she arrived at the seaport to which she belonged.

Her owners came on board, and after welcoming the Captain they began to look over the ship.

Black John had grown into a fine lad and an excellent sailor. But he had not yet got a penny of his

ean eile anns na bailtibh-puirt 'san robh iad a' tadhal. Ni mó a smuaintich an Sgiobair air an t-suim gus an tigeadh tuarasdal a' ghille a dheanamh suas, gus an d' thàinig na sealbhadairean air bòrd. An sin dh' fheòraich aon diubh: "C'àit' an d'fhuair e 'm balach seòladair a bh' aige an sud?" Fhreagair e gu'n d'fhuair e ann an Eilean Leódhais e. "Is gu dé 'n ùine a tha e agad?" "Tha còrr is ceithir bliadhna." "Agus gu dé 'n duais a tha thu a' toirt da? Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil thu 'toirt da duaise maithe; oir is e seòladair cho tapaidh 's a chunnaic sinn riamh."

Rinn an Sgiobair fèith-ghàire agus thubhairt e: "Ma-tà, cha d'thug mise duais air bith dha fhathast. Ach dh'iarr e féin gu'm bitheadh ceangal chóig bliadhna air a chur air, agus gu'm faigheadh e mar dhuais bonn-a-sè aig ceann a' cheud mhìosa, dà bhonn-a-sè aig ceann an dara mìosa, agus 'dùbladh mar sin duais gach mìosa a leanadh gu deireadh nan cóig bliadhna. Agus an ni a dh'iarr e, gheall mise dha am fala-dhà, agus cha b' ann le rùn a phàidheadh a réir 'iarrtais.

"An do smaoinich thu roimh làimh air ciod a bha thu 'dol a dheanamh? Gheall thu do'n ghille tuilleadh na 's fhiach an long agus na choisinn i o'n cheud là a chaidh i air sàile."

Air tùs cha do chreid an Sgiobair so, ach an uair a chunnaic e gu'n robh e fìor, ghabh e nàire agus aimheal mór. Mu dheireadh thubhairt e:

"Is gu dé nì sinn?" Fhreagair na sealbhadairean: "Cha'n 'eil ach aon ni is urrainn thu a dheanamh. Falbhaidh tu air an ath thurus-cuain gun dàil, agus bheir thu deagh aire gu'n cum thu astar math bho fhearann air an latha mu dheireadh de mhuinntireas a' ghille. Bheir sinne dhuit na th' againn a dh'airgiod ann an tri pocaibh, agus their thu ris aig dà uair dheug

wages further than a shilling or two now and again when he happened to go ashore with the other sailors at the ports where they called. Nor did the Captain think of reckoning the sum to which the lad's wages would amount, until the owners came on board. Then one of them asked where did he get the sailor boy he had yonder? The Captain answered that he got him in the Island of Lewis. "And how long hast thou had him?" "I have had him more than four years." "And what wages art thou giving him? No doubt thou art giving him a good wage, for he is as clever a sailor as we have ever seen?" The Captain smiled and said: "Well, I have given him no wages yet, but he himself asked that he should be bound for five years, and that he should receive for wages a half-penny at the end of the first month, two half-pennies at the end of the second month, and so doubling the wage of each successive month to the end of the five years. And what he asked I promised him in a joke, and not with the intention of paying him according to his request." "Didst thou think beforehand of what thou wert going to do? Thou hast promised the lad more than the ship is worth, and more than she has earned since the first day she was launched." At first the Captain did not believe this; but when he saw it was true, he was struck with great shame and regret. At length he said: "What shall we do?" The owners answered: "There is only one thing thou canst do. Thou shalt go away on the next voyage without delay, and thou shalt take good care to keep a good distance from land on the last day of the lad's engagement. We will give thee in three bags all the money we possess.

air an là mu dheireadh d'a ùine gu'm bheil a thuarasdal agad anns na pocaibh, agus gu'm faigh e iad, ma dh' fhàgas e 'n long leò an sin; ach mur fàg, gu'm pàidh thu e 'na dhéidh sin, mar thoilicheas tu féin."

Thubhairt an Sgiobair, duilich 's mar bha sin leis a dheanamh, gu'm feuchadh e r'a dheanamh.

Cho luath 's a fhuair an Sgiobair gach ni deas, dh'fhalbh e air an ath thurus-fairge. Ràinig e 'n t-àite gus an robh e ri dol gu tèaruinte, agus an déidh dha 'n luchd a liubhairt, phill e air an t-slighe air an d'thàinig e. Ruith ùine Iain Duibh a mach mu'n d'thàinig an long an sealladh fearainn, agus air an là mu dheireadh d'a ùine thairg an Sgiobair dha a thuarasdal air chumhnant gu'm fàgadh e 'n long air ball. "Uile cheart," ars Iain. "Ma gheibh mi mo dhuais, fàgaidh mi 'n long air a' mhionaid so. Ach an toir thu dhomh dà uair de'n t-saor, a dheanamh ràtha air mo shon?" "Gheibh thu sin, agus fiodh cuideachd," ars an Sgiobair; oir bha e duilich dealachadh ri Iain, agus toileach a chuideachadh.

An uair a bha 'n ràth deas, chaidh e leigeil sìos thar taobh na luinge. Fhuair Iain mar a dhuais aon phoca làn òir, poca eile làn airgid, agus treas poca làn copair. Chuir e iad gun fhosgladh air an ràth maille ri poca bhriosgaid, agus searrag dhìghe, agus phùc e 'n ràth air falbh o thaobh na luinge. Thog an sgioba iolach tri uairean 'san dealachadh, agus an sin dh'fhalbh an long air a slighe.

Bha i 'dol na b' fhaide bhuaith gach mionaid, 's an oidhche 'tighinn. Mu dheireadh thàinig an oidhche, agus thug an dorchadas as a shealladh i. An sin thòisich Iain bochd air fàs trom-inntinneach, is gun fhios aige ciod a thachradh dha, mu'n tigeadh an ath latha. Mu dheireadh smaointich e gu'm feuchadh e gu dé 'n stuth a bh' anns an t-searrag. Thug e srùbag

On the last day of his time at twelve o'clock, say to him that thou hast his wages in the bags, and that he will get them if he will then leave the ship with them; but if he will not, then after that thou shalt pay him as thou pleasest." The Captain said that, hard as it was for him to do that, he would try to do it.

As soon as the Captain got everything ready, he departed on the next sea voyage. He reached the place whither he was bound in safety, and having delivered his cargo, returned the way he came. Black John's time ran out before the ship had come in sight of land, and on the last day of his time the Captain offered him his wages on condition that he would leave the ship at once. "All right," said John. "If I get my wages I will leave the ship this moment, but wilt thou give me two hours of the carpenter's time to make a raft for me?" "Thou shalt get that, and wood too," said the Captain; for he was sorry to part with John, and willing to help him.

When the raft was ready it was lowered over the ship's side. John received as his wages one bag full of gold, another of silver, and a third of copper. He placed them unopened on the raft with a bag of biscuits and a bottle of drink, and he pushed the raft away from the side of the ship. The crew raised a shout three times at parting, and then the ship went off on her way.

Every minute she was going further away and night was coming. At length night fell, and the darkness took her out of his sight. Then poor John began to grow dejected, not knowing what would happen before the

aiste, agus dh'fhairich e gu'n d'thug sin eutromachadh air 'inntinn. Mu mheadhon-oidhche thug an cadal thairis e, agus cha do dhùisg e ach gus an robh an latha 'bristeadh. Bha 'n sin fathan bòidheach gaoithe ag iomain an ràtha roimhe. Chuir Iain seachad tri oidhchean agus tri làithean air an ràth. Ach air feasgar an treas là chunnaic e fearann roimhe agus ann an dorchadh na h-oidhche bhuail an ràth air a' chladach anns an aon phort bu bhòidhche 'chunnaic e riamh bho oir tuinne gu bun coille.

Leum Iain Seòladair air tìr, toilichte gu'n d'fhuair e, aon uair eile, leud a bhuinn a dh' fhearann fodha. Thug e leis na pocanna gu bràigh a' chladaich, far an d'fholaich e iad anns a' ghainmhich. Shlaod e 'n sin an ràth suas gu oir na coille; oir thubhairt e ris féin: "Cha'n 'eil fios nach dean e feum do dhuine eile fhathast."

Bhuail e 'n sin a stigh do'n choille, feuch an tachradh e air tigh anns am faigheadh e fuireachd. Ach ged shiubhail e fad na h-oidhche, cha'n fhac' e tigh no treabhair. Mu bheul an latha thug e sùil roimhe, agus chunnaic e goirid as smùid ag éirigh aig bun stalla mór creige. Rinn e dìreach air, agus gu dé bha 'n sin ach turasgal mór dubh de thigh coltach ri seann mhuileann. Bha e a' toirt thairis le sgìos agus le cadal, agus le sin bhuail e stigh gun chead iarraidh no fhaotainn.

Bha boireannach dreachmhor 'na suidhe taobh an teine roimhe; agus an uair a thug i 'n aire dha, chaidh i 'm fiamh mór, oir cha robh i cleachdte ri luchd-siubhail fhaicinn a' tighinn an rathad. Ach an ùine ghoirid ghlac i de mhisnich gu'n d'fheòraich i dheth co as a thàinig e? Fhreagair e gu'm bu sheòladair bochd e, a shnàmh gu tìr á long a chaidh fuidhe fad' a mach air a' mhuir. Thug i da biadh agus deoch, agus ghuidh i air cabhag a dheanamh, agus a bhi mach as an tigh

next day dawned. At last he thought he would see what stuff was in the bottle. He took a toothful from it, and felt that that had lightened his mind. About midnight sleep overpowered him and he did not awake till day was breaking. There was then a nice breeze of wind driving the raft before it. John passed three nights and three days on the raft. But on the evening of the third day he beheld land ahead of him, and in the darkening of the night the raft struck the shore in a bay, from margin of wave to border of wood, the very prettiest he had ever seen.

John the Sailor sprang ashore, glad that he had once more got the breadth of his soles of land under him. He took the bags with him to the top of the beach, where he hid them in the sand. He then drew the raft up to the border of the wood, for he said to himself: "There is no saying but that it may yet be useful to another man."

He then struck into the wood to see if he could fall in with a house where he might stay. But, though he travelled the night long, he saw neither house nor hald. About daybreak he gave a glance ahead of him, and saw a short distance off smoke ascending from the foot of a high precipice. He made straight for it, and what was there but a big black clumsy building like an old mill. He was ready to drop with fatigue and sleep, and so he walked in without leave asked or obtained.

A handsome woman sat at the fireside before him; and when she noticed him, she was much alarmed, for she was not accustomed to see travellers coming the way. In a short time, however, she gathered courage

cho luath 's a b' urrainn e. Dh' fheòraich e dhith c'arson; agus fhreagair ise gu'n robh seachd robairean a' fuireachd anns an tigh; agus na'n tigeadh iad mu'm fàgadh e, nach leigeadh iad as beò e. Dh'fheòraich e 'n sin c'uin a thigeadh iad? Fhreagair ise gu'n robh dùil aice riu gach mionaid. "Thigeadh iad, ma-tà," ars Iain Seòladair. "O'n fhuair mise stigh, cha téid mi mach, gus am faigh mi lochdan cadail." "Ma-tà," ars am boireannach, "dean thusa do roghainn féin, ach tha eagal orm-sa gu'm bi aithreachas ort, nach do ghabh thu mo chomhairle-sa." "Bitheadh sin mar sin, no gun bhith; ach innis thusa dhomh-sa 'n dràsda c'àit' am faigh mi mi féin a shìneadh agus greis fhoise a ghabhail."

Rinn am boireannach sin, agus ann an tiota bha e 'n suain chadail.

Cha robh fhios aige gu dé co fhada 's a chaidil e, ach b' i bruidhinn àrd nan robairean a dhùisg e. Chual' e iad a' feòraich c'àit' an robh e? Dh'innis am boireannach sin daibh, agus gun dàil mionaide, chaidh iad far an robh e, agus dh'fheòraich iad dheth gu dé chuir an sud e? Dh'innis e dhaibh an t-aobhar mar dh'innis e do'n bhoireannach. "Ma-tà," ars aon aca, "is robairean a tha annainne, agus cha'n 'eil sinn a' leigeil le duine, a thig an rathad so, dol as beò." "Ha! ha!" ghlaodh Iain Dubh, "nach mi 'tha toilichte gu'n do thachair bràithrean céirde dhomh fhéin orm. B' i 'n robaireachd mo cheàird am dhùthaich féin, gus am b' éiginn domh teicheadh agus a' mhuir a thoirt orm. Ma ghabhas sibh-se leibh mi, geallaidh mi gu'm bi mi cho dìleas ri aon air bith anns a' chuideachd."

"Nì do choltas an gnothuch," ars aon aca, "agus tha do sheanachas a' dearbhadh gu'm bheil thu misneachail. Bheir sinn cothrom dhuit a dhearbhadh gu dé 's urrainn thu 'dheanamh. Gheibh thu 'n là

enough to ask him whence he came. He replied that he was a poor sailor who had swam ashore from a ship which sank far out at sea. She gave him food and drink, and begged of him to make haste and be gone from the house as quick as he could. He asked the reason, and she replied that seven robbers stayed in the house; and if they arrived before he left, they would not let him go with his life. He then asked when they would come. She answered that she expected them every minute. "Let them come, then," said John the Sailor. "Since I got in, I will not go out until I get a little wink of sleep." "Well," said the woman, "do as thou pleasest; but I fear thou shalt repent of not taking my advice." "Be that as it may, but in the meantime tell me where I can stretch myself and take a while of rest." The woman did that, and at once he was sound asleep.

He knew not how long he slept, but it was the loud talk of the robbers that awoke him. He heard them ask where he was. The woman told them that, and without a moment's delay they came where he was, and asked him what brought him there? He told them the reason, as he had told it to the woman. "Well," said one of them, "we are robbers, and we suffer no man who comes this way to escape alive." "Ha, ha!" said Black John, "how pleased I am that I have met with fellow-craftsmen of my own. Robbing was my trade in my native country till I was forced to flee, and betake myself to the sea. If you take me with you, I will promise to be as true as any one in the band."

"Thy appearance will do," said one of them, "and

màireach a ghabhail foise, ach 'na dhéidh sin gabhaidh gach aon againn a rathad féin, agus am fear a bheir dhachaidh an tuilleadh creiche fad tri oidhchean, bithidh e 'na cheannard air càch, agus cha bhi ni aige r'a dheanamh, ach cùram a ghabhail de'n tigh, am feadh 'bhios a chompanaich air falbh." Chòrd so gu math ri Iain, agus dh' fhuirich e aig an tigh gus an d'thàinig ceud là na deuchainne.

An sin dh' fhalbh e agus ghabh e mar rinn gach aon de'n bhuidheann, a rathad féin. An uair a thàinig an oidhche, phill e dhachaidh leis a' phocan chopair, a dh' fhalaich e làimh ris an tràigh, agus cha robh aig aon de 'n chuideachd uibhir ris. Dh'fhalbh e 'n ath latha, agus phill e 'san oidhche leis a' phocan airgid, agus ma rinn e na b' fhearr na 'chompanaich a' cheud là, rinn e seachd feabhas riu an là sin. Air an treas là dh'fhalbh e air-son an uair mu dheireadh, agus thug e dhachaidh am pocan òir. Dhòirt e na bh' ann air an ùrlar, agus dh' fheòraich e an d' rinn aon air bith aca na b' fhearr? Fhreagair iad uile nach d'rinn, agus a chionn gu'n robh esan cho math ri 'ghealladh riu-san, gu'm bitheadh iad-san cho math ri 'n gealladh ris-san, agus rinn iad e 'na cheannard thairis orra uile.

Air an ath latha dh'fhalbh na robairean a shireadh am fortain, ach dh'fhuirich Iain aig an tigh. Cho luath 's a fhuair e leis féin, smuaintich e air an tigh a rannsachadh. Thug e nuas pasg mór iuchraichean, a chunnaic e crochte air tarrainn anns a' bhalla, agus dh'fhosgail e leò gach seòmar 'san tigh ach an aon. Bha iuchair an aoin sin falaichte aig a' bhoireannach, agus dhiùlt i an toiseach dealachadh rithe. Ach air do Iain innseadh dhi gu'm b' esan a nis an ceannard, agus gu'm feumadh i bhi ùmhal da, thug i suas an iuchair.

An sin dh'fhosgail e dorus an t-seòmair uaignich,

thy language proves thee to be courageous. We will give thee an opportunity to prove what thou canst do. Thou shalt get to-morrow to rest; but after that every one of us will take his own way, and he who brings home most spoil for three nights will be chief over the rest, and will have nothing to do but to take care of the house while his companions are away." This pleased John well, and he stayed at home till the first day of trial came.

Then he went off and took his own way, as did every one of the band. When night came he returned home with the little bag of copper which he had hidden near the shore; and none of the company had as much. He started off next day, and returned at night with the little bag of silver; and if he had done better than his comrades the first night, he did seven times better that day. On the third day he went out for the last time, and brought home the little bag of gold. He poured out all it contained on the floor, and asked if any of them had done better. They all answered that they had not; and as he was as good as his promise to them, they would be as good as their promise to him, and they made him chief over them all.

Next day the robbers went away to seek their fortune, while John stayed at home. As soon as he found himself alone he bethought him that he would search the house. He took down a big bunch of keys he saw hanging on a nail in the wall, and with them he opened every room in the house save one. The key of that one the woman had hidden, and she at first refused to part with it. However, when John told her that he was now chief, and that she must be obedient to him, she gave up the key.

agus chunnaic e roimhe sealladh a chuir déisinn air. Bha bean-uasal, cho bòidheach, dreachmhor 's air an do dhearc sùil riamh, an crochadh air fhalt ri croman am mullach an t-seòmair, agus bàrr a h-òrdag a' beantainn air éiginn do'n ùrlar. Leum e d'a h-ionnsaidh, dh' fhuasgail e a falt, agus leig e sìos i, a réir coltais marbh. Bha i greis ann an neul, ach an uair a thàinig i as, dh'innis e dhi ciamar a thàinig esan do'n àit' ud, agus an sin dh'innis ise dha-san mar thugadh ise ann. B' i nighean Rìgh na Spàinte. Chaidh dithis de na robairean a ghlacadh aig Caisteal an Rìgh, agus a chionn gu'n do chuireadh gu bàs iad le 'h-athair, bhóidich càch nach gabhadh iad fois gus an deanadh iad dìoghaltas air. B' e 'n dìoghaltas a rinn iad ise 'ghlacadh, an uair a bha i ag gabhail sràide mu thimchioll a' Chaisteil, a toirt leò do'n àite féin, agus a pianadh le 'fàgail crochta, mar fhuair Iain Dubh i.

A dheanamh a' chuid so de'n sgeul goirid, theich iad o thigh nan robairean, a' toirt leò uibhir 's a b' urrainn daibh a ghiùlan a dh' òr agus de nithe luachmhor, maille ri lòn air-son na slighe. Ghabh iad gach rathad a b' uaigniche na chéile, gus an d' thàinig oidhche. Chunnaic iad an sin bothan-àiridhe air thoiseach orra, agus rinn iad dìreach air. Cha robh iad fada 'ga ruigheachd. Chaidh iad a stigh, agus ged fhuair iad falamh e, bha e, a réir coltais, goirid roimhe sin air àiteachadh. Coma co dhiùbh, chuir iad rompa an oidhche a chaitheamh ann, mar a b' fhearr a dh'fhaodadh iad. Greis an déidh dhoibh dol a stigh, chual' iad borbhan coltach ri bruidhinn daoine aig taobh mach an doruis. Shaoil iad an toiseach gu'm b' iad na robairean a bh' ann, agus gu'n robh iad a' cagarsaich ri chéile a muigh. Ach cha b' fhada gus an do thuig iad nach d' thàinig na guthanna caola, fanna a bha iad a' cluinntinn, aon chuid o na robairean, no

Then he opened the door of the secret chamber, and saw before him a sight which made him shudder. A lady, as beautiful and as handsome as eye ever beheld, was hanging by her hair from a crook in the ceiling of the room, and the points of her toes were scarcely touching the floor. He sprang to where she was, unloosed her hair, and laid her down on the floor, seemingly dead. She was for a while in a swoon; but when she came out of it, he told her how he had come to that place, and then she told him the way she had been brought there. She was the daughter of the King of Spain. Two of the robbers were caught at the King's Castle, and because they were put to death by her father, the rest vowed that they would not rest till they were revenged upon him. The revenge they took was to seize her when she was taking a walk about the Castle, and carry her away to their own place, and torture her by leaving her hanging in the manner Black John had found her.

To shorten this part of the tale, they fled from the house of the robbers, taking with them as much as they could carry of gold and precious things, with food for the journey. They took the most unfrequented paths, until night came. They then beheld a shieling bothy before them, and made straight for it. They were not long in reaching it. They went in, and though they found it empty, it had seemingly been occupied shortly before. No matter, they resolved to pass the night there as well as they could. Some time after they entered they heard a murmur like the conversation of men outside the door. At first they thought it was the robbers,

bho chreutairean saoghalta air bith. Mu dheireadh leum Iain Dubh air a chasaibh ag ràdh gu'm biodh fios aige-san, an tiota, ciod no co bhuaith a thàinig iad. Le sin dh'fhosgail e 'n dorus, ach dàna 's mar bha e, thug an sealladh, a chunnaic e roimhe, clisgeadh air. Bha tri colainnean 'nan seasamh m'a choinneamh, le'n cinn aca eadar an làmhan. "A dhaoine còire," ars Iain, "gu dé tha sibh ag iarraidh?" "Is sinn," fhreagair iad, "athair agus dà mhac a mharbhadh anns a' bhothan so le robairean agus a thiodhlacadh air cùl an tighe; ach a chionn nach deachaidh gach ceann a chur maille r'a cholainn féin, cha'n 'eil sinne 'faotainn foise. Ma chuireas tusa ar cinn far am bu chòir dhaibh a bhi, theagamh gu'n dean sinne uibhir ri sin air do shon-sa fathast." Fhreagair Iain gu'n deanadh esan mar dh'iarr iad air, na'n leigeadh iad fhaicinn da far an robh na cinn, agus c'àit' am b' àill leò an cur. Chaidh iad leis agus rinn e gach ni mar sheòl iad dha, agus an uair a bha gach ni seachad, chaidh iad as an t-sealladh.

An ath latha dh'fhàg Iain Dubh agus nighean an Rìgh am bothan, agus cha do stad iad, gus an d' ràinig iad am baile-puirt a b' fhaigse dhoibh. Phòs iad an sin, agus chuir iad suas tigh-òsda leis an òr a thug iad á tigh nan robairean. Bha iad gu sona, soirbheach an sin, gus an d'thàinig long-chogaidh a stigh do'n acarsaid. Air bòrd na luinge so bha àrd-cheannard cabhlach na Spàinte, a' sireadh nighean an Rìgh chum gu'n coisneadh e i féin agus leth na rìoghachd; oir b' e sin an duais a gheall an Rìgh do'n cheannard air muir no air tìr a gheibheadh i, agus a bheireadh dhachaidh i gu tèaruinte.

Thàinig an ceannard air tìr le fear eile de na h-oifigich, agus de gach àite, c'àit' an do thadhail iad ach an tigh Iain Duibh. Cha robh iad fada stigh 'n uair a chuir iad eòlas air Iain agus air a mhnaoi.

and that they were whispering to one another without. Soon, however, they understood that the small weak voices they were hearing came neither from the robbers nor from any earthly creatures. At length Black John sprang to his feet, saying that he would know presently from what, or from whom, the noises came. So he opened the door, but bold as he was, the sight before him startled him. Three human bodies, holding their heads between their hands stood before him. "Honest men," said John, "what do you want?" "We," replied they, "are a father and two sons who were murdered by robbers in this bothy, and buried behind the house; but, as every head was not placed with its own body, we find no rest. If thou wilt place our heads where they ought to be, perhaps we may yet do as much for thee." John replied that he would do as they asked him, if they would show him where the heads were, and where they would like them placed. They went with him, and he did everything as they directed him: and when all was over, they went out of sight.

Next day Black John and the King's daughter left the bothy, and they stopped not until they reached the nearest seaport. They married there, and set up an Inn with the gold they took from the house of the robbers. They were prosperous and happy there, till a war-ship came into the harbour. On board of this ship was the chief commander of the Spanish fleet, seeking the King's daughter, that he might win herself and half the kingdom; for this was the reward the King had promised to the commander on sea or on land who should find her, and bring her home in safety.

Dh'aithnich iad gu'm b' i nighean an Rìgh; ach cha do ghabh iad sin orra. Mu'n d'fhalbh iad, thug iad cuireadh càirdeil dhi féin agus d'a fear gu dol a mach agus an long fhaicinn an ath latha. Ghabh iad le chéile ris a' chuireadh gu toileach; ach, an uair a fhuair an ceannard iad air bòrd, chuir e suas na siùil, agus chum e air aghaidh, gus an robh e astar mór a mach o fhearann. An sin dh'fhàg e Iain Dubh bochd am bàta beag gun ràmh gun sheòl, agus dh'fhalbh e.

Is beag nach robh càs Iain 's a' bhàta cho cruaidh 's a bha e air an ràth. Chuir e 'n còrr de 'n là seachad gu brònach; ach, aig teachd na h-oidhche, chunnaic e sealladh a thug càil-eiginn de mhisnich dha, oir bha 'm bàta 'cumail a toisich 'san aon àird, agus falbh math oirre. An sin chunnaic e botul dìghe làidir an toiseach a' bhàta, agus an déidh dha deoch a thoirt as, thuit e 'na chadal. Cho luath 's a dhùisg e 'n dara màireach, sheall e gach rathad, ach cha robh fearann air bith an amharc. Ach bha 'm bàta a' falbh le sgriob làidir agus ag cumail a cinn 'san àird an robh i an oidhche roimhe. Thug so tuilleadh misnich dha, gidheadh dh'fhairich e 'n latha fada gu leòir. Aig tighinn na h-oidhche thug e deoch eile as a' bhotul, agus chaidil e air. Air an treas là sheall e roimhe, agus chunnaic e fearann fad' as, agus am bàta 'deanamh dìreach air. Bha 'm ball-toisich a mach roimpe, agus tarruing chruaidh air; agus, ni a b' iongantaiche, lunn làidir air thoiseach air ceann a mach a' bhuill. Ach ciod no co a bha 'tobhadh a' bhàta, cha b' urrainn da 'bhreithneachadh no 'thuigsinn.

Mu dheireadh ràinig i 'n cladach agus chaidh triùir dhaoine a mach as an uisge roimpe, a' tarruing an ròpa-thoisich gus an d'fhàg iad i os ceann a' gharbh mhuir-làin. B' iad sin an triùir dhaoine d'an do chuir e 'n cinn agus an colainnean còmhla, aig cùl a'

The commander came ashore with another officer, and of all places where did they call but at Black John's house? They were not long within when they formed an acquaintance with John and his wife. They recognised that she was the King's daughter, but they did not make that known. Before leaving they gave herself and her husband a friendly invitation to go out next day and see the ship. They both heartily accepted the invitation; but when the commander got them on board he set sail, and kept on his way, until he was a great distance from land. There he left poor Black John in a small boat without oar or sail, and went away.

John's predicament in the little boat was nearly as trying as it had been on the raft. He passed the rest of the day in dejection; but on the approach of night he saw a sight which gave him some little heartening, for the boat was keeping her bow pointing steadily in one direction with a good way on her. Then he noticed a bottle of strong drink in the forepart of the boat, and after taking a draught from it he fell asleep. As soon as he awoke next day, he looked every way but no land was in sight. Still the boat was making good way and holding her head in the same direction as on the night before. This gave him more courage; yet he felt the day long enough. At the approach of night he took another drink from the bottle, and fell asleep over it. On the third morning he looked ahead, and saw land far off, and the boat making straight for it. The painter was out ahead, and a hard pull on it; and what was still more wonderful, a strong wake before the furthest out end of the rope. But what, or who, was towing the boat, he could neither conceive nor understand.

At last she reached the shore, and three men went

bhothain-àiridhe. Agus cho luath 's a chunnaic iad cas Iain air tìr, chaidh iad as an t-sealladh.

Faodar an còrr de'n sgeul innseadh am beagan bhriathar. Cha phòsadh nighean an Rìgh an ceannard a fhuair i, gus am bitheadh gach saighdear agus seòladair 'san rìoghachd air an cur seachad fo uinneig a seòmair an Caisteal a h-athar. An déidh dol troimh iomadh cruaidh-chàs, ràinig Iain an Caisteal air deireadh air càch uile. Bha e dìreach ann an àm. Dh'aithnich nighean an Rìgh e. Phòsadh iad a rìs; agus ma tha iad beò, tha iad sona.

out of the sea before her, pulling her with the painter till they left her beyond the reach of the highest tide. These were the three men whose heads and trunks he had placed together behind the shieling bothy. As soon as they saw John's foot on land, they vanished out of sight.

The rest of the tale may be told in a few words. The King's daughter would not marry the commander who found her until every soldier and sailor in the kingdom was made to pass by under her window in her father's Castle. After going through many hardships, John reached the Castle last of all. He was just in time. The King's daughter knew him. They were again married, and if they are still living they are happy.

[BEITHRICHEAN BEINN BHEITHIR.]

B' E ceud ainm an t-sléibhe làimh ris am bheil luchd-turuis do Ghleann Comhann air an cur air tìr, Beinn Ghuilbin, ach a nis 's e theirear ris Beinn Bheithir. Fhuair e an t-ainm so o bheithir a bha o cheann fada a' gabhail fasgaidh 's a' Choire Liath, lag mór, a tha 'n aodann an t-sléibhe, agus is beag nach 'eil dìreach os ceann ceidhe Bhaile-chaolais. Bha 'bheithir so, a réir coltais, 'na culaidh-eagail do'n dùthaich uile mu 'n cuairt. O bheul a' Choire bha sealladh aice air a' cheum a bha a' dol timchioll bun na beinne, agus na'n tugadh am fear-turuis aineolach ionnsaidh air imeachd seachad oirre, leumadh i sìos agus reubadh i 'na mhìrean e.

Cha robh duine aig an robh a chridhe ionnsaidh a thabhairt oirre, no aon a b' urrainn innseadh ciamar a dh'fhaodadh cur as di, gus an d' thàinig Teàrlach Sgiobair an rathad. Dh' acraich e 'n soitheach aige astar math a mach o'n àite 'sam bheil an ceidhe nis suidhichte; agus eadar an soitheach agus an cladach rinn e drochaid de bharaillean falamh, ceangailte r'a chéile le ròpaibh, agus làn de spéicean iaruinn. An uair a bha 'n drochaid crìochnaichte, las e teine mór air bòrd an t-soithich, agus chuir e pìosan feòla air na h-éibhlibh. Cho luath 's a ràinig fàileadh na feòla loisgte 'n Coire, theirinn a' bheithir 'na leumannan a dh' ionnsaidh a' chladaich, agus as a sin dh'fheuch i ri rathad a dheanamh air na baraillean a mach chum an

THE BEN VEHIR DRAGONS.

THE mountain at whose base tourists to Glencoe are landed was first called Ben Gulbin, but it is now known as Ben Vehir. It got this name from a dragon which, long ago, took shelter in Corrie Lia, a great hollow in the face of the mountain, and almost right above Ballachulish Pier. This dragon was apparently a terror to the surrounding district. From the lip of the corrie she overlooked the path round the foot of the mountain, and, if the unsuspecting traveller attempted to pass by her, she would leap down and tear him to pieces.

No one dared attack her, nor could anyone tell how she might be destroyed until Charles, the Skipper, came the way. He anchored his vessel a good distance out from the site of the present pier, and between the vessel and the shore formed a bridge of empty barrels, lashed together with ropes, and bristling with iron spikes. When the bridge was finished, he kindled a large fire on board the vessel, and placed pieces of flesh on the burning embers. As soon as the savour of the burning flesh reached the corrie, the dragon descended by a succession of leaps to the shore, and thence tried to make her way out on the barrels to the vessel. But the spikes entered her body, and tore her up so badly that she was nearly dead before she reached the outer end of the bridge. Meantime

t-soithich. Ach chaidh na spéicean 'na corp, agus reub iad i cho dona 's nach mór nach robh i marbh mu'n d'ràinig i ceann a mach na drochaide. Aig a' cheart àm bha 'n soitheach air a tharruing air falbh o'n drochaid gus an robh bealach mór eadar i féin agus am baraille mu dheireadh. Thar a' bhealaich so cha robh de neart air a fhàgail aig a' bheithir gu'm b'urrainn i leum thairis air gu ruig clàr-uachdair an t-soithich, agus do bhrìgh nach b'urrainn i pilleadh an rathad a thàinig i, fhuair i bàs d'a leòn far an robh i aig ceann na drochaide.

Dh'fhairich an sluagh a bha a chòmhnuidh am fagus do'n bheinn a nis aig sìth. Ach ma dh'fhairich, bu bheag a bha fios aca mu 'n chunnart ùr anns an robh iad. B'e aobhar a' chunnairt so cuilean a dh'fhàg an t-seann bheithir 'na déidh anns a' Choire Liath. Ré ùine dh'fhàs an cuilean 'na làn-bheithir, aig an robh cuain bheithrichean òga, falaichte ann am mulan-coirce aig bun na beinne. An uair a dh'fhairich an tuathanach iad 'na mhulan, chuir e teine ris, an dùil gu'n cuireadh e mar so as do na creutairean cunnartach a bh'ann. Bha 'n sgreadail air a giùlan leis a' ghaoith suas taobh na beinne, agus cho luath 's a ràinig i am màthair, sìos leum i g'an cuideachadh. Ach bha i fada gun an ruigsinn, agus a dh'aindeoin gach ni a rinn i, loisgeadh iad gu bàs. An uair a chunnaic i so, shìn i i féin air lic làimh ris a' chladach, agus chum i air an leac a bhualadh le 'h-earball gus an do mharbh si i féin.

Is e theirear ris an lic fathast Leac-na-Beithreach, agus is ann oirre a tha Tigh Beinn Bheithir a nis a' seasamh.

the vessel was moved from the bridge, until a wide interval was left between it and the last barrel. Over this interval the dragon had not sufficient strength left to leap to the deck of the vessel, and, as she could not return the way she came, she died of her wounds where she was, at the end of the bridge.

The people who lived in the neighbourhood of the mountain felt now at peace. But, if they did, little did they know of the new danger which threatened them. The cause of this danger was a whelp which the old dragon left behind her in Corrie Lia. In course of time the whelp became a full-grown dragon which had a brood of young dragons hidden away in a corn stack at the foot of the mountain. When the farmer discovered them in his stack, he at once set fire to it, hoping thus to destroy the dangerous vermin it contained. Their shrieking was, with the wind, borne up the mountain-side, and, as soon as it reached their mother, down she rushed to their assistance. But she was long in reaching them, and in spite of all her efforts they were burnt to death. When she saw this, she stretched herself on a flat rock near the shore, and continued to lash the rock with her tail until she killed herself.

The rock is still known as the Dragon Rock, and on it Ben Vehir House now stands.

SGEOIL MU SHITHICHEAN, DAOINE-SITHE, SITH-BHRUTHAICH, NO DAOINE BEAGA, NO DAOINE MATHA.

Torr-a-Bhuilg.

O CHEANN fhada thuit do bhean bhochd tadhal ann an tigh làimh ri Torr-a-bhuilg. Cha robh 'san àm duine stigh ach bean-an-tighe agus coltas leinibh bhig. Bha 'n leanabh 'ga aoirneagaich féin air ar ùrlar, agus an aon sgriach as a cheann a latha 's a dh'oidhche.

Dh'fheòraich a' bhean bhochd gu dé 'n gille a bh' aice an sin air an ùrlar. Fhreagair bean-an-tighe nach robh fhios aice. "Ma-tà," ars a' bhean bhochd, "tha fhios agam-sa gu math gu dé th'ann, agus ma ghabhas tu mo chomhairle-sa, gheibh thu cuidhte 's e; ach mur gabh, gheibh thu do leòir dheth. Thuirt bean-an-tighe gu'n gabhadh i 'comhairle, agus an sin dh'innis a' bhean bhochd di ciod a dheanadh i ris.

An déidh do 'n bhean-bhochd falbh, chaidh bean-an-tighe mach agus thug i stigh basgaid uibhean a chuir i 'nan cuairt air an ùrlar. Am feadh bha i ri sin, bha 'n gille air an ùrlar, a' coimhead oirre gu dùr; agus mu dheireadh thuirt e rithe gu colgarra: "Gu dé tha thu 'deanamh mar sin?" "Tha coire-togalach," ars ise. "Coire-togalach! Tha mi còrr agus tri cheud bliadhna, agus gus a so cha'n fhaca mi a leithid sin de choire-togalach."

TALES ABOUT FAIRIES, FAIRY-MEN, FAIRY-KNOLLERS, LITTLE MEN, OR GOOD PEOPLE.

Torr-a-Bhuilg.

Long ago a poor woman happened to call in a house near Torr-a-Bhuilg. At the time there was no one in the house but the housewife and what appeared to be a little child. The child kept tumbling about on the floor and screaming incessantly day and night.

The poor woman asked what lad she had there on the floor. The housewife answered that she did not know. "Well," said the poor woman, "I know well what he is, and if you take my advice you will get rid of him; but, if not, you will get enough of him." The housewife said that she would take her advice, and the poor woman then told her what she was to do to him.

After the poor woman left, the housewife went out and brought in a basket of eggs, which she placed in a circle on the floor. While she was thus engaged, the lad kept looking sullenly at her, and said at length, roughly: "What are you doing in that manner?" "I am making a brewing caldron," was the reply. "A brewing caldron? I am more than three hundred years old and I never yet saw a brewing caldron like that!"

Cha robh teagamh na b'fhaide aig bean-an-tighe nach b' e sìthiche a bha 'san leanabh; ach chaidh i mu thimchioll a gnothuich car tacain, mar bha i roimhe. An sin sheall i mach air an uinneig, agus an ùine ghoirid chuir i coltas fiamhta oirre féin, agus thòisich i air leum air a h-ais, mar gu'm bitheadh i 'faicinn rud-eigin uamhasach. Ghlèidh an gàrlaoch air an ùrlar sùil fhiar oirre greis, agus an sin dh'fheòraich e dhith gu dé bha i 'faicinn. "Tha," ars ise, "Torr-a-bhuilg r' a theine." Cha d' fheith e far an robh e na b' fhaide, ach leum e mach air an dorus ag ràdh: "M' ùird, is m' innean, 's mo bholg;" agus cha'n fhacas tuilleadh e.

The housewife had no longer any doubt of the child being a fairy, but she went about her business for a while in her usual way. Then she looked out at the window and assumed a scared look and began to start back as if she beheld something dreadful. The squaller on the floor, looking askance at her for a while, at last asked what it was she beheld. "I see," said she, "Torr-a-Bhuilg on fire." He waited where he was no longer, but sprung out at the door, saying: "My hammers and my anvil and my bellows," and after that he was never seen again.

TALADH NA MNATHA SITHE.

Leaspagan beag odhar thu,
Beiridh bó an nuallain;
Nuallan na bó Muilich thu,
M' anam agus m' aighear thu!
Cha 'n ann á shìol Chuinn thu,
Sìol a's docha leinn thu—
Sìol Leòid nan long 's nan lùireach o Lòchlann:
Do dhùthchas féin duit.
Fire! faire! cha tu laogh
Na seann bhà crìonaidh;
Fire! faire! cha tu minnean
'Rug a' mhìseach.
Fire! faire! ged nach tu sud,
Fire! faire! 's tu mo laogh-sa.

Firein, firein, obh! obh!
Na cluinneam do bhròn,
Gun toll air do bhròig;
Gu 'n do bhioraich do shròn
Cho glas ris na neòil.
Firein, firein, a bh' ann,
Ghabh mo bhuinneag ort an t-àm,
'Nuair a bha sneachd air a' chrann,
'Nuair a bha do mhuime dall,
'S 'n uair a bha 'n cuileann gun cheann.

THE FOSTERING FAIRY'S LULLABY.

Swarthy little Leaspagan,
Calve will the lowing cow:
Lowing 'tis of Mull cow,
My life and my gladness.
Thou art not the seed of Conn;
Thou art seed of better born: [Lochlin,
Seed of Leod of warships and mailcoats from
Such thy kindred.
Feeri-farri! no calf thou
Of the old withered cow;
Feeri-farri! no kid, I wot,
Of yearling goat.
Feeri-farri! such thou art not,
Feeri-farri! thou'rt my own calf.

Hush! hush! little man,
Sure thou hast no woes,
No hole in thy shoe;
Why pinched then that nose,
Grey as cloud in the blue?
Hero wert thou that hour,
Struck with wand of power,
When the snow was on the tree,
When thy nurse couldn't see,
And the holly had never a flower.

Hug O! gu h-aireach
Bha mnathan a' bhaile,
Hug O! gu h-aireach
Gu snigheach, galach,
Ag caoidh an leinibh,
A' falbh na coille,
'S an ciochan geala
Ag call a' bhainne.
M' ulaidh agus m' aoibhneas,
'S e do ghoid a rinn mi
Air a' mheadhon-oidhche,
Gun choinneil no gun choinnleir,
Gun solus no gun soillse.
Tha thu agam o 'n uraidh,
'S gur tu m' ulaidh.
Bidh tu 'm bliadhna gu h-ùr uallach
Air mo ghualainn feadh a' bhaile,
'S tu mo leanabh mìleiseach, màileasach.

Glag fo lùirich!
'S tu ceann-feadhna
Nan each snàgach.
'S tu mo leanabh
Ruiteach, reamhar;
Mo shult is m' fhiughair,
Mo luachair bhog,
Am bi m' aighear.
'S truagh nach fhaicinn fhéin do bhuaile
Gu h-àrd àrd air leacainn sléibhe
Còta caol, coilearach, uaine,
Mu do ghualainn agus léine.
'S truagh nach fhaicinn fhéin do sheisreach,
Fir 'na déidh 'cur an t-sìl;
'S Mac-Comhnuill le 'chrann-treabhaidh
'S a charbad ann cuide ribh.

Ho! ho! a-searching
Went wives from the steading.
Ho! ho! a-searching;
Like rain tears shedding,
The lost child wailing,
The wild wood trailing,
From white breasts falling,
The milk drops white.
My joy! my treasure bright!
I stole thee one midnight:
Without candle, candlestick,
Light of heaven, light of earth,
Stole I thee from thy place of birth.
A year now I've had thee,
Treasure to glad me.
This year thou'lt be boldly riding
On my shoulders 'bout the steading:
Thou art my darling, warlike, mailclad.

Laughing! art thou?
Thou art chief o'er
Fleet steeds bounding;
Thou'rt my darling,
Sturdy, red-cheeked;
My hope art thou,
Soft rush, thou art
My life and gladness.
Would that I might see thy fold now
High, high on lofty hillside,
Mantle green about thy shoulders,
Fine-wrought, collared, and a mail-shirt.
Would that I might see thy team now,
Heroes after, sowing seed,
And MacConnel with his beam-plough
And his chariot, lending aid.

ORAN SITHE.

Mo leanabh mingileiseach maingileiseach,
Bualadh nan each, glac nan lùireach,
Nan each crùidheach 's nan each snàgach,
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach faicinn féin do bhuaile,
Gu h-àrd, àrd, air uachdar sléibhe,
Còta caol, caiteanach, uaine
Mu d' dhà ghualainn ghil, is léine,
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach faicinn féin do sheisreach,
Fir 'ga freasdal 'n àm an fheasgair,
Mna Comhnuill a' tighinn dachaidh,
'Sna Catanaich a' cur sìl.

O mhìle bhog, O mhìle bhog,
Mo bhrù a rug, mo chìoch a shluig,
'S mo ghlùn a thog.

'Se mo leanabh, m'ultach iubhair,
Sultmhor reamhar, mo luachair bhòg,
M' fheòil, is m' uidhean am bhruidhinn,
Bha thu fo mo chrios an uiridh, lus an toraidh.
Bidh tu 'm bliadhna gu geal guanach
Air mo ghualainn feadh a' bhaile,
Mo leanabh beag.

FAIRY SONG.

[My child, smooth-shining, my own one pale,
Smiting the horses with hand of mail,
The horses shod, and the horses fleeting,
My little sweeting.

'Tis sad that I could not see thy fold,
High, high up on the slope of the wold,
A garment slender, napped, o' the green,
Round thy fair shoulders, and a smock's sheen,
My little child.

'Tis sad that I could not see thy team,
And the men tend it, at evening beam,
The women of Conall homeward going,
And the Catanaich sowing.

O thousandfold soft, O thousandfold blest,
Whom my womb bore, who sucked at my breast,
And my knees who pressed.

O 'tis my child, my armful of yew,
Lusty and fat, my soft rush true,
My hope in my talk, my own flesh and blood,
Last year 'neath my girdle, a fruit in the bud,
Thou wilt be this year, fair and neat,
On my shoulder through the township street,
My little child.

O bheirinn o bhó, na cluinneam do leòn,
O bheirinn o bhó, gu'm bioraich do shròn,
O bheirinn o bhó, gu'n liath thu air chòir.
O bheirinn o bhó gu'n teirig do lò,
O bheirinn o bhinn thu.
Cha'n ann a Chlann Choinnich thu,
O bheirinn o bhinn thu,
Cha'n ann a Chlann Chuinn thu,
O bheirinn o bhinn thu,
Sìol is docha linn thu—
Sìol nan Leòdach nan lann 's nan lùireach,
B'e Lòchlainn dùthchas do shinnsire.

O I'd snatch thee from cow, let me not hear thy
woes,
O I'd snatch thee from cow, and sharp be thy nose.
O I'd snatch thee from cow, in due course grow
thou grey,
I'd snatch thee from cow, far off be thy day.
O I'd snatch thee from doom,
McKenzie thou'rt none.
O I'd snatch thee from doom,
Thou art not of Clan Conn.
O I'd snatch thee from doom,
Dearer seed thou, our own,
The seed of Clan Leod of the mail and the brand,
It was the Northland was thy sires' land.]

A' BHEAN-CHOMUINN.

Gu'n dh'fhalbh mo bhean-chomuinn,
  Cha tig mo bhean-ghaoil,
Gu'n dh'fhalbh mo bhean-chomuinn,
  Bean thogail nan laogh.

Thig blàth air a' ghiubhas,
  Agus ùbhlan air géig,
Cinnidh gucag air luachair,
  'S cha ghluais mo bhean féin.

Thig na gobhra do'n mhainnir,
  Beiridh aighean duinn laoigh,
Ach cha tig mo bhean dachaidh
  A clachan nan craobh.

Thig Màrt oirnn, thig foghar,
  Thig todhar, thig buar,
Ach cha tog mo bhean luinneag
  Ri bleoghann no buan.

Cha dìrich mi tulach,
  Cha shiubhail mi frìth,
Cha'n fhaigh mi lochd cadail
  'S mo thasgaidh 's a' chill.

THE WIDOWED FATHER'S LULLABY TO HIS MOTHERLESS INFANT.

My wife shall come never,
  My own, my late bride,
My wife shall come never
  To rest by my side.

The pine-tree shall blossom,
  And leafage forth break,
The rush bud shoot upwards—
  My wife shall not wake.

Though goats to the pen come,
  And heifers should calve,
Ne'er home shall my wife come
  From yonder church-yard.

Come spring-time, come harvest,
  Come tathing, come fold,
At milking, or reaping,
  My wife lilts no more.

The mountains I climb not,
  The forest ne'er roam,
By sleep I'm forsaken,
  My treasure is gone.

Tha m' aodach air tolladh,
  Tha 'n olann gun snìomh,
Agus deadh bhean mo thighe
  'Na laighe fo dhìon.

Tha mo chrodh gun an leigeil,
  Tha 'n t-eadradh aig càch,
Tha mo leanabh gun bheadradh,
  'Na shuidh' air a' bhlàr.

Tha m'fhàrdach-sa creachta,
  'S lom mo leac is gur fuar,
Tha m' ionmhas 's mo bheartas
  Fo na leacan 'na suain.

Uist! a chagarain ghràdhaich,
  Caidil sàmhach, a luaidh;
Cha tog caoineadh do mhàthair,
  Dean bà bà a nis, 'uain.

My clothes are unmended,
  My wool is unspun,
For my own good housewife
  Has left it undone.

My cows are unmilked,
  Though noontide is o'er,
My babe is unfondled
  And left on the floor.

My dwelling is harried,
  My hearth bare and cold,
My treasure and riches
  Is laid in the mould.

Hush! hush! little darling,
  Sleep soundly, my man,
No crying wakes mother,
  Ba Ba now, my lamb.

SITHICHE GHLINNE-GARADH.

Bha bantrach an Gleann-garadh aig an robh leanabh gille. Chaidh i mach latha do'n tobar air-son uisge, agus an uair a bha i 'pilleadh chum an tighe, chuala i 'n leanabh, a dh' fhàg i 'na chadal gu sàmhach anns a' chreathall, a' sgreadail mar gu'm bitheadh e 'n cràdh mór. Ghreas i stigh, agus thug i dha deoch cho luath 's a b' urrainn i. Chum sin sàmhach e tiota, ach bhrist e mach a rithist cho dona 's a bha e roimhe. Thug i deoch eile dha, agus am feadh bha e aig a broilleach, sheall i air, agus chunnaic i gu'n robh dà fhiacail, gach aon diubh còrr agus òirleach air fad 'na bheul, agus gu'n robh 'aodann cho sean, seargta ri aon aodann a chunnaic i riamh.

Thubhairt i rithe fhéin: "Tha mi deas a nis, ach fuirichidh mi sàmhach feuch am faic mi ciod a thig as a so."

Air an là màireach thog i 'n gille leatha 'na h-asgailt, chuir i tonnag thairis air, agus dh' fhalbh i mar gu'm bitheadh i 'dol do'n ath bhaile leis. Bha allt mór 'na slighe, agus an uair a bha i 'dol thar beul-àtha an uillt, chuir sud a cheann a mach, agus thubhairt e: "Is iomadh buaile mhór a chunnaic mise air dà thaobh an uillt so." Cha d'fheith a' bhean ri tuilleadh d'a eachdraidh a chluinntinn, ach thilg i e ann an linne dhomhain a bha fo 'n àth far an robh e greis a' cur charan dheth agus 'ga càineadh agus ag ràdh na'n robh fhios aige roimh làimh gu'm b'e sud an cleas a

THE GLENGARRY FAIRY.

THERE once lived in Glengarry a widow with a young child who was a boy. One day she went to the well for water; and when she was returning to the house, she heard the child, whom she had left sleeping quietly in the cradle, screaming as if he were in great pain. She hastened in, and gave him a drink as quickly as she could. This quieted him for a little while, but he soon broke out again as badly as ever. She gave him another drink; and while he was at her breast she looked at him and saw that he had two teeth in his mouth, each more than an inch long, and that his face was as old and withered as any face she had ever seen.

She said to herself: "Now I am undone, but I will keep quiet until I see what will come of this."

Next day she lifted the lad in her arms, put a shawl about him, and went away as though she was going to the next farm with him. A big burn ran across her path, and when she was going over the ford, the creature put his head out of the shawl and said: "Many a big fold have I seen on the banks of this stream!" The woman did not wait to hear more of his history, but threw him into a deep pool below the ford, where he lay for a while, tumbling about and reviling her, and saying if he had known beforehand the trick she was

bha i a' dol a chluich air, gu 'n d' fheuch esan cleas eile dhi. An sin dh'fhairich i fuaim mar fhuaim sgaoth eun a' sgiathadh m'a timchioll, ach cha'n fhaca i ni air bith, gus an do sheall i aig a casaibh agus gu dé bha an sin ach a leanabh féin agus gun mhìr air cnàimh dheth na 's mò na air a' chlobha. Thug i leatha dhachaidh e, agus dh' fhàs e uidh air n-uidh na b' fhearr, gus an robh e mu dheireadh cho fallain ri leanabh air bith eile.

going to play him, he would have shown her another. She then heard a sound like that of a flock of birds flying about her, but saw nothing until she looked at her feet, and there beheld her own child with his bones as bare as the tongs. She took him home with her, and he got gradually better, and was at last as healthy as any other child.

[DA SGEUL MU SHAIGHDEAN SITHE.]

FHUARADH an dà sgeul a leanas o sheann duine a Chloinn An-léigh a bha ceithir fichead agus a cùig bliadhna dh' aois aig àm innsidh. Thubhairt e gu 'n robh a shinn-seanair 'na thuathanach beag air an Droman anns an linn a chaidh seachad. Coltach ri tuath eile an àma sin bha badan chaorach aige 'g ionaltradh air a' mhonadh anns an là. Ach an uair a thigeadh an oidhche b' àbhaist da an iomain a stigh do chrò-nan-caorach an ceann a' bhàthaiche de 'n tigh.

Oidhche bha an sin thuit gu'n deachaidh a mhac, is e 'na ghille òg, dh' ionnsuidh an doruis mhóir, a dh' fhaicinn ciod an coltas a bha air an speur mu'n rachadh e a laighe. Sheas e tacain eadar dà bhì an doruis ag amharc m'a thimchioll, agus an sin chuala e fuaim a' dol seachad le deann coltach ri srann sgaoth eun air an sgiathaibh. Aig a' cheart àm dh' fhairich e ni-eigin a' tuiteam air a chùlaibh ann an crò-nan-caorach. Phill e gun dàil tiota stigh, agus fhuair e am mult bàn marbh anns a' chrò.

Chaidh am mult fhionnadh, ach cha'n fhacas air a charcais leòn no bruthadh air bith a b' urrainn a bhi 'na aobhar a bhàis.

Cha robh diog tuilleadh air a ràdh mu bhàs a' mhuilt bhàin gus an d'thàinig tàillear an àite do thigh an tuathanaich a dheanamh aodaich. Air a' cheud oidhche 'n déidh dha tighinn, thubhairt e ri mac an

[TWO FAIRY ARROW STORIES.]

THE two following tales were got from an old man of the Clan Livingston, who was fourscore and five years of age at the time of relating them.

He said that his great grandfather was a small farmer on the farm of Droman in the last century (the 18th). Like the other farmers of that period, he had a small flock of sheep pasturing on the hill in the day time. But when night came he used to drive them into the sheep-pen in the byre-end of the house.

One night, his son, who was then a young lad, happened to go to the outer door to see what appearance the sky presented, before he should go to bed. He stood for a time between the two posts of the door, looking about him, when he heard, passing him with a rush, a sound like the whizzing of a flock of birds on the wing. At the same time he felt something falling behind him in the sheep-pen. Without a moment's delay he returned into the house, and found the white-faced wether dead in the pen.

The wether was skinned; but on his carcase no wound or bruise, which could be the cause of death, was seen.

Not another syllable was said about the death of the white-faced wether, until the tailor of the district came to the farmer's house to make clothes. The first night

tuathanaich: "Am bheil cuimhne agad air bàs a' mhuilt bhàin?" Fhreagair mac an tuathanaich gu'n robh. "Ma-tà," ars an tàillear, "is mise 'mharbh e, agus is tusa 'dh' fhaodas a bhi 'm chomain air-son sin a dheanamh." "Ad chomain air-son a' mhuilt bhàin a mharbhadh? Ciamar sin?" "Cò a b' fhearr leat a bhi air a mharbhadh, thu féin no 'm mult bàn?" "Am mult bàn, gun teagamh. Ach innis dhomh, guidheam ort, ciod a tha thu a' ciallachadh." Rinn an tàillear sin ann am beagan bhriathar.

Thubhairt e gu 'n robh esan fo chumhachd shìthichean Shìthein-na-Caillich, agus gu'm bitheadh iad 'ga thabhairt leò air turuis fhada troimh 'n athar anns an oidhche. Cha b' urrainn iad coire a dheanamh air aon duine ach tre dhuine eile, agus le sin, bhitheadh iad 'ga thabhairt-san leò, agus bheireadh iad air na saighdean sìthe a thilgeil air an neach d' an robh iad an droch rùn. "Bha iad," ar se, "an droch rùn duit-se, agus an uair a chuala thu sinn a' dol seachad le srann air an Droman, dh' iarr iad diom-sa saighead shìthe a ghlacadh agus a thilgeil ort. B' éiginn domh an ni a dh' iarr iad orm a dheanamh, ach an àite cuimseachadh ort-sa, rinn mi air a' mhult bhàn. Gu fortanach dhomh-sa cha'n fhac' iad co a thuit, oir mu'n d' ràinig an t-saighead am mult, bha sinn astar mór seach an Droman air an turus gu cruinneachadh mór a bh' aig na sìthichean anns a' Chnoc 's a' Mhorbhairne. Theagamh nach 'eil thu ag creidsinn mo sgeòil, ach bheir mi dhuit dearbhadh cinnteach gur i 'n fhirinn a th' agam. Seall ann an crò-nan-caorach, agus gheibh thu an t-saighead ann fhathast."

Sheall mac an tuathanaich, agus fhuair e, mar thubhairt an tàillear, an t-saighead 'na laighe fo ùrlar a' chrò.

after his arrival, he said to the farmer's son: "Do you remember the white-faced wether's death?" The farmer's son answered that he did. "Well," said the tailor, "it was I who killed him, and it is you who may be thankful to me for doing so." "Thankful to you for killing the white-faced wether! How is that?" "Which would you prefer being killed, yourself or the white-faced wether?" "The white-faced wether, undoubtedly. But tell me, I pray you, what you mean." The tailor did that in a few words.

He said he was under the influence of the fairies of the Carlin Fairy-Knoll, and that they took him with them on long journeys through the air in the night-time. They could not hurt any human being except by means of another; and for that reason they used to take him with them, and make him throw the fairy arrows at the person to whom they bore ill-will. "They had a grudge," said he, "at you, and when you heard us pass Droman with a rushing sound, they told me to take a fairy arrow and cast it at you. I was compelled to do what they told me; but instead of aiming at you, I aimed at the white-faced wether. Fortunately for me they saw not who fell; for before the arrow reached the wether, we were a great distance away from Droman on our way to a great meeting which the fairies held at Knock in Morven. Perhaps you do not believe my story, but I will give you a sure proof that I am telling the truth. Look in the sheep-pen and you will find the arrow there still."

The farmer's son looked, and, as the tailor said, found the arrow lying beneath the litter on the floor

Mharbhadh an t-saighead shìthe gun leòn faicsinneach air bith fhàgail 'na déidh.

Bha fear-innsidh an sgeòil mu dheireadh ri buachailleachd, is e 'na bhalach, làimh ri baile Shrath-Abhann anns an taobh deas. Air latha soilleir Samhraidh thuit da 'bhi 'na shuidhe air bruaich mhòinteich, agus an crodh ag ionaltradh gu sàmhach m'a choinneamh. A chur seachad na h-ùine thòisich e air *dial* a gheàrradh anns an àilean uaine eadar a dhà chas. Am meadhon na h-oibre so bha leis gu'n cual' e 'n toiseach srannail anns an athar, agus tiota 'na dhéidh sin dearrasan eadar a chasan. Thionndaidh e 'shùil gu grad an taobh a thàinig an dearrasan, agus ciod a chunnaic e 'n sin, ach saighead shìthe sàidhte ann an teis-meadhon an *dial*. Bha i deargtheth an toiseach, ach an ùine ghoirid bhàth uisge fuar na mòinteich i. Chuir e 'na phòca i an sin, agus an uair a bha 'mhuinntireas a mach thug e leis dhachaidh do'n Ghàidhealtachd i, agus leig e fhaicinn d'a athair i. "A laochain," ars 'athair, "b'e do charaid a thilg i, air-neo cha bhitheadh tusa an so an diugh."

An sin dh' innis 'athair dha an sgeul roimhe so, agus mar chuimsich an tàillear air a' mhult bhàn an àite a choimhearsnaich a bha 'na sheasamh 'san dorus.

of the pen. The fairy arrow would kill without leaving behind it any visible wound.

The relater of the last story was herding in his boyhood near to the town of Strathavon in the South country. On a clear summer day he happened to be sitting on a mossy bank, and the cattle quietly pasturing in front of him. To pass the time he began to cut a dial in the green sward between his feet. In the midst of this work he thought he heard first a humming in the air, and an instant after that, a whizzing between his feet. He turned his eye quickly in the direction whence the whizzing had come, and what did he behold but a fairy-arrow stuck in the very middle of the dial. It was at first red-hot, but in a short time the cold moss water quenched it. He then put it in his pocket, and when his engagement was out, he took it home with him to Gaeldom, and showed it to his father. "My dear boy," said his father, "it was thy friend who threw it, otherwise thou wouldst not have been here this day." Then his father told him the tale preceding this, and how the tailor aimed at the white wether instead of his neighbour, who was standing in the door.

SITHICHEAN CHOIRE-CHAORACHAIN.

O CHIONN iomad bliadhna bha Domhnull Posda a' giùlan nan litrichean eadar Baile-chaolais agus an Gearasdan. Bha cuid de 'n rathad a bh' aige r'a iomachd gu math uaigneach agus ùigeil, agus bha 'n t-ainm aige bhi làn shìthichean agus bhòcain eile.

Air oidhche Shamhna bha Domhnull, an déidh dha 'ghnothuch fhaotainn seachad, a' pilleadh air ais do Choire-Chaorachain far an robh e 'fuireachd. Greis mhath mu'n d' ràinig e 'n tigh, gu dé chunnaic e roimhe ach dà shìthiche dheug, a' dannsadh agus a' leum a null agus a nall thar an rathaid. Cho luath 's a thug iad an aire dha 'tighinn, ghlaodh fear caol, ruadh dhiubh: "Bheir sinn leinn Domhnull Posda." Ach bha fear eile dhiubh, gille gasda, a fhreagair: "Cha tabhair sinn leinn Domhnull Posda, oir 's e Posda bochd a' bhaile againn fhéin a th' ann." An sin thuit dha sealltainn suas am bruthach os a cheann, agus ciod a chunnaic e air an àilean ghorm air a' mhullach, ach buidheann mhór shìthichean, ag cuibhleadh agus a' dannsadh mar na fir-chlise. Chunnaic a' bhuidheann a bh' air an rathad mhór iad cuideachd, agus ghrad ghlaodh fear aca: "Bithidh sinn a' falbh as a so," agus ann am priobadh na sùla, bha iad air mullach a' bhruthaich leis a' bhuidheann eile.

Cha d'fheith Domhnull a dh'fhaicinn crìoch na cluiche, ach chum e air a cheum, agus fhuair e dhachaidh gu tèaruinte. An déidh na h-oidhche sin cha'n fhaca e iad tuilleadh: ach bhitheadh e, air oidhchean àraidh de'n bhliadhna, ag cluinntinn monmhur am bruidhne 'san àite 'sam faca e iad roimhe.

THE FAIRIES OF CORRIE CHAORACHAIN.

MANY years ago Donald Post carried letters between Ballachulish and Fort-William. A part of the road he had to travel was pretty lonely and uncanny, and it had the name of being full of fairies and other bogles.

On a Hallow-e'en, Donald, after getting his business over, was returning to Corrie Chaorachain where he was staying. A good while before he reached the house, what did he see before him but a dozen fairies dancing and leaping hither and thither across the road. As soon as they noticed him coming, one of them, a slender, red-haired fairy, cried: "We will take Donald Post with us." But another, a fine fellow, replied: "We will not take Donald Post with us, for hé is the poor post of our own farm." Donald then happened to look up the hill above him, and what did he behold on the green plain on the summit but a large troop of fairies wheeling and dancing like the merry-dancers. The troop on the high road also noticed them, and instantly one of them cried: "Let us leave this," and in the twinkling of an eye they were on the summit of the hill with the other troop.

Donald did not wait to see the end of the merry-making, but kept on his way and got home in safety. After that night he never saw the fairies; but on certain evenings of the year he used to hear the murmur of their voices in the place where he had once beheld them.

MAC AN TUATHANAICH AGUS NA SITHICHEAN.

Bha mac tuathanaich an Raineach a thuit ann an euslaint, agus a bhitheadh a' dol do'n mhonadh, mochthrath agus trath-feasgair, feuch am faigheadh e na b' fhearr.

An uair a thàinig an samhradh, agus a chaidh an crodh chum na h-àiridhe, dh' fhalbh e 'nan déidh, agus dh' fhuirich e 'nan cois gus an do phill iad dhachaidh chum an t-sratha an toiseach an fhogharaidh.

Air latha ceòthar, ciùin dh'fhalbh e g'an trusadh dh' ionnsaidh na buaile-bleoghainn, ach chaidh e air iomrall 's a' cheò, agus bha e ùine mhaith 'gan sireadh mu'n d'thàinig e orra. Fhuair e iad mu dheireadh ag ionaltradh ann an coire mór, brèagh le feur gorm brìghmhor suas gu ruig an sùilean. Bha 'n là ceòbanach, blàth agus feur a' brùchdadh a nìos gu bras as an talamh; agus, a thaobh gu 'n robh e sgìth leis an teas, agus le siubhal a' mhonaidh, shuidh e sìos air tolman uaine a ghabhail analach.

Cha robh e ach goirid an sin gus an cual' e guth, a' tighinn o bhun gach bileag fheòir aig a chasan, agus ag ràdh: "Cuid dhomh-sa dheth, cuid dhomh-sa dheth." Dh' éisd e 'n sin tacain, agus a nis bha 'n guth ceudna a' tighinn o bhun gach bileag fheòir a bh' anns a' choire. Sheall e feuch am faiceadh e co uaith a thàinig na guthannan; ach cha robh duine, beag no mór, ri fhaicinn. Dh' éisd e rithist, agus an

THE RANNOCH FARMER'S SON AND THE FAIRIES.

THERE once lived in Rannoch a farmer's son, who fell into ill health, and who used to go to the hill, morning and evening, to see if he would get better.

When summer came, and the cattle were driven to the hill pasture, he followed, and remained in charge of them until they returned home to the strath in the beginning of harvest.

On a calm, misty day he went away to gather them to the milking fold, but strayed in the mist, and was a good long time seeking them before he happened to come upon them. He found them at last grazing in a fine large corrie with green juicy grass up to their eyes. The day was warm, and a misty, drizzling rain falling, and the grass was springing up rapidly from the ground. As he was tired with the heat and travelling on the hill, he sat down on a green hillock to take a rest.

He was not long there when he heard a voice coming from the root of every blade of grass at his feet, and saying: "Some of it to me, some of it to me!" He then listened a while, and now the same voice came from the root of every blade of grass in the corrie. He looked to see if he could find out from whom the voices came, but no man, small or tall, was visible.

uair a chuala e a' ghàir cheudna an treas uair, thuig e gu'm b' ann o na sìthichean a thàinig e; agus ghlaodh e cho àrd riu fhéin: "Agus cuid dhomh-sa dheth cuideachd." Air ball sguir a' ghàir, agus an sin dh'iomain e 'n crodh chum na buaile.

Bha na banaraichean 'gam feitheamh, agus ioghnadh orra gu dé a ghlèidh iad cho fada. Thòisich iad air am bleoghainn; ach mu'n d'fhuair iad an leth seachad, cha robh ṡoitheach air a' bhuaile nach robh ag cur thairis le bainne. Cha b' urrainn iad a thuigsinn ciamar a dh' fhàs am bainne cho pailt ann an ùine cho goirid; mu dheireadh, thòisich iad air an t-sìd a mholadh agus a ràdh gu 'm b' i a b' aobhar do'n phailteas.

Dh' éisd mac an tuathanaich gu foidhidneach ris gach ni a chuala e, ach thubhairt e ris féin nach robh am bainne cho pailt anns na h-uile baile 's a bha air a' bhaile aca-san an latha sin, agus nach bitheadh e cho pailt an sud cuideachd, na'n do leig esan leis na sìthichean, an uair a bha iad 'ga tharruing g'an ionnsaidh anns a' choire.

He listened again, and when he heard the same din the third time he understood that it came from the fairies, and so he cried as loud as themselves: "And some of it for me also!" Immediately the din of voices ceased, and then he drove the cattle to the fold.

The milk-maids were awaiting their coming, and wondering what had kept them so long. They began to milk, but before they had gone over the half, every vessel in the fold was overflowing with milk. They could not comprehend how the milk became so abundant in so short a time; at length they began to praise the weather and say it was the cause of the abundance.

The farmer's son listened patiently to all that he heard; but he said to himself that the milk was not so plentiful on every farm as it was on theirs that day, and that it would not be so plentiful on theirs either, had he left the fairies alone when they were drawing it to themselves in the corrie.

AONGHAS MOR THOM NA H-IUBHRAICH AGUS NA SITHICHEAN.

Bha Aonghas Mór 'na chìobair air baile làimh ri Tom na h-Iùbhraich an Inbhir Nis. Air feasgar ceòbanach fliuch, agus e a' tilleadh o chuartachadh a' mhonaidh, bha leis gu'n cuala e, a' tighinn a mach á creig làimh ris a' cheum air an robh e ag imeachd, guth coltach ri guth nighinn òig a bha e r'a pòsadh air an oidhche sin féin. Sheas e agus dh'éisd e, an dùil gu'n cluinneadh e an guth ceudna rithist. Chuala e an guth ach cha'n fhaca e coltas na h-inghine, no àite an aodann na creige anns am b' urrainn di bhi am folach. A' smuainteachadh an sin gu'm b' e guth mhic-talla a chuala e, chum e air a cheum gus an deachaidh e timchioll sròn na creige. Bha tolman bòidheach, uaine roimhe, agus cho luath is a thàinig e 'na shealladh, chunnaic e an dorus fosgailte agus solus a' tighinn a mach mar solus an là an soillearachd, agus chuala e an ceòl bu bhinne a thig no a thàinig, agus farum dannsaidh a stigh. Dh' èalaidh e dh' ionnsaidh an doruis, stob e a bhiodag anns an ursainn, agus thug e caol-shùil a stigh do'n t-Sìthean. B' ann an sin a bha an sealladh. Fir agus mnathan sìthe 'nan cròilein air meadhon an ùrlair ag cuibhleadh is a' dannsadh le mire-chuthaich. Ach cha robh mìr de'n nighinn r'a fhaicinn. Sheas e far an robh e gus an d' thàinig bean-shìthe a mach, agus an deachaidh i dh' ionnsaidh uillt a bha

ANGUS MOR OF TOMNAHURICH AND THE FAIRIES.

Angus Mór was a shepherd on a farm near Tomnahurich, in Inverness. On a wet, misty evening, as he was returning from compassing the hill, he thought he heard, coming out of a rock beside the path on which he was travelling, a voice like that of a young maiden whom he was going to marry that very night. He stood and listened, expecting to hear the same voice again. He heard the voice, but saw no appearance of the woman, or of a place in the face of the rock, where she could be in hiding. Thinking, then, it was echo's voice he had heard, he held on his way until he went round a point of the rock. Before him was a pretty green knoll; and as soon as he came in sight of it, he beheld the door open, and issuing thence a light like the light of day in brightness, and he heard the sweetest music that has been or will be, and the sound of dancing within. He crept towards the door, thrust his dirk into the side post, and peeped into the Fairy Knoll. It was there that the sight was. Fairy men and women, in a circle in the middle of the floor, wheeling and dancing with mad energy. But not a bit of the maiden was to be seen. He stood where he was, until a fairy came forth, and went to a brook, a short distance off. When she was returning he went to meet her, and

goirid as. Agus an uair a bha i a' tilleadh chaidh e 'na coinneamh, agus sheas e anns an t-slighe roimpe. "Leig seachad mi, Aonghais Mhóir," ars ise. "Cha leig," fhreagair Aonghas, "gus an innis thu dhomh có i am boirionnach a chuala mi ag éigheach mu'n d'thàinig mi an sealladh an t-Sìthein." "Cha'n innis mi sin duit; cha'n fhaod mi," ars ise. "Mur innis, cha'n fhaigh thu seachad," ars esan. "Mur faigh ad dheòin, gheibh ad aindeoin," ars ise, agus shaighdich i seachad air, mar an dealanach. Bha aig Aonghas 'na làimh cromag le bior iaruinn anns an dara ceann dith, agus thilg e a' chromag an déidh na mnà-sìthe agus bhuail e i am bac nan easgaid. Thuit i air an làr, agus mu'n d'fhuair i éirigh, bha i aige 'na ghàirdeanan, agus a' chromag tarsuinn roimpe.

"Innis dhomh, a nis," ars esan, "có i am boirionnach a bha ag glaodhaich anns an t-Sìthean mu'n d'thàinig mise 'na shealladh." "Aonghais Mhóir," ars ise, "ma dh' innseas tusa dìomhaireachd na Ban-rìgh againne air Drochaid an Easain Duibh seachduin o'n nochd, is leat féin do bhean agus do mhac."

Chuir na briathran so ioghnadh mór air Aonghas, ach leig e as a' bhean-shìthe, agus dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh, agus phòs e an déidh dha ruigheachd.

Air feasgar eile, is e a' pilleadh dhachaidh as a' mhonadh, ràinig e a' chreag o'n cuala e an guth an oidhche roimhe. Sheas e aig a ceann, agus dh' éisd e car tamuill, ach cha chuala e diog. Chaidh e an sin air a aghaidh gus an d'thàinig e an sealladh an t-Sìthein. Dh' amhairc e rathad an doruis, agus chunnaic e solus a' dealradh a mach troimhe, ach cha chuala e fuaim ciùil no dannsaidh a stigh. Uime sin thionndaidh e air falbh, ach mu'n deachaidh e ro fhada air a shlighe, chunnaic e a' bhean-shìthe a' tilleadh

stood in the path before her. "Let me pass, Angus Mór," said she. "No," replied Angus, "until thou tell me who the woman was whom I heard calling before I came in sight of the Fairy Knoll?" "I'll not tell thee that; I may not," said she. "If thou do not, thou shalt not get leave to pass," said he. "If not with thy good will, I will in spite of thee," said she; and she shot past him like lightning. Angus held in his hand a crook with an iron spike in one end of it, and he threw the crook after the fairy, and struck her in the houghs. She fell to the ground, and before she had time to get up, he had hold of her between his arms, and the crook laid across her breast.

"Tell me now," said he, "what woman was calling in the Fairy Knoll before I came in sight of it?" "Angus Mór," said she, "if thou canst tell the secret of our Queen on the Bridge of Easan Dubh a week from to-night, thy wife and son will be thine."

Angus wondered greatly at these words, but he allowed the fairy to go, and he went home, and married after his arrival.

Another evening, as he was returning from the hill, he reached the rock from which he last heard the voice. He stood still at the end of it, and listened for a while, but not a syllable did he hear. He then went forward, until he came in sight of the Fairy Knoll. On looking the way of the door, he beheld a light shining inside, but he heard not a sound of music or dancing, so he turned away; but before he had gone far on his way, he saw the fairy returning from the brook, and in passing she called to him as she had done the first night: "Angus Mór, thy wife and son are thine, if

o'n allt, agus anns an dol seachad ghlaodh i ris mar air a' cheud oidhche: "Aonghais Mhóir, is leat féin do bhean agus do mhac, ma dh' innseas tu dìomhaireachd na Ban-rìgh againne air Drochaid an Easain Duibh air feasgar Di-haoine so a' tighinn."

Chuir an rabhadh a fhuair e mar so an dara h-uair càil-eiginn de dh' iomagain air Aonghas, gu sònraichte a chionn nach robh fios aige ciod a dh' fhaodadh tighinn as.

Ràinig e an tigh, agus choinnich a bhean e anns an dorus. Thug i fa-near gu'n robh ni-eigin ag cur dragha air a inntinn, agus le sin dh'fheòraich i dheth an t-aobhar. Dh' innis e dhi gach ni a chunnaic agus a chuala e aig an t-Sìthean.

"Aonghais, a ghaoil nam fear," ars a bhean, "na cuireadh ni dheth sin iomagain ort. Fhuair thu mise mu'n do ruith a' bhliadhna macli, agus le sin na cuireadh mise cùram tuilleadh ort."

"A bhean, cha'n 'eil mi 'gad thuigsinn," ars Aonghas. An sin thubhairt i:

"Mu thuaiream bliadhna roimhe so thàinig laigse orm, agus mi a' dol seachad air an t-Sìthean. Shuidh mi sìos, agus an ùine ghoirid thuit mi am chadal. An uair a dhùisg mi, bha mi anns an aon àite bu bhrèagha a chunnaic mi riamh agus air mo chuartachadh le fir agus le mnathan ag cur ri dannsadh. Dh' fheuch mi ri dol a mach, ach ge b' e taobh a ghabhainn, bhitheadh na sìthichean—oir b' iad a bh' ann—romham. Mu dheireadh thubhairt fear aca a bha a réir coltais 'na cheannard air càch: 'Ainnir dhonn nam mìogshuil, gheibh thu mach, ma gheallas tu gu'm bi thu ad mhnaoi agam-sa, mur faigh thu do roghainn gràidh r'a phòsadh mu 'n tig bliadhna o'n nochd.' Bha mi cho toileach faotainn as is gu'n d'thug mi dha mo ghealladh. Ach, Aonghais, bu tusa mo roghainn a

thou canst tell the secret of our Queen on the Bridge of Easan Dubh on the evening of next Friday."

The warning, which he thus got the second time, caused Angus some anxiety, especially as he knew not what might be the outcome.

He reached the house, and his wife met him at the door. She noticed that something was troubling his mind, so she asked him the cause, and he told her everything he had seen and heard at the Fairy Knoll.

"Angus, dearest of men," said his wife, "let none of these things make thee anxious. We have married before the year has run out, so do not let me cause thee anxiety any longer." "Wife, I do not understand thee," said Angus. Then she said: "About a year ago a faintness came over me as I was passing the Fairy Knoll. I sat down on the Knoll, and, in a short time, fell asleep. When I awoke I was in the finest place I ever beheld, and surrounded by men and women busy dancing. I tried to go out, but whichever way I took, the fairies—for it was they—would be before me. At last one of them, who seemed to be chief over the rest, said: 'Brown-haired maiden of the laughing eyes, thou wilt get out if thou promise to be my wife, unless thou get thy chosen love in marriage before the end of the year from this night.' I was so eager to get away that I gave him my promise. But, Angus, thou wert my choice of the men of the Universe; and since I have got thee before the time ran out, I am free from the promise I gave him."

On Friday evening Angus Mór was once more returning from the hill, and when he arrived at the Bridge of Easan Dubh, he remembered it was there he

dh'fhir an domhain; agus o'n fhuair mi thu mu'n do ruith an ùine mach, tha mi nis saor o'n ghealladh a thug mi dha."

Air feasgar Di-haoine bha Aonghas Mór a' tilleadh as a' mhonadh aon uair eile, agus an uair a ràinig e Drochaid an Easain Duibh, chuimhnich e gu'm b' ann an sin a bha aige ri dìomhaireachd Ban-rìgh nan Sìthichean innseadh. Sheas e car tacain air mullach na Drochaide, ach cha robh e fada an sin gus an cuala e an aon ghuth bu bhinne a dh' éisd e riamh ris anns an allt fuidhe. Thug e caol-shùil thar barran na Drochaide, agus cò a chunnaic e ag glanadh agus a' fùcadh aodaich air cloich anns an uisge ach a' Bhan-rìgh, agus b'e so an t-òran a bha i a' seinn:—

Séist.

Thoirionn O Ró Thùraibh Thoró,
Thoirionn O is na Thùraibh Othó,
Thoirionn O Ró Thùraibh Thoró.

I.

'S aithne dhomh 'Bheinn Mhór am Muile,
'S aithne dhomh mullach Sguirr Eige,
'S aithne dhomh 'n cat a bha 'n Ulbha,
Agus 'earball ris an teine.

II.

Tha ceòl an talla mo ghràidh,
'S tha òr an talamh MhicAidh;
Ach tha òran an Inbhir Nis
Air nach fhaighear fios gu bràth.

An uair a chrìochnaich i an t-òran, ghlaodh Aonghas Mór o mhullach na Drochaide: "Ge b' oil leat, a

was to tell the secret of the Queen of the Fairies. He stood a while on the top of the Bridge, but he was not long there when he heard in the brook under him the very sweetest voice he ever listened to. He gave a peep over the parapet of the Bridge, and whom did he see cleaning and rubbing clothes on a stone in the water, but the Queen, and this was the song she was singing:—

CHORUS.

Horin O Ró Hooriv Horó,
Horin O is na Hooriv ohó,
Horin O Ró Hooriv Horó.

I.

I know Ben More in Mull,
I know the top of Scuir Eigg,
I know the cat that was in Ulva
With its tail turned to the fire.

II.

There is music in the hall of my dear,
There is gold in the land of Mackay;
But there is a song in Inverness
Which shall never be known.

When she ended the song, Big Angus cried from the top of the Bridge: "In spite of thee, woman, thou art wrong. I have now every word of thy song, and thy secret with it." At these words the Queen started, and uttered a scream. She then lifted up her head,

bhean, tha thu cearr. Tha h-uile facal ad òran agamsa nis, agus do dhìomhaireachd maille ris."

Chlisg a' Bhan-rìgh leis na briathraibh so, agus thug i sgreuch eagail aiste. Thog i an sin suas a ceann, agus an uair a chunnaic i Aonghas air an Drochaid, thubhairt i: "Rinn thu an gnothach orm. Is leat féin do bhean agus do mhac a nis." Agus an déidh dhi so a ràdh, chaidh i as an t-sealladh, agus cha'n fhaca e tuilleadh i.

and when she beheld Angus on the Bridge, she said: "Thou hast foiled me. Thy wife and son are now thine own." After saying this she went out of sight, and he saw her no more.

TAILLEAR RUADH RAINEACH AGUS AN SITHBHREACH.

Bha 'n Tàillear Ruadh a chòmhnuidh an Raineach. Coltach ris a' chòrr d'a sheòrsa, bhiodh e a' dol o thigh gu tigh a dheanamh aodaich de 'n chlò a bhitheadh mnathan grunndail a' deanamh d' am fir agus d'am mic anns na h-àmaibh a chaidh seachad.

Uair-eigin, is e a' tarruing dlùth do thigh far an robh obair beagan làithean aige ri dheanamh, thàinig am feasgar air, agus chunnaic e, ann an doillearachd an anmoich, aon coltach ri leanabh fìor bheag, a' ruith air thoiseach air, agus ag glèidheadh as an t-sealladh air chùl gach pris agus gach cnuic ri taobh an rathaid. Chruadhaich e a cheum an dùil gu'm beireadh e air an duineachan iongantach a bha roimhe, ach an àite a bhi a' buidhinn, b' ann a bha e ag call leis gach ceum a bheireadh e. Cho luath 's a thug e so fa-near, thòisich e air ruith le a uile neart; ach a dh' aindeoin a bhoicinn cha b' urrainn e an t-astar eatorra a ghiorrachadh. Mu dheireadh chaill e a fhoidhidinn cho buileach is gu'n do thilg e an siosar mór air an duineachan sgiobalta a bha an toiseach air, agus bhuail e anns na h-easgaidean e. Thuit an sìthbhreach (oir b' e sin a bha ann) air a aghaidh, agus mu'n d'fhuair e éirigh bha e an gàirdeanaibh an Tàilleir, agus an siosar tarsuinn air a bhroilleach.

" Innis domh-sa c'àite am bheil thu a' dol, mo ghille

THE RED-HAIRED TAILOR OF RANNOCH AND THE FAIRY.

THE red-haired tailor lived in Rannoch. Like the rest of his kind, he went from house to house to make clothes of the cloth which thrifty wives manufactured for their husbands and sons in by-gone times.

Once as he was approaching a house, where he had a few days' work to do, evening came on, and he saw, in the dimness of the twilight, one like a very little child, running before him and keeping out of sight behind every bush and every hillock at the road-side. The tailor hardened his step, hoping to overtake the curious manikin before him, but instead of gaining, he was losing ground at every step he took. As soon as he noticed this, he began to run with all his might; but in spite of his skin, he could not shorten the distance between them. At length he lost patience so completely that he threw his big shears at the nimble little man ahead, and struck him with them in the knee joints. The fairy, for such he was, fell on his face, and before he had time to rise up, was in the tailor's arms, and the shears on his breast. "Tell me where thou art going, my good lad," said the tailor. "I am on my way from the Big Fairy Knoll, to the house ahead of thee, to get a while of the breast of the wife," replied the little imp. This was the very house to

mhaith," ars an Tàillear. "Tha mi air mo rathad o'n t-Sìthean Mhór gus an tigh air thoiseach ort, a dh' fhaotainn tacain de bhainne-cìche bean-an-tighe," fhreagair an gàrlaoch crìon. B'e so a' cheart tigh gus an robh an Tàillear a' dol. "Agus gu dé nì thu ri leanabh na mnatha féin," ars e an sin. "U! cuiridh mi mach e do mo mhuinntir air uinneig-chùil an tighe agus bheir iad-san leò e do'n àite againne," fhreagair am fear eile. "Agus an cuir iad dachaidh e an uair a gheibh thusa do leòir de bhainne-cìche a mhàthar?" "U! cha chuir, cha chuir tuilleadh." "Nì sin an gnothuch," ars an Tàillear, agus leig e as a phriosanach.

Cho luath is a fhuair e comas a choise, shìn e as dh' ionnsaidh an tighe, agus bha e stigh mu'n d' ràinig an Tàillear. Bha an tigh aige dha féin, oir bha fear-an-tighe agus a bhean anns a' bhàthaich a' leigeil a' chruidh, agus gun duine stigh ach an leanabh anns a' chreathall. Thog e an leanabh 'na ghàirdeanaibh, agus shìn e mach e air an uinneig-chùil, mar shaoil e, do na sìthbhrich eile. Ach bha an Tàillear rompa, agus ghabh e gu sàmhach an leanabh 'na ghàirdeanaibh, agus dh'fhalbh e leis gu tigh peathar dha a bha goirid as, agus dh' fhàg e air a cùram e.

An uair a thill e, fhuair e a' bhean air thoiseach air, agus an tàcharan anns a' chreathall, an impis sgàinidh ag caoineadh. Thog a' bhean e, thug i dha deoch, agus an sin chuir i air ais e anns a' chreathall. Cha robh e fada an sin an uair a thòisich e air glaodhaich is air caoineadh a rìs. Thog i e, agus thug i dha deoch eile. Ach a réir coltais cha'n fhoghnadh ni leis ach a bhi air a fhàgail an còmhnuidh air a' bhroilleach. Chaidh a' chluich so air a h-aghaidh fad beagan làithean eile. Ach air do fhoidhidinn an Tàilleir ruith a mach,

which the tailor was going. "And what wilt thou do with the woman's own child?" said he then. "Oh, I will put him out at the back window to my people, and they will take him with them to our place," answered the other. "And will they send him home when thou hast had enough of his mother's breast?" "Oh, no; never!" "That will do," said the tailor, and he let his prisoner go.

As soon as he got his liberty, he stretched away to the house, and was within before the tailor arrived. He had the house to himself, for the goodman and his wife were in the byre milking the cows, and no one within but the child in the cradle. He lifted the child in his arms, and handed it out at the back window to the other fairies, as he thought; but the tailor was before them, and took the child quietly in his arms, and then went away with it to the house of his sister, who lived a short distance off, and left it in her charge.

When he returned he found the wife before him, and the changeling in the cradle, ready to burst with crying. The wife took him up, and gave him a drink, and then put him back in the cradle again. He was not long there till he began to scream and cry once more. She took him up, and gave him another drink. But to all appearance nothing would please him but to be left always on the breast. This game went on for a few days more. But when the patience of the tailor ran out, he sprang at last from the work-table, took in a creelful of peats, and put a big fire on the hearth. When the fire was in the heat of its burning, he sprang over to the cradle, took with him the changeling, and before any one in the house could interpose, he threw

leum e mu dheireadh bhàrr a bhùird-obair, thug e stigh làn cléibh de mhòine, agus chuir e teine mór air an teallach. An uair a bha an teine an teas a ghabhalach, leum e null do'n chreathall, thog e leis an tàcharan, agus mu'm b' urrainn duine a bha stigh dol 'san eadraiginn, thilg e an teis-meadhon na lasrach e. Ach leum an slaightear crìon a mach troimh an luidhear, agus o mhullach an tighe ghlaodh e gu caithreamach ris a' mhnaoi: "Fhuair mi sud de shùgh do chléibh, ge b' oil leat," agus thug e an rathad air.

him in the very middle of the flames. But the little knave leaped out through the chimney, and from the house-top cried in triumph to the wife: "I have got so much of the sap of thy breast in spite of thee," and he departed.

TACHARAN CEANN AN T-SAILEIN.

Bha bean a chòmhnuidh an Ceann an t-Sàilein aig an robh leanabh-mic air nach robh aon chuid fàs no snuadh mar air leanabaibh eile d' a aois. O mhaduinn gu feasgar cha rachadh stad mionaide air, ach ag caoineadh; agus dh' itheadh e fada tuilleadh bìdh na bha nàdurra d'a leithid.

Is e am fogharadh a bha ann, agus cha robh duine air a' bhaile a b' urrainn corran a tharruing nach robh mach air an achadh bhuana ach màthair an leinibh. Bhitheadh ise cuideachd a mach, mur bhiodh eagal gu'n sgàineadh an sgreuchan mosach a chridhe ag caoineadh na'm fàgadh i e air cùram neach air bith eile.

Thuit 'san àm gu 'n robh tàillear a' deanamh aodaich anns an tigh. Bha an tàillear 'na dhuine geur, furachail agus cha robh e ach ro ghoirid a stigh gus an do chuir e droch umhail air a' ghille a bha anns a' chreathall. "Faodaidh tusa," ars e ris a' mhnaoi, "dol thun na buana, agus gabhaidh mise cùram de 'n phàisd."

Dh'fhalbh a' bhean. Ach, mu'n gann a thug i a casan thar na stairsnich, thòisich an cranndas a dh'fhàg i 'na déidh air sgreadail agus air caoineadh gu cruaidh agus gu goirt. Dh' éisd an tàillear ris tacain maith, agus a shùil air, gus an robh e cinnteach nach robh ann ach tàcharan. Chaill e nis a fhoidhidinn ris, agus ghlaodh e le guth geur, crosda: "Stad, 'ille, de 'n

THE KINTALEN CHANGELING.

THERE was living in Kintalen a woman who had a male-child with neither the growth nor the bloom of other children of his age. From morning to evening he would not cease one minute from crying, and he would eat far more food than was natural for the like of him.

It was harvest, and there was not a person on the farm who could draw a sickle but was out on the reaping field, except the mother of the child. She, too, would have been out were it not for fear that the nasty screaming thing would break his heart crying, if she should leave him in charge of any other person.

It happened that there was at the time a tailor in the house, making clothes. The tailor was a shrewd, observant man, and he was but a short time within until he became suspicious of the lad in the cradle. "You," said he to the woman, "may go to the reaping, and I will take care of the child."

The woman went away. But she had barely taken her feet over the threshold when the withered object she had left behind began shrieking and crying loudly and sorely. The tailor listened to him a good while, keeping his eye on him, till he was sure that he was nothing but a changeling. He now lost patience with him, and cried in a sharp, angry voice: "Stop that music, lad, or I'll put thee on the fire." The crying ceased for a while, but afterwards it began a second

cheòl sin; air-neo cuiridh mi air an teine thu." Sguir an caoineadh tacain ach an déidh sin thòisich e an dara h-uair. "An ann fhathast, a phìobaire an aon phuirt?" ars an tàillear. "Cluinneam an ceòl sin agad tuilleadh agus marbhaidh mi thu leis a' bhiodaig." An uair a chunnaic an sìthiche a' ghruaim a bha air an tàillear, agus a' bhiodag 'na làimh, ghabh e a leithid de eagal is gu'n d'fhuirich e ùine mhath sàmhach. Bha an tàillear 'na dhuine sunndach; agus a chur dheth an fhadail, thòisich e air port a channtaireachd. Am meadhon a' chiùil, thog an sìochaire grannda burrall àrd; ach ma thog, cha d' fhuair e dol air aghaidh le a cheileir ach glé ghoirid. Leum an tàillear bhàrr a bhùird-obair, chaidh e le a bhiodaig 'na làimh a null dh' ionnsaidh na creithle, agus thubhairt e ris an t-sìthiche: "Tha gu leòir againn de 'n cheòl ud. Glac a' phìob-mhór cheart agus thoir dhuinn aon phort math oirre, air-neo cuiridh mi a' bhiodag annad." Dh' éirich an sìthiche suas 'na shuidhe anns a' chreathall, rug e air a' phìob a bha aige an àite-eigin m' a thimchioll, agus chuir e suas an aon cheòl bu bhinne a chuala an tàillear riamh. Chuala na buànaichean e air an achadh, agus air ball leig iad a sìos an corrain, agus sheas iad ag éisdeachd ris a' cheòl shìthe. Mu dheireadh dh' fhàg iad an t-achadh, agus ruith iad an rathad a thàinig an ceòl. Ach mu'n d' ràinig iad an tigh, sguir am port; agus cha robh fhios aca cò a chluich e, no cia as a thàinig e.

An uair a phill na buanaichean dachaidh anns an fheasgar, agus a fhuair an tàillear bean-an-tighe leatha fhéin, dh' innis e dhi gach ni a thachair am feadh a bha i aig a' bhuain, agus nach robh anns an leanabh aice ach tàcharan. Dh'iarr e oirre an sin dol leis gu taobh Aird-Sheile de 'n chamus, agus a thilgeil a mach air an Loch. Rinn i mar dh'iarradh oirre, agus cho luath

time. "Art thou at it again, piper of the one tune?" said the tailor. "Let me hear that music any more from thee, and I will kill thee with the dirk." When the fairy beheld the frown on the tailor's countenance and the dirk in his hand, he took such a fright that he kept quiet a good while. The tailor was a cheerful man, and to keep from wearying he began to hum a tune. In the middle of the music the ugly elf raised a loud howl. But, if he did, he was not allowed to go on with his warble but a very short time. The tailor leaped off his work-table, went, dirk in hand, over to the cradle, and said to the fairy: "We have enough of that music, take the right great bagpipes and give us one good tune on them, or else I'll put the dirk in thee." The fairy sat up in the cradle, took the pipes which he had somewhere about him, and struck up the sweetest music the tailor had ever heard. The reapers heard it on the field, and instantly dropped their sickles and stood listening to the fairy music. At length they left the field, and ran in the direction whence the music came. But before they reached the house the tune had ceased; and they knew not who played it or whence it came.

When the reapers returned home in the evening, and the tailor got the mistress of the house alone, he told her everything that happened while she was at the reaping, and that her child was nothing but a changeling. He then told her to go with him to the Ardsheal side of the bay, and to throw him out in the Loch. She did as was told her, and as soon as the nasty little elf touched the water he became a big grey-haired old man, and swam to the other side of the bay. When he got his foot on dry land, he cried to her that if he

is a bhean an sìochaire crìon, mosach do'n uisge, thionndaidh e 'na sheann duine mór, liath. Shnàmh e an sin gu taobh eile a' chamuis. An uair a fhuair e a chas air tìr, ghlaodh e rithe, na'n robh fhios aige-san roimh làimh ciod a bha i a' dol a dheanamh, gu'n tugadh esan oirre nach smaointicheadh i air a leithid a dheanamh gu bràth tuilleadh.

Thill ise dhachaidh, agus fhuair i a leanabh féin slàn, fallain aig an dorus roimpe.

had known beforehand what she was going to do he would have made her never think of doing such a thing again.

She returned home and found her own child at the door before her, hale and sound.

SITHICHE CHOIRE OSBAINN AGUS AN TAILLEAR.

BHA bean cìobair an Coire Osbainn aig an robh leanabh a dh' fhàs ro chrosda agus duilich a bhanaltrachadh. Cha robh fios aice féin no aig a fear ciod a bha air an leanabh, no ciod a dheanadh iad ris, gus an d'thàinig an Tàillear a dheanamh aodaich de dh' eige chlòtha air ùr-thighinn as a' mhuileann luaidh. Air an ath latha an déidh dha tighinn, chaidh bean a' chìobair do'n àite-mhòine, agus dh' fhàg i an leanabh air a chùram gus an tilleadh i. Goirid an déidh dhi falbh, gu dé a chuala an Tàillear air a chùlaibh ach ceòl binn na pìoba móire. Sheall e an rathad as an d'thàinig an ceòl, agus co a chunnaic e 'na shuidhe anns an leabadh, ach seann duine beag, liath, le feadan connlaich 'na bheul, agus e ag cur ri port a chluich ris am bheil na rainn a leanas air an seinn:

Uist Oireannainn! Uist Oireannainn!
Uist Oireannainn! Uist O thì!
'S fhada tha a' chaile gun tighinn
'S gu'm faigheadh an Cannan clòch.
Uist Oireannainn, etc.

Chum e air a' phort so a sheinn gus an cuala e am boirionnach a' tighinn. An sin sguir an ceòl, agus bha e 'na leanabh beag a rithist.

Cha d'innis an Tàillear do'n mhnaoi ni de na

THE FAIRY OF CORRIE OSBEN AND THE TAILOR.

In Corrie Osben lived a shepherd's wife, whose child grew very peevish and difficult to nurse. Neither she nor her husband knew what was the matter with the child, or what was to be done with him, until the tailor came to make clothes of a web of home-made cloth newly come from the walking-mill. Next day after his arrival, the shepherd's wife went to the peat-moss, and left the child under his care till she should return. Shortly after she went away, what did the tailor hear behind him but the sweet music of the bag-pipes. He looked the way whence the music came, and whom did he see sitting in the bed but a little old grey-headed man with a pipe of straw in his mouth, busy playing a tune, to which the following verses are sung:—

Hush! Oranan, Hush! Oranan,
Hush! Oranan, Hush! Oheé!
Long is the lassie of coming
To give the Cannan a wee.
Hush! Oranan, etc.

He kept playing this tune until he heard the woman coming; then the music ceased, and he was again a little child.

The tailor told the woman nothing of what he had

chunnaic is a chuala e am fad is a bha i air falbh. Air an ath latha an déidh dhi dol do'n àite-mhòine, ghabh e ubh, thug e am biadh as, lìon e am plaosg le uisge, agus chuir e taobh an teine e. Bha ioghnadh cho mór air a' bhodachan de'n ni a chunnaic e is gu'n do thionndaidh e nall is gu'n d'thubhairt e: "Gu dé a tha thu a' dol a dheanamh le sin, a Thàilleir?" "Tha mi a' dol a theasachadh uisge a bhogadh bracha," ars an Tàillear. "Ma-tà tha mi còrr agus ceud bliadhna dh' aois, agus gu so cha'n fhaca mi ballan-uibhe a' dol a theasachadh uisge a bhogadh bracha," ars an duine beag, is e a' tionndadh a null agus a' tòiseachadh a rithist air cluich air an fheadan chonnlaich. Chum e ag cluich puirt an là roimhe gus an cuala e a' bhean a' tighinn, agus an sin bha e aon uair eile 'na leanabh beag.

Air an treas là dh' innis an Tàillear do 'n mhnaoi ciod air an robh e 'na fhianuis, agus a bharail nach robh anns an leanabh ach sìthiche. "Agus ciod a nì mise ris?" dh' fheòraich a' bhean. "Thoir leat e," ars an Tàillear, "gus an t-eas 's a' choimhearsnachd, agus tilg a sìos e thar na bruaich do 'n uisge." Rinn a' bhean mar dh' iarradh oirre. Ach cha bu luaithe a bhean an leanabh do'n uisge na dh' fhàs e 'na dhuineachan beag, liath. Dh' éirich e an sin air a chasan ann an corruich mhóir, agus streap e suas ri taobh cas an easa, a' bagradh dìoghaltais air a' mhnaoi, na'm beireadh e oirre. Ach chuir ise 'sna buinn cho luath is a b' urrainn i, agus cha d' amhairc i 'na déidh gus an do ràinig i an tigh, far an d'fhuair i a leanabh féin air a fhàgail aig an dorus roimpe.

seen and heard while she was absent. Next day, when she went a second time to the peat-moss, he took an egg, emptied the shell of its contents, filled it with water, and placed it near the fire. The little old mannie's curiosity was so much excited by what he saw that he turned round and said: "What are you going to do with that, tailor?" "I am going to heat water to steep malt in," said the tailor. "Well, I am more than a hundred years old, and never till now did I see an eggshell used to heat water for steeping malt in," said the little man, as he turned away and began again to play on his straw-pipe. He kept playing the tune of the day before until he heard the woman coming, and then he once more became a little child.

On the third day, the tailor told the woman what he had witnessed, and his opinion that the child was nothing but a fairy. "And what am I to do with him?" asked the woman. "Take him," said the tailor, "to the neighouring ravine, and throw him over the bank into the water below." The woman did as she was told, but no sooner had the child touched the water than he became a little grey manikin. He then rose to his feet in a great rage, and scrambled up the steep side of the ravine, threatening the woman with vengeance if he overtook her. But she took to her heels as fast as she could, and never looked behind her until she arrived at the house, where she found her own child laid at the door before her.

[AN NIGHEAN A DH' FHALMHAICH CISTE-MHINE DO-THRAOGHADH NAN SITHICHEAN.]

CHAIDH nighean òg uair-eigin roimhe so a shaodachadh cruidh a h-athar do'n mhonadh. Bha Sìthean roimpe anns an t-slighe a ghabh i, agus an déidh dhi tighinn 'na shealladh, thachair oirre buidheann shìthichean le aon na b' àirde na an còrr air an ceann. Rug am fear so oirre, agus le cuideachadh chàich thug e leis i do'n t-Sìthean.

Cho luath is a fhuair e stigh i, chuir e mar cheangal oirre na bha de mhin anns a' chiste-mhine a dheasachadh 'na aran mu'm faigheadh i a duais, agus cead falbh dhachaidh.

Cha robh a' chiste ach beag agus le sin shaoil an nighean bhochd nach bitheadh i ach goirid 'ga falmhachadh. Ach anns an dòchas so bha i gu mór air a mealladh. Oir ged a thòisich i air deasachadh, agus a chum i aige le a h-uile neart là an déidh là, bha a h-obair a réir coltais an dìomhain. Mar dh' fhalamhaicheadh ise a' chiste, lìonadh a' chiste rìs. Chunnaic i mu dheireadh nach tigeadh crìoch air a h-obair, agus uime sin, air a daorsa, am feasd. Lìon an smuaint so i le mulad cho mór is gu'n do bhrist i mach ann an caoineadh.

Bha seann bhean anns an t-Sìthean a thugadh air falbh 'na h-òige leis na sìthichibh, agus a bha cho fada ann agus gu'n do chaill i dòchas air faotainn as. Chunnaic a' bhean so staid na h-inghine, agus an uair

THE GIRL WHO EMPTIED THE INEXHAUSTIBLE MEAL CHEST OF THE FAIRIES.

ONCE upon a time a young maiden went to drive her father's cattle to the hill. A Fairy Knoll lay before her in the path she took; and after she came in sight of it, she met a band of fairies, with one taller than the rest at their head. This one seized her, and with the help of the others, took her away with him to the Fairy Knoll.

As soon as he had got her within the Knoll, he put her under an obligation to bake into bread all the meal in the meal-chest, before she would receive her wages and permission to go home.

The chest was but small, and so the poor maiden imagined that she would not take a long time in emptying it. But in this she was greatly deceived. For though she began to bake, and kept at it with all her strength day after day, her labour was to all appearance in vain. As she would empty the chest it would fill again. At length she saw that her task, and, therefore, her captivity, would never come to an end. This thought so grieved her that she burst out a-crying.

In the Fairy Knoll was an old woman who had been carried off by the fairies in her youth, and who had been so long there that she had lost all hope of ever getting out. This woman beheld the plight of the

a chuimhnich i air a truaighe féin, an uair a bha i an toiseach anns a' cheart chàs, ghabh i truas mór dhith, agus dh' innis i dhi ciamar a dh' fhalmhaicheadh i a' chiste. "Gach uair a tha thusa a' sgur a dheasachadh, tha thu a' deanamh arain de'n fhallaid mu dheireadh," ars ise. "Ach an déidh so cuir thusa an fhallaid air a h-ais anns a' chiste, agus chì thu gu'n teirig na tha innte de mhin ann an ùine ghoirid."

Rinn an nighean mar sheòl an t-seann bhean i, agus thàinig crìoch air a' mhin mar thubhairt i. An uair a chunnaic an nighean a' chiste falamh, chaidh i le gàirdeachas far an robh ceannard nan sìthichean, agus dh' iarr i air a leigeil air falbh, a chionn gu'n do chrìochnaich i an obair a fhuair i r'a deanamh. Ach cha do chreid e i gus an do sheall e anns a' chiste agus am faca e gu'n robh i falamh. An sin thug e a duais do'n nighean, agus leig e cead a coise dhi. Agus mar bha i a' dol a mach an dorus, thubhairt e: "Mo bheannachd ort-sa, ach mo mhallachd air do bheul ionnsachaidh."

maiden, and on calling to mind her own misery when she was first in the same strait, she took great pity upon her, and told her how she would empty the chest. "Every time you cease baking, you are making bread of the remaining sprinkling of meal," she said. "But, after this, do you put the sprinkling of meal back into the chest, and you will see that it will be emptied of all the meal it contains in a short time."

The maiden did as the old woman directed her, and the meal came to an end, as she had said. When the girl saw the chest empty, she went joyfully to the chief of the fairies, and asked him to let her go away, because she had finished the task laid upon her. But he did not believe her, till he looked into the meal-chest, and saw that it was empty. Then he gave the maiden her wages and leave to depart. And as she was going out, he said: "My blessing on thee, but my curse on thy teaching mouth."

[AN DA CHOIMHEARSNACH AGUS AN UISGE-BEATHA CALLUINNE.]

CHAIDH dà choimhearsnach a dh' iarraidh uisge-beatha na Calluinne do thigh-òsda a bha goirid as. An déidh dhoibh an t-uisge-beatha fhaotainn, phill iad leis ann am pigeachaibh air an dromanaibh, agus cuid deth, gun teagamh, fo an criosaibh. Air an rathad chunnaic iad solus dealrach rompa, agus goirid an déidh sin, chuala iad ceòl binn agus iolach ghàirdeachais mhóir a' tighinn o'n àite 'san robh iad a' faicinn an t-soluis. Bha fios aca gu'n robh Sìthean 'san àite sin; agus an uair a ràinig iad e, bha an dorus fosgailte, agus na sìthichean ag cur ri dannsadh.

Shàth an dara fear a bhiodag an taobh an doruis, agus sheas e féin agus a' cheud fhear air taobh a mach na biodaige. Ach ma sheas, cha d' fhuirich aon diubh fada ann. Thog an ceòl a inntinn cho mór is gu'n do leum e stigh, ag glaodhaich "suas e," agus gu'n do thòisich e leis a' phige air a dhruim air dannsadh leis na sìthichibh. An déidh dha a bhi greis air an ùrlar, ghlaodh a chompanach a bha mach ris tighinn, air-neo nach bitheadh iad dhachaidh an àm air-son na Calluinne. "Thud! tha gu leòir a dh'ùine againn," fhreagair e. "Cha do dhanns mi aon ruithil fhathast." An sin thàinig cuid de na sìthichibh dh' ionnsaidh an doruis, agus dh' fheuch iad iompaidh a chur air an fhear, a bha mach, dol a stigh le a chompanach; ach dh'fhan e far an robh e. An

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS AND THEIR HOGMANAY WHISKY.

Two neighbours went for their Hogmanay whisky to an inn, which was not far off. After they had got the whisky, they returned with it in jars on their backs, and some of it, no doubt, under their belts. On the way they saw a brilliant light before them, and shortly after that they heard sweet music and a shout of great rejoicing coming from the place where they saw the light. They knew that a Fairy Knoll was there; and when they reached it, the door was open, and the fairies plying the dance.

One of the men thrust his dirk into the side post of the door, and he and his companion stood on the outward side of the dirk. But if they did, one of them did not remain there long. The music so excited him that he sprang into the Knoll, shouting, "Up with it," and he began, with the jar on his back, to dance with the fairies. After he was a while on the floor, his companion outside called to him to come, otherwise they would not be home in time for Hogmanay. "Tuts! we have plenty of time," said he; "I have not yet danced one reel." Then some of the fairies came to the door and tried to persuade the man outside to enter with his companion; but he remained where he was. After a good while, he again

ceann ùine maithe, ghlaodh e rithis r'a chompanach, a bha stigh, teachd a mach agus falbh dhachaidh leis. Ach ma ghlaodh, b'ann an dìomhain. Cha d'fhuair e ach leithid eile na ceud fhreagairt.

Chunnaic e nis nach robh math dha a bhi a' feitheamh na b'fhaide. Uime sin tharraing e a bhiodag á taobh an doruis, dhruid an Sìthean, agus dh'fhalbh e dhachaidh.

An uair a ràinig e an tigh, bha gach duine a' feòraich c'àite an d'fhàg e a chompanach. Dh'innis e dhoibh gach ni a thachair, agus mar dh'fhàg e a chompanach a' dannsadh anns an t-Sìthean. Ach cha robh aon aca a thug creideas d'a sgeul. An àite sin is ann a thubhairt iad gu'n do mharbh e a choimhearsnach agus gu'n d'rinn e suas an sgeul a dh'innis e a thionndadh an amharuis dheth fhéin. B' ann an dìomhain a bhóidich e gu'n robh e neo-chiontach. Chuir iad an làimh e, agus thug iad a mach binn bàis 'na aghaidh. Ghuidh e an sin orra dàil là agus bliadhna a thoirt da chum e féin a ghlanadh o 'n amharus fo an robh e. Fhuair e sin.

An uair a thàinig an ath Challuinn mu'n cuairt, chaidh e rathad an t-Sìthein, anns an d'fhàg e a choimhearsnach. Bha an Sìthean fosgailte, agus a choimhearsnach ag cur ri dannsadh leis na sìthichibh, mar dh'fhàg se e. Shàth e a' bhiodag ann an ursainn an doruis, agus ghlaodh e r 'a chompanach, a bha a' dannsadh, is am pige fhathast air a dhruim, gu'n robh an t-àm dha nis tighinn a mach. "Ciod a tha thu ag ràdh? Cha do chrìochnaich mi a' cheud ruithil fhathast." "Am bheil fhios agad cia fhad a tha thu air an ùrlar?" "Cha'n 'eil os ceann dà no tri de mhionaidibh." "Tha thu an so là agus bliadhna. Tha do chàirdean an dùil gu'm bheil thu marbh, agus ri mise a chur gu bàs am màireach mur toir mi dhach-

called to his companion who was within to come out, and go home with him. But if he called, it was in vain. He received only another answer similar to the first.

He now saw that he had better not stay any longer. So he drew his dirk out of the door-post, the Fairy Knoll closed, and he went away home.

When he arrived at the house, every one asked him where he had left his companion. He told them everything that had happened, and how he had left his companion dancing in the Fairy Knoll. But there was not one of them that credited the story. Instead of that they maintained that he had killed his neighbour, and that he had invented the story he told to turn away suspicion from himself. In vain did he protest his innocence. They put him in custody and pronounced sentence of death upon him. He then earnestly besought them to give him a year and a day's respite to clear himself of the suspicion under which he lay. That he obtained.

When the next Hogmanay came round, he went the way of the Fairy Knoll in which he had left his companion. The Fairy Knoll was open, and his companion plying the dance with the fairies, as he had left him. He thrust the dirk into the door post, and called to his companion, who was dancing with the jar still on his back, that it was now high time for him to come out. "What do you say? I have not yet finished the first reel?" "Do you know how long you are on the floor?" "Not more than two or three minutes." "You are here a day and a year! Your friends are thinking that you are dead, and intend to

aidh thu beò slàn an nochd." "Stad gus an cuir mi crìoch air an ruithil so, agus falbhaidh mi leat an sin." Thug e an so ionnsaidh air pilleadh a stigh, ach rug a chompanach air ghàirdean air, agus spìon e mach e. Tharruing e an sin a' bhiodag á taobh an doruis, agus ghrad dhruid an dorus orra le chéile. Thill iad dhachaidh, agus an uair a ràinig iad, agus a thug a' cheud fhear am pige bhàrr a dhroma, bha an t-aodach fuidhe caithte gu ruig an craicionn.

put me to death to-morrow unless I bring you home alive and well to-night." "Stay until I finish this reel, and I will go with you then." He now attempted to return within, but his companion laid hold of him by the arm and pulled him out. His companion then drew the dirk out of the door-post, and forthwith the door closed against them both. They returned home; and when they had arrived, and the first man had taken the jar off his back, the clothes under it were worn through to the skin.

[MAR A THOGADH A' CHEUD CHAISTEAL AIR CARRAIG SHRUIBHLEADH.]

LAIMH ri Sruibhleadh bha uair-eigin a' fuireachd seann duin'-uasal a ghabh 'na cheann Caisteal a thogail air Carraig Shruibhleadh. Roghnaich e làrach air fìor mhullach na Cairge, agus tharruing e mach dealbh an togail a b' àill leis a chur suas oirre. Ach an uair a bha an dealbh crìochnaichte, chunnaic e nach robh de dh' airgiod aige na thogadh an Caisteal. Ach a dh' aindeoin so, cha b' urrainn e cùl a chur ri dòchas a fhaicinn suas uair no uair-eigin mu'm faigheadh e am bàs. Maduinn agus feasgar chìteadh e ag coiseachd mu'n cuairt air an làraich a roghnaich e, agus chluinnteadh e ag gearan ris féin nach robh aige de stòras na bheireadh dha comas air a rùn a ghiùlan a mach.

Mu dheireadh thall thàinig duineachan beag far an robh e, is e ag gabhail a chuairt fheasgair ghnàthaichte air bhàrr mullaich na Cairge, agus thubhairt e: "Ciod a bheir thu dhomh-sa, ma thogas mise an Caisteal air do shon?" "Cha'n 'eil ni saoghalta agam-sa, a thairgeas mi dhuit, mur gabh thu an t-aodach 'sam bheil mi am sheasamh," fhreagair an duin'-uasal. "Am falbh thu leam bliadhna o 'n tac so, ma chuireas mi suas e roimhe sin?" ars an Coigreach.

"Cha gheall mi sin duit," ars an seann duine. "Ach cha ruig thu leas falbh leam, ma gheibh thu mach m' ainm, mu'n ruith a' bhliadhna mach," ars an Coigreach.

HOW THE FIRST CASTLE WAS BUILT ON STIRLING ROCK.

NEAR Stirling there once lived an old gentleman, who took it in his head to build a Castle on Stirling Rock. He chose a site on the very top of the Rock, and drew out a plan of the building he wished to put up on it. But when the plan was finished, he found that he had not money enough to build the Castle. Notwithstanding this, he could not abandon the hope of seeing it completed some time or other before he died. Morning and evening he would be seen walking about the site he had chosen, and heard lamenting to himself that he had not the means to enable him to carry out his idea.

At long last, a little manikin came to him as he was making his usual evening round on the summit of the Rock, and said: "What will you give me if I build the Castle for you?" "I have nothing in the world to offer you unless you take the clothes in which I stand," replied the gentleman. "Will you go with me a year hence, if I put it up for you before then?" again asked the Stranger. "No, I'll not promise you that," said the old man. "You need not go with me, if you can find out my name before the year runs out," added the Stranger.

Air a' bhonn sin dh' aontaich an duin'-uasal, oir smuaintich e gu'm bitheadh e 'na ni iongantach mur faigheadh e mach ainm an duineachain bhig an taobh a stigh de'n ùine a luathsaicheadh dha. Chaidh e dhachaidh, an oidhche sin, an sunnd na b' fhearr na b' àbhaist da; agus an uair a phill e air ais an ath mhaduinn, chunnaic e le gàirdeachas an stéidh air a leagadh. Oidhche an déidh oidhche, bha an duineachan beag ag cur ris an togail; ach air oidhche mu dheireadh an ràithe, cha robh e ri fhaicinn mu'n Chaisteal, is cha robh ni air bith air a chur ris an togail.

An uair a bha a' bhliadhna a' tarruing dlùth d'a ceann, bha an togail fagus air a bhi crìochnaichte. Bha nis an seann duin'-uasal a' fàs ro iomagaineach; oir cha d'fhuair e fathast a mach ainm a' Choigrich. Dh' fheuch e a rìs agus a rìs air ciod e a bhreithneachadh; ach a dh' aindeoin gach oidhirp a thug e, rinn e an dìomhain. Mu dheireadh chaidh e far an robh duine glic anns a' choimhearsnachd, agus dh'iarr e air a chuideachadh. Thubhairt an seann duine: "Is e sìthiche a tha anns a' Choigreach. Air latha mu dheireadh an ràithe lean e do'n àite d'an téid e, agus seas ag éisdeachd a muigh, agus is dòcha gu'n cluinn thu a ainm o bheul cuid no cuid-eigin a stigh."

Phill an duin'-uasal dhachaidh, agus an uair a thàinig an t-àm, rinn e gach ni a dh' iarr an duine glic air. Air feasgar mu dheireadh an ràithe lean e an sìthiche gus am faca se e a' dol a stigh do'n t-Sithean, agus an cuala e guth a stigh, ag ràdh: "An d'thàinig thu, a Thómais Sheochd?" Cho luath is a chuala e so, dh' fhalbh e, làn chinnteach gu'n d'fhuair e mach dìomhaireachd an t-sìthiche. Ach ghlèidh e an dìomhaireachd dha féin gus an d'thàinig feasgar mu dheireadh na bliadhna. An sin chaidh e dh'ionnsaidh

On that footing the gentleman agreed, for he thought it would be a strange thing if he could not discover the little manikin's name within the time allowed him. He went home that night in better cheer than was usual for him, and when he returned next morning, he was delighted to see the foundation laid. Night after night the little manikin was adding to the building; but on quarter night he was not to be seen about the Castle, and nothing was added to the building.

When the year was drawing towards its close, the building was nearly completed. The old gentleman was now getting very anxious; for he had not yet discovered the Stranger's name. He tried again and again to guess what it might be; but in spite of every effort he made, he acted to no purpose. At last he went to a wise man in the neighbourhood, and asked his assistance. The old man said: "The Stranger is a fairy. On the last night of the quarter follow him to the place where he goes, and stand listening outside, and you will likely hear his name pronounced by somebody or other within."

The gentleman returned home, and when the proper time arrived he did everything the wise man had advised him. On quarter night he followed the fairy until he saw him enter the Fairy Knoll, and heard a voice inside saying: "Have you come, Thomas son of Jock?" As soon as he heard this, he went away, quite satisfied that he had discovered the fairy's secret. But he kept it to himself until the last evening of the year arrived. Then he went to the Rock, where the fairy was waiting for him. The fairy said: "I have finished my work, and you must now go away with me." "No, I will not go with you yet," answered

na Cairge, far an robh an sìthiche a' feitheamh air a shon. Thubhairt an sìthiche: "Chrìochnaich mise m' obair, agus feumaidh tusa nis falbh leam." "Cha'n fheum; cha'n fhalbh mi leat fathast," fhreagair an duin'-uasal. "Feumaidh tu, mur innis thu dhomh-sa ciod is ainm dhomh," ars an sìthiche. "Nach tu Tómas Sheochd?" ars an duin'-uasal.

Fhreagair an sìthiche:

"Ma 's mise Tómas Sheochd,
Is mi a dhealbh an t-olc;
Tha thusa 'sin, a Shrutha-Shliabh,
Is tha mise gun d' fhiach an nochd."

Agus air falbh ghabh e 'na lasair theine troimh bhalla a' Chaisteil, a fàgail 'na dhéidh tuill nach urrainn clach, no crann, no ni air bith fo'n ghréin a dhruideadh, ach buachar each.

the gentleman. "You must, if you cannot tell me my name," said the fairy. "Are you not Thomas, son of Jock?" enquired the gentleman.

The fairy replied:

"If I am Thomas, son of Jock,
'Tis I devised the wicked plot.
Thou standest, River Mount, in sight,
And for thee nought have I to-night."

And away he flew through the Castle wall in a flame of fire, leaving behind him a hole which neither stone, nor wood, nor anything under the sun but horse dung can close.

[AN GILLE DUBH MACRUIMEIN AGUS A' BHEAN-SHITHE.]

THA e çoltach gu'n robh na sìthichean 'nan luchd-ciùil barraichte, agus gu'm b' i a' phìob an roghainn de gach inneal-ciùil. Is minic a chuala fear-gabhail-an-rathaid a fuaim a' tighinn a mach as an t-Sìthean a thuit a bhi 'na shlighe, agus a dh'fhairich e a ceòl binn 'ga theumadh gu bhi a' bualadh a stigh agus a chas a thogail leis na sìthichibh anns an dannsadh.

An ealdhain so a bha aca, tha e air a ràdh gu'n do theagaisg iad do chuid a dhaoine air an do ghabh iad spéis, agus a tha fhathast air chuimhne ann am beul-aithris. 'Nam measg sin bha an Gille Dubh MacRuimein.

Gu àm a' Ghille Dhuibh cha robh Clann Mhic Ruimein na b'fhearr na pìobairean matha eile anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. B' esan a' cheud aon diubh a dh' éirich os ceann chàich uile ann an ainmealachd, agus ris an abradh gu coitchionn Rìgh nam Pìobairean.

B'e an t-aon a b' òige de thri mic, agus air am bu lugha meas aig a athair. An uair a bheireadh a athair a nuas o chùl a' mhaide chruim a' phìob mhór ris an abradh e a' Chachlaidh Dhubh, agus a chluicheadh e féin a' cheud phort oirre, shìneadh e i d'a mhac a bu shine, agus an uair a bhitheadh a mhac bu shine réidh dhith shìneadh e i do 'n dara mac; ach an uair a bhitheadh an dara mac réidh dhith, cha'n fhaigheadh an Gille Dubh a dh'urram uibhir agus séid a chur 'na màla. Bha e mar an ceudna air a chumail fodha le

THE BLACK LAD MACCRIMMON AND THE BANSHEE.

It appears that the fairies were excellent musicians, and that their choice of all musical instruments was the bag-pipes. Often did the wayfarer hear its sound coming from the Fairy Knoll, which happened to be in his path, and often did he feel its sweet music tempting him to walk in, and lift his foot in the dance with the fairies.

This art which they possessed they are said to have taught to some men for whom they took a liking, and who are still remembered in tradition. Among these was the Black Lad Mac Crimmon.

Up to the Black Lad's time, the Mac Crimmons were not better than other good pipers in the Highlands. He was the first of them who rose above all the rest in fame, and who was commonly called "The King of Pipers."

He was the youngest of three sons, and the least thought of by his father. When his father would take down from the back of the crooked stick the great bagpipes, which he called the Black Gate, and he himself would play the first tune on it, he would hand it to his eldest son, and when his eldest son had done with it, he would hand it to the second son; but when the second son had done with it, the Black Lad would not

càch, agus air a fhàgail gu bhi a' deanamh gach oibre a bu tràilleile na chéile.

Air là sònraichte chaidh a athair agus a dhà bhràthair dh'ionnsaidh na féille, agus dh' fhàg iad esan aig an tigh leis fhéin. An déidh dhoibh falbh, fhuair e am feadan, agus thòisich e air cluich air. Agus am meadhon na cluiche, cò thainig air ach a' Bhean-Shìthe as an Dùn.

"Tha thu trang ag iomairt ciùil, 'Ille," ars i. Fhreagair e gu'n robh. "Cò aca a b'fhearr leat, ealdhain gun rath, no rath gun ealdhain?" ars i an sin. Thubhairt e gu'm b' fhearr leis ealdhain gun rath. Spìon i ròineag as a ceann, agus dh'iarr i air a cur mu thimchioll ribheid an fheadain. An uair a rinn e sin, thubhairt i ris: "Cuir a nis do mheòir air tuill an fheadain, agus cuiridh mise mo mheòir air do mheòir-se." Cho luath is a bha sin deanta, thubhairt i: "An uair a thogas mise meur, togaidh tusa am meur a bhitheas fuidhe. Smaointich a nis air port 'sam bith a thoilicheas tu, agus cluich leam-sa e, mar dh'iarr mi ort." Rinn e sin, agus chluich e am port gu fileanta. An uair a chrìochnaich e am port, thubhairt i: "A nis is tu Rìgh nam Pìobairean. Cha robh do leithid romhad, agus cha bhi do leithid as do dhéidh." Dh'fhàg i an sin latha math aige, agus dh' fhalbh i.

Cho luath is a dh' fhalbh i, thug e nuas a' Chachlaidh Dhubh, agus thòisich e air cluich oirre. Cha robh port air an smaointicheadh e nach d'fheuch e, agus nach b' urrainn e a chluich gu furasda. Mu'n do sguir e, thill a athair agus a bhràithrean o'n fhéill. Agus an uair a dhlùthaich iad air an tigh, chuala iad an ceòl, agus sheas iad a dh' éisdeachd. "Cò air bith a tha ag cluich, is ann air a' Chachlaidh Dhuibh," ars an t-athair r'a mhic. Chaidh iad air an aghaidh, ach sguir an ceòl mu'n d' ràinig iad an tigh.

get the honour of blowing so much as one blast into the bag. He was also kept down by the rest, and left to do every piece of work that was more slavish than another.

On a certain day, his father and his two brothers went to the fair, and left him alone at home. After they had gone, he got hold of the chanter, and began to play upon it. And in the midst of the playing, who should come upon him but the Banshee from the Castle.

"Thou art busy discoursing music, Lad," said she. He answered that he was. "Which wouldst thou prefer, skill without success, or success without skill?" said she then. He answered that he would rather have skill without success. She pulled a hair from her head, and asked him to put it round the reed of the chanter. When he had done that, she said to him: "Place now thy fingers on the holes of the chanter, and I will lay my fingers on thy fingers." As soon as that was done, she said: "When I shall lift my finger, lift thou the finger which happens to be under it. Think now of any tune thou pleasest, and play it with me in the way I have told thee." He did so, and played the tune skilfully. When he had finished the tune, she said: "Now thou art the King of Pipers. Thine equal was not before thee, and thine equal shall not be after thee." She then bade him good day, and departed.

As soon as she had gone, he took down the Black Gate and began playing on it. There was not a tune he could think of which he did not try and which he could not play with ease. Before he ceased his father and brothers had returned from the fair. And when they approached the house, they heard the music, and stood to listen. "Whoever is playing, it is on the Black Gate," said the father to his sons. They went on, but the music ceased before they reached the house.

Chaidh iad a stigh, ach cha do ghabh aon aca air gu'n cuala e an ceòl, gus an d'thàinig an oidhche. An sin thug an seann duine a nuas a' phìob mhór, agus an déidh dha féin agus d'a dhà mhac port mu seach a chur oirre, dh' iarr e air a' Ghille Dhubh a thacan féin a ghabhail dhith. "An e mise?" ars e. "Cha 'n airidh mise air an onair sin. Is leòir dhomh-sa a bhi am thràill agaibh uile." "Glac a' phìob, agus cha'n iarrar ort obair thràilleil a dheanamh tuilleadh," thubhairt a athair.

Rug e air a' phìob mu dheireadh, agus chuir e suas an aon cheòl bu ghrinne a chuala duine a bha stigh riamh. "Dh' fhàg an ceòl sinn," ars an t-athair ris na mic eile. "Cha tig aon againn an uisge na stiùire do'n Ghille Dhubh." B' fhìor mar thubhairt e, oir cha robh leithid a' Ghille Dhuibh ann r'a linn no 'na dhéidh.

They went in, but none of them let on that they had heard the music till night came. Then the old man took down the great bag-pipes, and after he himself and his two eldest sons had played tune about, he asked the Black Lad to take his own spell of it. "Is it I?" said he, "I am not worthy of that honour. It is enough for me to be a slave to you all." "Take the bag-pipes, and thou shalt no longer be asked to do slavish work," said his father. He took the pipes at last, and struck up the finest music any one in the house had ever heard. "The music has left us," said the father to the other sons. "None of us will come in the wake of the Black Lad." He spake truly, for the like of the Black Lad never lived, either in his own time, or since.

MAC RUIMEIN IS A FHEADAN AIRGID.

[Fhuair Mac Ruimein feadan airgid bho Bheanshìthe Uaimh an Oir air chumhnant gu'n tigeadh e maille rithe do'n Uaimh aig ceann là is bliadhna. Is e so am port a chluich e, is e a' dol a steach do'n Uaimh:—]

Cha tig mise! Cha till mise!
Mu'n tig mis' á Uaimh an Oir
Bidh na minn bheaga
'Nan gabhair chreagach,
'S a' chlann laga 'nam fir-àir.
Is cianail mise,
'Triall fo gheasaibh;
Bidh mi 'm feasd an Uaimh an Oir.

A' PHOG A FHUAIR E O LAIMH AN RIGH.

[Rinneadh na rainn so le Mac Ruimein, an uair a chluich e an làthair an Rìgh, agus air do'n Rìgh iarraidh air a dhuais innseadh, dh'iarr e cead air làmh an Rìgh a phògadh.]

Fhuair mi pòg, gu'n d'fhuair mi pòg,
Fhuair mi pòg, o làimh an Rìgh.
Cha d' chuir séid' an craiceann caorach
A fhuair an fhàilte ud, ach mi fhéin.

MACCRIMMON'S SILVER CHANTER.

MacCrimmon got a silver chanter from the Banshee of the Cave of Gold on condition that he would go with her to the Cave at the end of a day and a year. The following is the tune played by him as he entered the Cave:—

[I shall come never! Return I'll never!
Ere I come from the Cave of Gold,
The kidling flocks
Will be goats of the rocks,
And the children weak be warriors bold.
I am in woe,
Under spells to go;
I'll be for aye in the Cave of Gold.]

THE KISS HE GOT FROM THE KING'S HAND.

THESE lines were composed by MacCrimmon who, on being requested by the King to name his reward for playing before him, asked liberty to kiss the King's hand.

[A kiss I got, a kiss I got,
From the King's hand a kiss I got!
No blasts of breath in sheepskin blown
That got yon greeting. 'Tis mine own.]

CLANN MHICGLAISEIN AGUS AN DA SHEALLADH.

A réir beul-aithris bha sealladh an dà shaoghail aig Cloinn MhicGlaisein Chreaganaich an Liosmór. Fhuair aon aca an comas so air an dòigh a leanas:—

An uair a bha a phàrantan a' dol leis air-son baistidh do dh' Eaglais na Sgìreachd, shuidh iad, fad beagan mhionaid a ghabhail foise air cnoc, làimh ri Allt Aogain, àite aig an robh ainm a bhi 'na ionad-tathaich sònraichte aig na sìthichean. Am feadh a bha iad ag cur seachad an sgìos, leag iad sìos làimh riu an leanabh, paisgte ann am breacan, agus e 'na shuain chadail. Agus an uair a dh'fhalbh iad a rìs, dhì-chuimhnich an té, ris an d'earbadh e, a thabhairt leatha. Cho luath is a chaidh a ionndrainn, phill iad air an ais, agus fhuair iad e 'na shuain chadail far an d'fhàgadh e. Cha robh atharrachadh air bith ri fhaicinn 'na choltas; gidheadh bha na sìthichean maille ris, agus dh'fhàg iad aige sealladh an dà shaoghail.

Ruith an comas a fhuair e an sin sìos uaith-san dh'ionnsaidh a shliochd ré iomad gineil. Tha aon diubh a bha ann an toiseach an linn so fathast air chuimhne mar thaibhsear comharaichte. So aon de mhóran sgeòil a bha aon uair air an innseadh m'a thimchioll:—

Bha bràthair-céile aige a chaill a cheud bhean 'na laighe-shiùbhladh, agus a dhiùlt fad ùine 'na dhéidh sin comhfhurtachd a ghabhail. Air feasgar-eigin, is e

THE MACGLASHENS OF CREAGANICH AND THE SECOND SIGHT.

ACCORDING to tradition the MacGlashens of Creaganich, in Lismore, had the vision of the two worlds. This gift one of them acquired in the following way:—

When his parents were going with him for baptism to the Parish Church, they sat down to rest for a few minutes on a knoll at Allt Aogain, a place always reputed to be a favourite resort of the fairies. While they were putting past their weariness they laid the child down beside them, wrapped in a plaid, and fast asleep. And when they went away again, the woman who had charge of him forgot to take him with her. As soon as he was missed they returned back and found him asleep where he had been left. There was no change to be seen in his appearance, nevertheless the fairies had visited him and bestowed on him the vision of the two worlds.

This power, which he then obtained, passed down from him to his descendants for many generations. One of them, who lived in the beginning of this (19th) century, is still remembered as a remarkable seer. Here is one of many stories once told about him:—

His brother-in-law, having lost his first wife in childbed, was, for some time after, inconsolable. One evening, as he was returning home in MacGlashen's

a' pilleadh dhachaidh an cuideachd MhicGlaisein, agus ag caoidh na bha uaith, thubhairt MacGlaisein ris: "Cha ruig thu leas a bhi ag caoidh mar sin air-son do mhnatha; ma thoilicheas tu, bheir mise air a h-ais dhuit i gun mhóran dàlach." Ach ghrìos fear a' bhròin air gun sin a dheanamh. "Ma-tà," ars MacGlaisein, "sin i, a' leum romhainn o chnocan gu cnocan 'na h-eun glas; agus mur leig thu leamsa a tabhairt air a h-ais dhuit mu 'n tig crìoch na bliadhna, cha'n fhaic thu tuilleadh i; oir tha i leis na sìthichean, agus tha iadsan a'dol air imrich an ùine ghoirid, agus aon uair is gu'm falbh iad, cha'n urrainn mise a tabhairt air a h-ais gu bràth."

Sguir a' bhantrach a chaoidh air-son a mhnatha; agus mu'n d'thàinig crìoch air a' bhliadhna, phòs e té eile. Air oidhche na bainnse, thubhairt MacGlaisein, is e a bhi an làthair, r'a chompanach: "Seall thar mo ghualainn, agus chì thu a' cheud bhean a' seasamh eadar an dara té agus a fear." Ach dhiùlt a chompanach an cuireadh.

company, and lamenting his loss, the latter said: "You need not be lamenting like that for your wife; if you like, I will bring her back to you without much delay." But the widower adjured him not to do that. "Well," added MacGlashen, "there she is, in the form of a grey bird, hopping from knoll to knoll before us; and if you do not allow me to bring her back to you before the end of the year, you will never see her again; for she is with the fairies, and they are going to flit soon, and once they depart I can never bring her back."

The widower ceased to mourn for his wife, and before the end of the year had come he married another. On the night of the wedding, MacGlashen, who was present, said to his companion: "Look over my shoulder and you will see the first wife standing between the second one and her husband." But his companion declined the invitation.

DAOINE BEAGA MHUILINN-FEUNACHAN AN DAOGHALL.

UAIR-EIGIN roimhe so bha a chòmhnuidh am Muilionn-Feunachan an Daoghall, muillear, a bha cho làidir is gu'n d' fhuair e, mar fhar-ainm, Calum Làidir. Ach ged bha Calum làidir, cha robh duine 'san sgìreachd a bha cho mór air a chlaoidh leis an dubh leisg ris. Bha leisg Chaluim air a cumail a suas le daoine beaga, nach faca duine, agus nach cuala ach ro bheagan.

An uair a bhitheadh an t-uisge gann, agus an sìol r'a bhleith, chuireadh Calum, mu'n rachadh e laighe, làn an t-soithich cairteil de mhin-eòrna anns an treabhailt; agus air feadh na h-oidhche bhitheadh am muileann air a fhaicinn laiste suas, an roth a' dol mu 'n cuairt as eugmhais uisge, caithreim ghàirdeachais a stigh; agus anns a' mhaduinn bhitheadh gach sìol 's a' mhuileann air a fhaotainn bleithte, a' mhin am pocaibh, agus gach ni air a fhàgail gu cruinneil, òrdail. Na'm bitheadh duine air bith cho dàna is gu'n rachadh e do'n mhuileann am feadh a bhitheadh na daoine beaga aig obair, bheireadh cuid-eigin neo-fhaicsinneach breab dha anns a' chùlaibh, le neart cho mór is gu'n tuiteadh e gu làr; agus, an uair a dh' éireadh e, le sròn bhriste, is a' sileadh fala, bhitheadh am muileann an dorchadas, agus gach ni sàmhach.

An uair a bhitheadh feum air connlaich air-son na spréidhe, bhitheadh meadar mór càbhruich air a fhàgail air an ùrlar bhualaidh 'san oidhche, agus anns a'

THE LITTLE MEN OF MULINFENACHAN IN DUTHIL.

Once upon a time there lived at Mulinfenachan in Duthil a miller who was so strong that he was called Strong Malcolm. But though Malcolm was strong, no man in the parish was so afflicted as he with the black laziness. Malcolm's laziness was encouraged by "little men," whom nobody ever saw, and very few ever heard.

When water was scarce, and corn had to be ground, Malcolm, before going to bed, would place a lippy of barley meal in the hopper; and during the night the mill would be seen lighted up, the wheel turning without water, the noise of shouting and laughter inside; and in the morning all the corn in the mill would be found ground, the meal in bags, and everything left tidy and in order. If any man was so bold as to enter the mill while the little men were at work, some unseen power would kick him in the rear with such force that he would fall to the ground; and when he would rise, with a broken and bleeding nose, the mill would be in darkness and all would be silent.

When straw was wanted for the cattle, a large basin of sowens was left on the thrashing-floor at night, and in the morning all the corn was found thrashed, the straw in bundles, and the grain winnowed and ready for the mill.

mhaduinn bhitheadh an sìol uile air a fhaotainn buailte, a' chonnlach 'na boiteinean, agus an gràn gréidhte, agus deas air-son a' mhuilinn.

Air oidhche àraidh a bha na daoine beaga trang 's a' mhuileann, chunnacas àth Thulaich Ghrìobainn r'a theine; agus chualas na daoine beaga ag glaodhaich: "Bithidh pailteas mine againn a nis, agus càbhruich cuideachd; oir tha àth Thulaich Ghrìobainn r'a theine; agus o so suas feumaidh Calum Làidir oibreachadh air a shon féin, no bàsachadh leis an acras." Dh' fhalbh iad an sin, agus cha do thill iad tuilleadh.

One night, as the little men were busy in the mill, the kiln of Tullochgriban was seen to be on fire, and the little men were heard to exclaim: "We will have plenty of meal now, and sowens too, for Tullochgriban kiln is on fire, and Strong Malcolm must henceforth work for himself, or starve." The little men then went away and never more returned.

SITHICHEAN CHREAG-THULAICH.

Bha duine o thaobh Loch Obha latha a' siubhal monadh a' Bhaile mhóir, baile a bha goirid as o'n àite 'san robh e ag gabhail còmhnuidh. Bha an latha grianach, bòidheach; agus an uair a ràinig e Creag-thulaich, shuidh e sìos air a mullach, a ghabhail seallaidh air an dùthaich m'a thimchioll. Cha robh e fada an sin, gus an d' thàinig dà shìthiche g'a ionnsaidh, agus corruich mhór orra, a chionn gu'n robh e 'na shuidhe far an d'fhuair iad e. Bha fear dhiubh air-son a thilgeil thar na creige gun dàil; ach bha am fear eile air-son a leigeil as an uair sin. Chonnsaich iad mu'n chùis so car tacain, ach b' e deireadh na cluiche, gu 'n do leig iad as e, air chumhnant nach suidheadh e 'san àite 'san d' fhuaradh e tuilleadh.

Uair-eigin 'na dhéidh sin, thuit do 'n duine a bhi rathad na creige rithist, agus a dhearbhadh co dhiùbh bha e 'na chadal no 'na fhaireachadh, an uair a bha leis gu 'm faca e an dà shìthiche, shuidh e sìos anns a' cheart àite 'san robh e a' cheud uair. Ann am priobadh na sùla thàinig tri sìthichean far an robh e, agus iad ann an corruich uamhasaich. Rug iad air, agus thug iad dha droch chrathadh agus bhrùthadh; agus an sin leig iad as e, a' bagradh dìoghaltais bu mhiosa air, na 'm faigheadh iad 'san àite cheudna e rithist.

THE FAIRIES OF CRAIG TULLOCH.

A Loch Awe man was one day travelling over the hill of Balliemore, a farm situated at a short distance from the place where he lived. The day was sunny and beautiful, and when he reached Craigtulloch, he sat down on the summit to take a view of the surrounding district. He had not been long there until two fairies came to him in great wrath, because he was sitting where they found him. One of them wanted to throw him over the rock without delay, but the other wished to let him off that time. They wrangled over this matter for a while, but the end of the play was that they let him off, on condition that he would never again sit where he had been found.

Some time after, the man happened to be in the neighbourhood of the rock again, and to prove whether he had been awake or asleep when he thought he saw the two fairies, he sat down in the self-same place where he had been the first time. In the twinkling of an eye three fairies came to him in a terrible passion. They laid hold of him and gave him a bad shaking and bruising, and then they allowed him to go, threatening him with worse punishment should they ever find him in the same place again.

NA SITHICHEAN AG CONNSACHADH.

Bha cuid a dhaoine o shean ag creidsinn gu'm bitheadh na sìthichean air uairibh ag cruinneachadh as gach ceàrn de 'n dùthaich mu'n cuairt gu coinneamh a ghlèidhadh an àite àraidh, mar bha an Cnoc anns a' Mhorbhairne; agus gu'n gabhadh aon bhuidheann diubh taobh muinntir a' bhaile air an robh an Sìthean aca suidhichte an aghaidh buidhne o bhaile no àite air bith eile.

Thàinig uair buidheann á Muile a ghlèidheadh coinneimh ri buidheann eile as a' Mhoirbhairne; ach, air an uair sin, thachair iad air a chéile làimh ri abhainn Achachàirn, an àite an ionaid ghnàthaichte 's a' Chnoc. Cha robh iad fada còmhla gus am faca iad duine, ris an abradh Iain Og, a' tighinn an rathad. Cho luath is a thug a' bhuidheann Mhuileach an aire dha, ghlaodh iad: "Bheir sinn leinn Iain Og." Ach a chionn gu'm b'ann o'n aon bhaile a bha e féin agus a' bhuidheann Mhorbhairneach, fhreagair na Morbhairneich: "Cha tabhair sibh leibh Iain Og." Ghlaodh na Muilich a rithist an guth àrd: "Bheir sinn leinn Iain Og," ach ma ghlaodh, fhreagair na Morbhairneich an guth cho àrd r' an guth féin: "Cha toir sibh leibh Iain Og." Chum an dà bhuidheann mar so ag connsachadh r' a chéile ùine mhath, agus mar b' fhaide a lean iad, b' ann bu dlùithe iad air a chéile, agus a b' àirde is a bu chroisde a bha an guth a' dol.

Cha robh na Morbhairneich cho lìonmhor r' an

THE FAIRIES WRANGLING.

SOME people of old believed that the fairies gathered now and again from every corner of the surrounding district to hold a meeting in an appointed place, such as Knock in Morven, and that one troop of them would side with the people of the farm, where their Fairy Knoll was situated, against a troop from any other farm or district.

Once a troop came from Mull to keep tryst with another troop from Morven, but on that occasion they met near the river of Acharn, instead of the usual place in Knock. They were not long together until they beheld a man, whom the neighbours called Young John, coming their way. As soon as the Mull troop noticed him, they cried: "We will take Young John with us." But as he and the Morven troop were from the same farm, the latter replied: "You shall not take Young John with you." The Mull troop cried again, in a loud voice: "We will take Young John with us;" but, if they did, the Morven troop replied in as loud a voice as their own: "You shall not take Young John with you." Both troops kept wrangling thus together for a good while, and the longer they continued the nearer they approached each other and the higher and the angrier their voices became.

The Morven troop were not so numerous as their neighbours from over the sound, but, if not so numer-

coimhearsnaich o thaobh eile a' chaoil; ach, mur robh, bha iad pailte cho seòlta. An uair a chunnaic iad gu 'm b' e na buillean a bhitheadh ann mu dheireadh, na'n cumadh iad suas an conas na b' fhaide, ghlaodh iad: "Is fhearr a bhi sunndach na a bhi sanntach; théid sinn gu taobh Achachàirn is dannsaidh sinn." Ach cha robh na Muilich toileach an cothrom a fhuair iad a leigeadh seachad; agus le sin fhreagair iad: "Is fhearr a bhi cinnteach na a bhi caillteach; cha téid sinn gu taobh Achachàirn a dhannsadh." Chonnsaich iad mu'n chùis so greis eile, aon taobh ag ràdh gu'n rachadh, agus an taobh eile ag ràdh nach rachadh iad gu Achachàirn a dhannsadh. Ach mu dheireadh thall, b' i comhairle na sìthe a bhuadhaich; chaidh iad le chéile gu taobh Achachàirn, agus, mu'n do sguir an dannsadh, fhuair Iain Og seachad.

ous, they were fully as knowing. When they saw that the dispute would end in blows if they kept up the wrangle any longer, they cried: "Better is being merry than being greedy; we shall go to Acharn side and dance." But the Mull troop were not willing to let pass the opportunity they had got, and hence they answered: "Better is to make sure than to lose; we shall not go to Acharn side to dance." They disputed over this point another while, one side maintaining that they would and the other that they would not go to Acharn to dance. At long last, however, the counsel of peace prevailed; they went to Acharn, and before the dance ceased Young John got past.

[A' BHEAN SHUAINEARTACH AIR A DIONADH O NA SITHICHEAN LEIS A' CHLAIDHEAMH MAC GILL'ONFHAIDH.]

Bha iasgair làimh ri Loch Suaineart an Airdnamurchan a dh' fhàg a bhean leatha féin anns an tigh am feadh a bha e ag cur nan lìon anns an Loch, agus 'gam fàgail an sin fad na h-oidhche. Am fad is a bha e air falbh, thàinig dà choigreach — aon diùbh ro mhór, agus an t-aon eile ro bheag—dh' ionnsaidh dorus an àite far an robh a bhean 'na laighe 'san leabadh. Bha fosgladh eadar mullach an doruis agus an t-àrd-dorus, troimh an do chuir am fear mór a stigh a cheann, agus am faca e a' bhean anns an leabadh. Sheas e tacain ag amharc oirre gun ionnsaidh a thoirt air dol a stigh, gus an do phùc am fear beag e cho cruaidh is gu'n do ghéill an dorus, agus an do spàrradh a stigh e do 'n àite-laighe gu ruig meadhon an ùrlair; ach na b' fhaide na sin cha b' urrainn an duine beag a chur. Sheas e far an robh e, gus an cuala e farum chas fhir-an-tighe a' dlùthachadh. An sin dh' fhalbh e féin agus a chompanach; agus mar bha iad a' fàgail an tighe, chualadh aon diubh ag ràdh: "C'ar-son nach d' thug thu leat am boirionnach?" Agus am fear eile a' freagairt: "Bha Mac Gill'onfhaidh 'na laighe eadar mi agus i." B'e so seann chlaidheamh a bha falaichte fo 'n aodach làimh ris a' bheinge, agus a fhuair an t-ainm so, aon chuid o 'n cheud duine aig an robh e, no o'n ghobhainn a rinn e.

THE SUNART WOMAN PROTECTED FROM THE FAIRIES BY THE SWORD MACGILLONY.

THERE lived a fisherman near Loch Sunart, in Ardnamurchan, who left his wife alone in the house, while he was setting the nets in the Loch and leaving them there for the night. In his absence two strangers, one of them very tall and the other very short, approached the door of the apartment where his wife lay in bed. There was an opening between the top of the door and the lintel, through which the tall stranger thrust his head, and saw the woman in bed. He stood a while gazing at her without making any attempt to enter, until the little man pushed him forward so hard that the door gave way and he was forced into the sleeping place as far as the middle of the floor, but further than that the little man could not put him. He stood where he was until he heard the approaching sound of the husband's footsteps. Then he and his companion went away, and as they were leaving the house, one of them was heard saying: "Why did you not take the woman with you?" and the other answering: "MacGillony lay between me and her."

This was an old sword which was hidden under the bedding near the front of the bed, which had got this name either from its first owner or after the smith who made it.

[CEUD MHAC AN T-SAOIR GHLINNE NODHA AGUS A LEANNAN SITHE.]

Bha aig ceud Mhac an t-Saoir Ghlinne Nodha leannan sìthe a bha a' tathaich ghleann agus choireachan uaigneach Chruachan Beann. Bu ghnàth leis a chomhairle a chur ris a' bhean shìthe so an uair a thuiteadh dha a bhi an càs air bith, agus nach robh fios aige cia mar a gheibheadh e as.

Thachair so uair a bha a bhràthair bu shine a' dol a chumail uaith a chòrach féin de stochd Inbhir Abha. Bha an dà bhràthair a chòmhnuidh le chéile, agus ag còrdadh math gu leòir, gus an do phòs am fear a bu shine dhiubh. Ach aon uair is gu'n do thachair sin, cha robh sìth na b' fhaide aig an fhear a b' òige air a' bhaile. Mu dheireadh dh' òrdaich a bhràthair air an t-àite fhàgail, agus falbh leis na bhuineadh dha do Ghleann Nodha, agus fuireachd an sin. "Agus gu dé a bhuineas dhomh?" dh' fheòraich am bràthair òg. "Am mart bàn agus na leanas i," fhreagair am fear eile. Shaoil am bràthair òg gu'n robh e ag ciallachadh a' mhairt bhàin agus a falbhairean a mhàin, agus uime sin, gu'n robh e a' dol a chumail uaith a chòrach féin de 'n stochd. Cha robh fhios aige féin ciod a dheanadh e 'san t-suidheachadh 'san robh e, ach smuaintich e gu'n gabhadh e comhairle na mnatha sìthe.

Dhìrich e Cruachan, agus fhuair e i an aon de na h-àitibh 'sam b' àbhaist dhi tachairt air. Dh' innis e dhi ciod a thubhairt a bhràthair, agus an sin dh' iarr

THE FIRST MACINTYRE OF GLENOE'S FAIRY SWEETHEART.

THE first MacIntyre of Glenoe had a fairy sweetheart who haunted the glens and solitary corries of Ben Cruachan. He used to consult the fairy woman when he happened to be in any strait and knew not how to get out of it.

This happened once when his elder brother was going to withhold from him his just share of the stock of Inverawe. The two brothers lived together, and agreed well enough, until the elder of them married. But once that took place the younger had no longer any peace on the farm. At length his brother ordered him to leave the place, and go to Glenoe with all that belonged to him, and stay there. "And what belongs to me?" asked the young brother. "The white cow and as many as will follow her," answered the other. The younger brother thought that he meant the white cow and her followers only, and that he was, therefore, going to withhold from him his just share of the stock. He knew not of himself what he should do in the circumstances in which he was, but he thought he would take the fairy's advice.

He ascended Cruachan, and found her in one of the places where he used to meet her. He told her what his brother had said, and then asked her to help him

e oirre a chuideachadh le a comhairle. "Rach air t'ais gu tigh do bhràthar agus fuirich an sin an nochd. Mu'n tig an latha, bithidh cur sneachda ann, agus còmhdaichear an talamh leis. Anns a' mhaduinn gabh sguab arbhair agus gairm am mart bàn as do dhéidh. Thoir ort an sin do Ghleann Nodha leatha féin agus leis na leanas i, agus fuirich ann."

Thill Mac an t-Saoir do dh' Inbhir Abha, agus rinn e gach ni mar dh' iarr a' bhean shìthe air. Dh' éirich e moch an ath latha, thug e sguab choirce as an t-sabhul, agus dh' fhalbh e do Ghleann Nodha leis a' mhart bhàn agus an leth a bu mhotha de bhuaile Inbhir Abha 'na dhéidh. Ràinig e an Gleann, far an do thog e tigh, agus goirid 'na dhéidh sin phòs e.

Uine mhath an déidh dha pòsadh, bha a bhean 'na laighe-shiùbhladh, agus a beatha an cunnart mór. Cha robh fios aige ciod a dheanadh feum dhi, no cò dh' ionnsaidh an rachadh e air-son cuideachaidh. Mu dheireadh smuaintich e air a' bhean shìthe, agus air dol far an robh ise. Ach cha bu luaithe a thàinig an smuaint so 'na cheann na chuimhnich e gu 'n robh i ro eudmhor, agus gu'm faodadh i comhairle a thoirt seachad dha a dheanadh coire an àite maith d'a mhnaoi. Chuir an smuain so dragh air ré tamuill. Ach mu dheireadh thubhairt e ris féin gu'n glèidheadh e tinneas a mhnatha uaigneach, agus gu'n abradh e gu'm b' i an làir ghlas a bha an cunnart.

Ràinig e a' bhean shìthe, agus dh' fheòraich e dhith ciod a bheireadh freasdaladh do'n làir. Fhreagair i: "Gabh cóig cathraichean de 'n bhruth-chorc, agus cuir iad fo ghlùn clì na làrach, agus an ùine ghoirid bithidh i cho math is a bha i riamh.

Phill Mac an t-Saoir dhachaidh, agus chuir e bruth-chorc fo ghlùn clì a mhnatha, agus ann an tiota fhuair i fuasgladh.

with her advice. "Go back to thy brother's house and stay there to-night. Before day comes there will be a fall of snow, and the ground will be covered by it. In the morning take a sheaf of corn and call the white cow after thee. Betake thyself then to Glenoe, with herself and all that will follow her, and stay there."

MacIntyre returned to Inverawe and did everything as the fairy had told him. He rose early next day, took a sheaf of oats from the barn, and departed for Glenoe with the white cow and the bigger half of the Inverawe herd after her. He reached the Glen, where he built a house, and shortly after that he married.

A good while after he married, his wife was confined and her life in great danger. He knew not what would do her good, or to whom he should go for help. At last he thought of the fairy, and of going to her. But no sooner did this thought come into his head than he remembered that she was very jealous and that she might give him advice which would do harm instead of good to his wife. This thought troubled him for a time. But at last he said to himself that he would keep his wife's illness secret, and that he would say it was the grey mare which was in danger.

He reached the fairy and enquired of her if she knew what would relieve the mare. She replied: "Take five tufts of stool-bent and put them under the left knee of the mare, and in a short time she will be as well as she ever was."

MacIntyre returned home and placed the stool-bent under the left knee of his wife, and presently she found relief.

MURCHADH BUIDHE NAM FIADH.

B' E Diùrach a bh' ann am Murchadh Buidhe nam Fiadh. Bha e, mar tha a ainm a' leigeil ris, 'na shealgair fhiadh ro iomraideach 'na àm féin. De gach beinn anns an Eilean b' i Beinn an Oir a roghainn àite seilge, agus lean e air a tathaich, gus an robh e 'na fhìor sheann duine liath.

B' ann do na sìthichean a bhuineadh na féidh, agus bha iad diombach de Mhurchadh Buidhe a chionn gu 'n robh e cho trom air na daimh.

Latha bha e a' siubhal na beinne, chunnaic e damh brèagh, air an d' èalaidh e, gus an robh e an dlùthas saighead a thilgeadh air. Ach an uair a chaog e a shùil a ghabhail cuimse, thionndaidh an damh 'na dhuine, agus thubhairt e: "Tha thusa an sin, a Mhurchaidh Bhuidhe nam Fiadh, is tu air fàs liath ad shuidhe air sliabh Beinn an Oir." Fhreagair Murchadh: "Ma tha mise air fàs liath air sliabh Beinn an Oir, is fhurasda do Dhia mo dheanamh òg."

Air dha so a ràdh, phill neart na h-òige ris a rithist, agus bha e beò iomadh bliadhna an déidh sin.

YELLOW-HAIRED MURDOCH OF THE DEER.

YELLOW MURDOCH of the Deer was a Jura man. As his name implies, he was a famous hunter in his time. Of all the mountains in the Island, Ben-an-Or was his favourite hunting ground, and he continued to frequent it, until he was a very old grey-headed man.

The deer belonged to the fairies, and they were displeased with Yellow Murdoch because he was so destructive to the stags.

One day as he was ranging the mountain he saw a fine stag, which he stalked, until he was near enough to shoot him with an arrow. But when he had shut his eye to take aim, the stag changed into a man, and said: "There you are, Yellow Murdoch of the Deer, grown grey sitting on the side of Ben-an-Or." Murdoch replied: "If I have grown grey, sitting on the side of Ben-an-Or, it is an easy thing for God to make me young again." Having said this, the strength of youth returned to him once more, and he lived for many years after.

CROITEAN AN DOIRE SHEILICH.

CHA robh an Croitean ach deòirean bochd a bha 'na chùis thruais do dhaoine iochdmhor, agus 'na bhall gàire aig luchd na gòraiche agus na h-amaideachd. Bha e air dhroch cumadh o'n là anns an d' rugadh e, le a ghlùinean lag a' lùbadh foidhe, agus le pait mhóir eadar a dhà ghualainn. An uair a ràinig e inbhe balachain, bha e na bu duaichnidh agus neo-chumachdala na bha e eadhon 'na leanabh. Cha robh uair a rachadh e mach air dorus nach bitheadh gràisg chloinne 'ga leantainn ag gàireachdainn agus a' magadh air. Rinn an droch dhìol e cho fiata choimheach is gu'n do sheachainn e an cuideachd, agus gu'n do chaith e a ùine là an déidh là leis féin anns an Doire Sheilich a bha goirid as o thigh a mhàthar. Thug na coimhearsnaich fa-near far am bu gnàth leis dol, agus thug iad mar fhrith-ainm air, Croitean an Doire Sheilich.

Air feasgar àraidh an déidh dha móran fanaide fhulang o chloinn a' bhaile air an robh e a' fuireachd, theich e le cridhe goirt agus a' sileadh nan deur do 'n Doire Sheilich air son dìona. Mu 'n deachaidh e ro fhada air aghaidh 'san Doire, choinnicheadh e leis an aon leanaban a bu bhòidhche a chunnaic e riamh. Cha b' urrainn e rithist làn-chunntas a thoirt air coltas na bansìthiche, oir b' e sin a bha innte, ni mó bha cuimhne aige air a sgeadachadh na b' fhaide na gu 'n robh tonnag uaine m' a guailnibh agus crioslaichte m'a meadhon le crios òir agus gu 'n robh air a ceann boineid uaine le dos iteag airgid a' dannsadh 'na mullach.

THE HUNCHBACK OF THE WILLOW BRAKE.

LITTLE HUNCHBACK was but a poor, melancholy creature, an object of pity to the compassionate, and a laughing-stock to the thoughtless and foolish. He was deformed from the day of his birth, with his weak knees that bent under him, and a large lump between his shoulders. When he reached boyhood, he was uglier and more deformed than he had been even in his childhood. He never went out of doors but a crowd of naughty children followed, laughing at him and mocking him. Their cruel conduct made him so shy and unsociable that he avoided their company, and he passed his time day after day alone in the Willow Brake, which stood at a short distance from his mother's house. His neighbours noticed where he was accustomed to go, and nicknamed him the Hunchback of the Willow Brake.

On a certain evening, after suffering much ridicule from the children of the town where he lived, he fled with a sore heart and weeping eyes to the Willow Brake for shelter. He had not gone far into the wood, when he was met by the very prettiest little babe he had ever seen. The babe was a fairy woman, but he could not afterwards give a full description of her appearance, nor had he any recollection of her attire, beyond this, that about her shoulders was a green mantle, which was bound with a golden girdle about her waist, and that on her head was a green cap, with a tuft of silver feathers waving from its crown.

"C'àite am bheil thu a' dol?" ars a' bhean shìthe.

"Tha mi a' dol a chur seachad an fheasgair anns an Doire Sheilich," fhreagair Croitean.

"Nach 'eil companach idir agad leis an téid thu a chleasachd?" thubhairt i an sin. "Cha'n 'eil: cha dean aon air bith cuideachd rium, o'n nach 'eil mi coltach ri cloinn eile," thubhairt Croitean.

Mu dheireadh dh' fheòraich i dheth c' ainm a bha air, agus dh' innis e dhi gu 'n robh Croitean. "Croitean!" ghlaodh i. "Is fhada o'n bha fiughair againn ri tachairt ort. Is mise Mire-gath-gréine, agus is e m' aoibhneas a bhi a' deanamh an t-saoghail aighearach. Tiugainn leamsa, tha fiughair aig mo chuideachd riut, cuir seachad an oidhche cuide ruinne, agus anns a' mhaduinn cha bhi éis no earras ort."

Dh' fhalbh e leatha gu togarrach gus an d'ràinig iad cùl an t-Sìthein Mhóir. "Dùin do shùilean, agus thoir dhomhsa do làmh," ars a' bhean shìthe ris. Rinn e mar dh' iarr i air, agus ann an tiota bha iad anns an aon fhàrdaich a b' àille a chunnaic e riamh. Shlaod i suas troimh an chuideachd e, a' seinn gu h-eutrom:

Gu réidh gu léir!
Gath-gréine air tilleadh,
Croitean 's i féin,
Le chéile air tighinn.

"Sonas is àgh air Mire-gath-gréine," labhair maighdean cheutach a b' àille air a sgeadachadh na càch, agus air an robh air a ceann crùn òir làn usgraichean.

"Ciod is àill leatha sinn a dheanamh ri Croitean bochd?"

"Sonas 'thoirt da an àite cràidh,
Ealdain làn ratha, toil duine mhaith,
Is bidh Mire-gath-gréine gu h-aobhinn aighearach."

Agus air falbh dhanns i gun sùil tuilleadh a thoirt air Croitean.

"Where are you going?" said the fairy.

"I am going to pass the evening in the Willow Brake," replied Hunchback.

"Have you no companion at all with whom you can play?" said she then.

"No; none will keep company with me, since I am not like other children," said Hunchback.

At last she asked his name, and he told her it was Hunchback.

"Hunchback!" she exclaimed. "It is long since we expected to meet you. I am Play of Sunbeam, and my joy is making the world merry. Come with me, my people are expecting you, and pass the night with us, and in the morning you will have neither disability nor defect."

He went cheerfully with her, until they arrived at the back of the Big Fairy Knoll. "Shut your eyes, and give me your hand," said the fairy. He did as she told him, and presently they were in the very grandest mansion he had ever seen. She dragged him up through the midst of the company, singing merrily:

"Silence, all ye!
Sunbeam's back hither.
Hunchback and she
Have come together."

"Success and happiness attend Play of Sunbeam!" said a handsome maiden, who was more finely dressed than the rest, and who wore on her head a gold crown full of jewels.

"What does she wish us to do for poor Hunchback?"

"For pain to give him lustihead,
And, good man's wish, a thriving trade,
And Play of Sunbeam will be merry and glad."

And then away she went dancing, and without casting another look on Hunchback.

"Cuin a tha Mire-gath-gréine air atharrachadh?" ars a' Bhan-rìgh, "agus a réir a h-iarrtuis bitheadh e."

Ghlac na sìthichean eile e, agus an uair a shaoil leis gu'n robh e air a shlaodadh as a chéile eatorra, leig iad as da, agus bha e cho deas, dìreach is bu chòir dha bhi. An sin chuala e an ceòl a bu mhilse ris an d' éisd e riamh, lìon sòlas a chridhe, agus thòisich e air dannsadh còmhla ris na daoine beaga a bha air an ùrlar, agus stad cha d' rinn e gus an do thuit e as a sheasamh leis an sgìos. Cha robh e ach goirid 'na laighe air an ùrlar gus an d' thàinig clò-chadal air, agus an d' fhairich e na sìthichean 'ga ghiùlan air falbh troimh an athar, agus an ceòl ciùin tiamhaidh a' dol na b' fhaide bhuaith.

Mu dheireadh dhùisg e, agus air dha sealltainn m'a thimchioll, b' ann 'san Doire Sheilich fhuair se e féin 'na laighe. Dh' éirich e, agus phill e dhachaidh. Bha e air falbh latha is bliadhna, agus anns an ùine sin, thàinig atharrachadh cho mór air is gu'm b' ann air éiginn a dh' aithnich a mhàthair féin e. Rinn i gàirdeachas ris, agus an déidh sin fhuair i e 'na chuideachadh mór dhi, oir bha làmh aige nis air gach ealdhain.

Am measg na h-òigridh a bhitheadh a' fanaid air, bha giullan air an robh am frith-ainm Saigean. Bha Saigean 'na chreutair crìon, gràndа, le làmhan agus casan coltach ri spàgan cràigein-ghàraidh, agus pait mhór ag éirigh suas eadar a dhà ghualainn. An uair a chunnaic e mar thill Croitean, cho dìreach ri luaichirean, agus cho uallach ri buachaille nan laogh, rinn e suas càirdeachas ris, agus cha do stad e gus an d' innis e dha gach ni a thachair o'n fheasgar a chaidh e do 'n Doire Sheilich, gus an do phill e air ais a rìs. Ach leag e bóid air Saigean gun e a dh' innseadh sin do dhuine beò, a chionn gu 'n robh e féin fo ghealladh

"When is Play of Sunbeam otherwise?" said the Queen, "and according to her request let it be."

The other fairies seized him, and when he thought that they had pulled him to pieces among them they let him go, and he was as straight and active as he behoved to be. Then he heard the sweetest music he had ever listened to, and joy filled his heart, and he began to dance with the little people that were on the floor, and stopped not until he fell, unable to stand with fatigue. He had not lain but a short time on the floor, till sleep crept over him, and he felt the fairies carrying him away through the air, and the soft, sad music receding further and further from him.

At length he awoke, and on looking round, he found himself lying in the Willow Brake. He rose, and returned home. He had been away a year and a day; and in that time so great a change had come over him that it was with difficulty that his own mother knew him. She rejoiced at his coming, and after that found him a great help, for now he had a hand for every trade.

Among the youngsters who used to mock at him was a boy that bore the nickname of Punchy. Punchy was a little ugly creature, with hands and feet like the paws of a frog, and a big hump between his shoulders. When he saw how Hunchback had returned, as straight as a rush and as gay as a calf-herd, he made friends with him, and rested not until Hunchback had told him everything that had happened, from the evening he went to the Willow Brake, till he came back again. He laid a vow, however, on Punchy, not to tell it to a living being, because he himself was under a promise

aig na sìthichean a ghlèidheadh uaigneach. Gheall Saigean gu 'n deanadh e mar dh' iarradh air.

Air an fheasgar sin féin chaidh Saigean do 'n Doire Sheilich an dùil gu 'n coinnicheadh e aon de na sìthichean a leighiseadh e mar leighiseadh Croitean, ach cha'n fhaca e gin. Feasgar an déidh feasgair lean e air dol do 'n àite cheudna, gus, mu dheireadh, am faca e aig bun pris cuilinn duineachan beag 'na shuidhe agus ag amharc le fiamh ghàire fanaidich 'na ghnùis.

"An tusa Mire-gath-gréine?" arsa Saigean.

"Cha mhi," fhreagair an duineachan, "ach is mi Coma-co-dhiùbh. Ciod do ghnothach-sa ri Mire-gath-gréine?"

"O gu 'n toir i dhiom a' phait so mar thug i a' chroit bhàrr Chroitein," thubhairt Saigean. "An toir thu mi do 'n àite far am bheil i?"

"Nì mi sin," arsa Coma-co-dhiùbh, "ach gheibh thu cead tighinn as mar as àill leat féin."

"Tha mi coma cia mar gheibh mi as, ma gheibh mi ann, agus ma bheirear dhiom a' phait mhosach so."

Rinn an duineachan beag glag mór gàire, agus an sin dh' fhalbh e le Saigean do 'n t-Sithean Mhór, agus thug e stigh e, mar thugadh Croitean.

"Cò e so air teachd d' ar n-ionnsaidh gun chuireadh gun iarraidh?" ars a' Bhan-rìgh, agus i ag amharc gu cruaidh air Saigean.

"Tha cràigean d' an ainm Saigean, a chuir Croitean air sgrìob an fhortain, an dùil gu 'n toirtear dheth a phait," fhreagair Coma-co-dhiùbh.

"An do bhrist Croitean a bhóid is a ghealladh nach innseadh e do dhuine air bith d'a dheòin mar dh' éirich dha an so?" arsa a' Bhan-rìgh, agus i a' tionndadh le corruich 'na gnùis ri Saigean.

to the fairies to keep it secret. Punchy promised to do as was requested of him.

On that very evening Punchy went to the Willow Brake, expecting to meet one of the fairies who would heal him as Hunchback was healed: but he saw none. Evening after evening he continued going to the same place, until at last he saw a small manikin, sitting at the root of a holly bush, and gazing with a mocking smile on his countenance.

"Are you Play of Sunbeam?" said Punchy.

"I am not, but I am Never-mind-who," replied the manikin: "What is your business with Play of Sunbeam?"

"O, that she will take this hump off me, as she took the hunch off Hunchback," said Punchy. "Will you take me to the place where she dwells?"

"I will do that," said Never-mind-who, "but you will get leave to come out of it as you like."

"I do not care how I get out, if I get in, and if this ugly hump is taken off me."

The little manikin gave a loud laugh, and then went away with Punchy to the Big Fairy Knoll, and took him in, as Hunchback was taken.

"Who is this come to us without invitation or tryst?" cried the Queen, looking sternly at Punchy.

"It is a toad named Punchy whom Hunchback has sent on a chance journey, in the hope that his hump will be taken off him," replied Never-mind-who.

"Did Hunchback break his vow and his promise, that never of his own accord would he tell any one how it fared with him here?" said the Queen, turning towards Punchy with wrath in her countenance.

"Cha do bhrist; oir cha d' innis e dhomh aon ni gus an do ghuidh is gu 'n do ghrìos mise air an toiseach," fhreagair Saigean.

"A bheadagain mhi-mhodhail! gheibh thusa do thoillteanas," ars ise, agus air ball ghlaodh i ris na sìthichean eile: "Spàrraibh a' phait air a' chroit, agus bheir an aon sac dhachaidh iad."

"A' phait air a' chroit! a' phait air a' chroit!" sgreuch na sìthichean uile, agus ghramaich iad an Saigean air a làmhan agus air a chasan, agus thilg iad a sìos is a suas, a null is a nall e, gus an do chaill e a aithne gu h-iomlan.

An uair a thàinig e g'a dh'ionnsaidh féin, b' ann 'san Doire Sheilich a bha e, a' phait a dhà mheud is a bha i roimhe, agus a chnàmhan cho sgìth, brùite is gu 'm b' ann air éiginn a b' urrainn e carachadh. Fhuair e air a chasan le móran strì, agus an sin shnàig e dhachaidh; ach gu latha a bhàis cha d' innis e do dhuine ach do Chroitean, mar thachair dha 'san t-Sìthean Mhóir.

"No," replied Punchy, "for he told me nothing until I first prayed and entreated him."

"You impudent fellow," said she, "you will get your deserts," and immediately she cried to the other fairies:

"Throw the hunch on the hump, and the one load will take them home."

"The hunch on the hump, the hunch on the hump," screamed all the fairies; and then they laid hold of Punchy by his hands and his feet, and tossed him up and down, to this side and that, till he lost all consciousness.

When he came to himself, he lay in the Willow Brake, the hump twice its former size, and his bones so tired and bruised that he could scarcely move. With a great effort he got to his feet, and then crept home; but to the day of his death he told no one except Hunchback what happened to him in the Big Fairy Knoll.

A' CHAOINTEACH.

Sgeul mu bhean-shithe.

Is e Bean-Shìthe a bha anns a' Chaointich. Bha i a' leantainn Chlann Mhic Aoidh agus fhineachan eile 'san Roinn Ilich. An uair a bhitheadh bàs a' dol a thachairt an aon de na fineachan sin, thigeadh i dh' ionnsaidh tigh an duine thinn le tomaig uaine m'a guailnibh, agus bheireadh i seachad rabhadh d'a theaghlach le caoidhearan brònach a thogail taobh a mach an doruis. Cho luath is a chluinneadh càirdean an duine thinn a guth, chailleadh iad dòchas r'a dhol am feobhas. Chuala iad a' Chaointeach a' tuireadh, agus bu leòir an dearbhadh sin leò gu'n robh a chrìoch aig làimh.

Ach sguir a' Chaointeach a thabhairt sanais seachad do mhuinntir na Ranna. Chualadh i mu dheireadh aig tigh 'san àite sin o cheann iomadh bliadhna.

Bha 'san àm duine tinn air a leabadh bàis agus a chàirdean a' feitheamh air. B'e an geamhradh a bha ann, agus bha an oidhche fliuch, fuar, le uisge agus le gaoith. Sheas i muigh aig dorus an fhuaraidh de'n tigh; agus thog i an sin caoidhearan muladach. Chuala an teaghlach a caoidh; agus ghabh aon aca a leithid de thruas di, is gu'n deachaidh e mach air dorus an fhasgaidh, agus gu'n d'fhàg e aice seann bhreacan air àite suidhe, a bha aig taobh an doruis. Phill e stigh an sin, agus ghlaodh e rithe: "Thig, a bhean bhochd, air taobh an fhasgaidh; agus cuir umad cirb de mo bhreacan." Air ball sguir an tuireadh; agus o sin gu so cha chualadh agus cha'n fhacadh a' Chaointeach 'san Roinn.

THE CAOINTEACH.

A Banshee Story.

The Caointeach was a Banshee. She followed the Clan MacKay and other clans in the Rhinns of Islay. When a death was going to happen in one of these clans, she would come to the sick man's house with a green shawl about her shoulders, and give his family warning by raising a sad wail outside the door. As soon as the sick man's friends heard her voice, they lost all hope of his getting better. They had heard the Caointeach lamenting, and that was proof enough to them that his end was at hand.

The Caointeach has ceased to give warning to the people of the Rhinns. She was last heard at a house in that district many years ago.

A sick man was then on his death-bed, and his friends attending him. It was winter, and the night was wet and cold, with rain and wind. She stood at the windward door of the house; and there she raised a low, melancholy wail. The family heard her mourning; and one of them so pitied her that he went out at the leeward door, and left her an old plaid on a seat at the side of the door. He then returned within, and cried to her: "Come to the sheltered side, poor woman; and cover yourself with a piece of my plaid." In an instant the lamenting ceased; and from that time to this the Caointeach has not been seen or heard in the Rhinns.

GLAISRIG BHAILE BHEOLAIN AGUS SEALBHACH MAC SHEALBHAICH.

Bha Maighdean, no Gruagach, a' leantainn teaghlach Bhaile Bheòlain an Liosmór. Bha a' mhaighdean so ag gabhail cùraim mhóir de'n teaglach, agus de gach ni a bhuineadh dhoibh. Ach b' i an fheudail a culaidh chùraim os ceann gach ni eile. Anns a' mhaduinn shaodaicheadh i iad a mach do'n mhachair, agus an uair a thigeadh am feasgar, dh'iomaineadh i dhachaidh iad a rìs. Bhitheadh i mar an ceudna 'gan leantainn 'nan siùbhal anns an àite-ionaltraidh fad an là; agus ged nach robh i féin r'a faicinn, bha a guth gu minic r'a chluinntinn 'gan tionndadh o bhruaich na creige, no 'gan ruagadh as na dailthean coirce. Agus b' i an aon duais a bha i ag iarraidh air-son a seirbhise làn meadair de mhèag fuar air a fhàgail dhi 'san oidhche an uinneig a' bhàthaich. Ach am feadh bha i ag gabhail cùraim shònraichte de theaghlach agus de spréidh Fhir-a'-bhaile, bha i mar an ceudna ag amharc an déidh gach teaghlaich agus duine a bha air an fhearann. Air uairean leanadh i iad gu tìr-mór, agus chuidicheadh i iad, an uair a chitheadh i iad am feum a cuideachaidh.

Ghabh Sealbhach Mac Shealbhaich, duine foghainnteach, neo-sgàthach, a bha a chòmhnuidh am Fracarsaig, a bhàta, agus chaidh e leatha thar na Linne Morbhairnich do Ghleann Sannda air-son connaidh. An déidh dha foghnadh de fhiodh a gheàrradh agus a

THE BALIEVEOLAN GLASRIG AND SELVACH MAC KELVIE.

A MAIDEN or Gruagach followed the family of Balieveolan in Lismore. This maiden took great interest in the family, and in everything belonging to them. But the cattle were the special objects of her care. In the morning she led them forth to the fields, and when evening came she drove them home again. She also followed them in their wanderings over the pasture ground during the day; and though she herself remained invisible, her voice was often to be heard as she turned them from the edge of the precipice, or chased them out of the corn fields, and the only reward she asked for her services was a pail-ful of cold whey, left for her at night in the byre window. But while she made the Laird's family and his cattle the special objects of her care, she also took an interest in all the families and individuals on the lands. Sometimes she followed the latter to the mainland, and helped them when she saw them in need of her help.

Selvach Mac Kelvie, a strong and fearless man, who lived at Frackersaig, took his boat, and crossed the Sound of Morven to Glensanda for fuel. After cutting down a sufficient quantity of wood and putting

chur anns a' bhàta, phut e i o'n chladach, agus bha e féin a' dol a leum innte, an uair a chuala e air a chùlaibh cailleach bhochd ag iarraidh air a tabhairt a null gu taobh eile na Linne. Ud! Ud! tha fhios gu'n deanadh e sin do bhean bhochd; agus air ball leum a' chailleach air bòrd cho iollagach ri nighinn òig. Shuidh i an sin air té de na totaibh, agus dh' iarr i air ràmh a shìneadh dhi. Cha deanadh e sin: dh' iomaireadh e am bàta leis féin. Ach lean i cho fada air an ràmh a dh' iarraidh is gu'n d'thug e dhi e mu dheireadh. Cho luath is a fhuair i e 'na làmhan, ghlaodh i: "Buille air, a Shealbhaich." Ach ma dhùlanaich ise esan, dhùlanaich esan ise, ag ràdh: "Buille eile oirre, a chailleach." Agus an sin dh' iomair iad le chéile gu cruaidh, agus chuir iad am bàta 'na still air a slighe. Mar a b' fhaide a bha a' chailleach ag iomram, b' ann a bu làidire a bha i a' fàs. Air an làimh eile bha Sealbhach a' dol na bu laige agus na bu laige leis gach buille a bheireadh e. An uair a chunnaic i so, ghlaodh i le guth na bu dàine na air tùs: "Buille air, a Shealbhaich." Sgìth is mar bha Sealbhach bochd, bhrosnaich an dara dùlan so e cho mór is gu'n do fhreagair e le guth cho àrd agus cho dàna r' a guth féin: "Buille eile air a rithist, a sheann chailleach," agus an sin chuir e cho fada thuige e féin is gu'n robh e an ùine ghoirid an impis tuiteam a sìos claoidhte air ùrlar a' bhàta. Ach chuidich nàire, gu 'm faigheadh cailleach an làimh-an-uachdair air, e a chumail air féin beagan na b' fhaide, agus an sin fhuair e fuasgladh; oir an déidh do'n bhàta an t-aiseag a dheanamh an ùine anabarrach goirid, ràinig i an tèaruinteachd Camus Fhracarsaig.

An uair a fhuair Sealbhach am fiodh a mach thubhairt e gu'n rachadh e do'n tigh a b' fhaigse air-son cuid-eigin a tharruingeadh leis am bàta suas air a' chladach. "Cha ruig thu leas," ars a' chailleach,

it in the boat, he shoved the boat off the shore, and was going to spring on board, when he heard behind him a poor old woman asking him to ferry her over to the other side of the Sound. Yes! yes! to be sure he would do that for a poor woman; and at once she sprang on board as lightly as a young girl. She seated herself on one of the thwarts, and asked him to hand her one of the oars. No, he would not do that: he would pull the boat himself. But she pressed him so much that he at last gave her the oar. As soon as she got it in her hands, she cried: "A stroke on it, Selvach." But if she challenged him, he challenged her, saying: "Another stroke on her, old woman." And then they both pulled hard, and sent the boat flying on her way. The longer the old woman rowed, the stronger she became. On the other hand, Selvach grew weaker and weaker with every stroke he made. When she noticed this, she cried, in a bolder voice than at first: "A stroke on it, Selvach." Wearied though poor Selvach was, this second challenge so roused him that he replied, in as loud and defiant a voice as her own: "Another stroke on it once again, you old crone," and then he exerted himself so much that he was soon almost ready to sink down exhausted on the floor of the boat. But the disgrace that an old wife should get the upper hand of him helped him to hold his own a little longer, and then relief came; for the boat, after an exceedingly short passage, arrived in safety at Frackersaig Bay.

When Selvach got the wood out, he said that he would go to the nearest house for somebody to help him to haul the boat up on the beach. "You need not," said the old woman, "if you pull your own side,

"ma tharruingeas tusa do thaobh féin, tarruingidh mise an taobh eile." Fhuair e cheana a leithid de dhearbhadh air a neart is nach do smuaintich e air teagamh a chur ann a nis. Le sin rug iad le chéile air a' bhàta, agus le aon sgrìob fhada tharruing iad i o oir an uisge suas air an fheur ghorm. An sin chaidh a' chailleach as an t-sealladh; agus dh'aithnich Sealbhach gu'm b' i Maighdean Bhaile Bheòlain a bha innte.

Greis an déidh sin air do bhanaraich ùr mèag goileach fhàgail 'san oidhche am meadar na Maighdinn, dh' fhàg i an t-àite le gràin, agus cha'n fhacas i o sin anns a' choimhearsnachd.

I will pull the other." He had already sufficient proof of her strength not to think of calling it in question now. So they both laid hold of the boat, and with one long pull drew her up from the water edge to the green grass. The old woman then vanished; and Selvach understood that she was the Balieveolan Maiden.

Sometime after that, because a new dairy-maid had left boiling-hot whey one evening in the Maiden's pail, she left the place in disgust, and since then has never been seen in the neighbourhood.

MAIGHDEAN GHLINN-FAOCHAIN.

Bu Mhaighdean Nic Gille Mhìcheil a bha a' leantainn Caimbeulaich Ghlinn-Faochain, làimh ris an Oban Latharnach. Bha i ag amharc as déidh seirbhisich an tighe, agus 'gan smachdachadh na'n dearmadadh iad an obair a dheanamh, no na'n deanadh iad i gu neo-sgoinneil.

Uair-eigin a fhuair searbhanta, is i air ùr-thighinn, earail o Fhear Ghlinn-Faochain an t-uisge thabhairt a stigh roimh an dorchadh, air eagal gu'm bitheadh Nic Gille Mhìcheil diombach dhith thubhairt i: "Ma thig i tarsuinn ormsa, cuiridh mi car 'na h-amhaich dhi." Ged nach robh a' Mhaighdean r'a faicinn, bha i an làthair 'san àm, agus chuala i ciod a bhagair an t-searbhanta a dheanamh oirre. Goirid an déidh sin, air do'n t-searbhanta dol do'n tobar, thill i stigh le a ceann air a thionndadh null r'a cùl, gus an robh a h-aghaidh ag amharc thar a gualainn deise. An uair a dh' fheòraicheadh dhith an t-aobhar, is e na b' urrainn i a ràdh, gu'n d'fhuair i o làimh 'san dorcha sgleog 'san lethcheann chlì a chuir a' gheoic ud oirre.

Cho luath is a chuala Gleann-Faochain ciod a rinneadh oirre, thug e mach i air làimh, agus choisich e leatha timchioll an tighe, a labhairt ris a' Mhaighdinn 'san dorcha, agus ag ràdh rithe: "a Nic Gille Mhìcheil, a thruaghain, nach cuir thu, air mo bhuidheachas féin, ceann na searbhanta mar bha e roimhe?" An ceann tacain fhuair an t-searbhanta sgleog eile, air an uair so

THE GLEN-FAOCHAN MAIDEN.

Nic Gilmichael was a Maiden who followed the Campbells of Glen-Faochan, near Oban. She looked after the household servants, and punished them if they neglected to do their work, or did it in a slovenly manner.

Once a newly-arrived servant, on being warned by the Laird to take in the water before dark, lest Nic Gilmichael should be displeased with her, said: "If she comes across me, I'll twist her neck for her." The Maiden, though unseen, was then present, and heard what the servant threatened to do to her. Shortly after that, the servant, having gone to the well, came back to the house with her head turned round, until her face overlooked her right shoulder. Being asked the cause, she could only say that she got on the left cheek a slap from a hand in the dark, which threw her head into its new position.

As soon as the Laird heard what had been done to her, he led her out by the hand and walked with her round the house, addressing the Maiden in the dark, and saying to her: "Nic Gilmichael, poor body, will you not, to oblige me, put the servant's head as it was before?" After a while the servant got another slap,

'san lethcheann dheas. Chuir am buille a ceann air ais teann air mar bha e an toiseach. Dh'fhuirich e an sin 'na shuidheachadh mu dheireadh, mar rabhadh do dhaoine eile an aghaidh dìoghaltas a bhagradh air Nic Gille Mhìcheil.

An uair a chaidh oighreachd Ghlinn-Faochain a reic, chualas i fad na h-oidhche ag osnaich is ag caoineadh am measg nan craobh a bha timchioll an tighe. Ach an déidh sin cha chualas is cha'n fhacas i, aon chuid mu'n tigh, no an àite air bith eile 's a' Ghleann.

this time on the right cheek. The blow put her head back nearly to its first position. There it remained in its final position as a warning to others not to threaten vengeance on Nic Gilmichael.

When the estate of Glen-Faochan was sold, she was heard all night sobbing and crying among the trees about the house. But after that she was neither seen nor heard at the house, or anywhere else in the Glen.

GILLECRIOSD TAILLEAR, AGUS A' CHAILLEACH.

B' Apunnach Gillecriosd tàillear. Bhitheadh e a' dol o thigh gu tigh a' deanamh aodaich; agus an uair a theirigeadh obair air 'san Apuinn rachadh e thar na Linne do Cheann-ghearrloch agus do'n Mhorbhairne air-son tuillidh.

Uair a bha e féin is a ghille a' dol thar a' mhonaidh eadar an dà àite sin, thuit an oidhche orra aig dol-a-stigh a' Ghlinne Ghil. Cha deachaidh iad air an aghaidh ach goirid anns a' Ghleann an uair a chunnaic iad solus rompa, agus rinn iad dìreach air. Ràinig iad am bothan-àiridhe, as an d'thàinig an solus, agus rinn a' bhanarach agus am buachaille, a bha an cois a' chruidh, am beatha. Bha iad le chéile sgìth agus fliuch, agus le sin ghabh iad gu toileach ris a' chuireadh a thugadh dhoibh. Chaidh iad a stigh, agus shuidh iad sìos ri taobh teine mór fhalaisge, a bha air meadhon an ùrlair.

Roimh àm dhol-a-laighe, thàinig Cailleach mhór, fhiadhaich a dh'ionnsaidh an doruis, agus dh'iarr i cead dol a stigh, agus i féin a thiormachadh. Mar bha am mi-fhortan 'san dàn, thubhairt Gillecriosd rithe tighinn air a h-aghaidh, agus suidhe còmhla riu mu'n teine. Cha d'fheith i an ath chuireadh, ach thàinig i, agus shuidh i aig an teine, agus thòisich i ri i féin a thiormachadh. An ceann tacain dh'fhàs i neo-shocrach, a' tionndadh taoibh an déidh taoibh ris an teine; agus mar bha i a' tiormachadh, bha i ag at agus ag at, agus a' fàs dàna agus ladarna 'na cainnt. Thuit do

GILCHRIST, THE TAILOR, AND THE HAG.

GILCHRIST, the tailor, was an Appin man. He used to go from house to house making clothes; and when employment failed him in Appin, he would cross Loch Linnhe to Kingairloch and Morven for more work.

Once he and his man were crossing the moor between these two places, when night overtook them at the entrance of the White Glen. They had only proceeded a short distance in the Glen, when they saw a light before them, and they made straight for it. They reached the Sheiling bothy whence the light came, and the milkmaid and the herd, who were attending the cattle, made them welcome. They were both wearied and wet, and, therefore, they readily accepted the invitation which was given them. They went in, and sat down before a large fire of burnt heather, which was on the middle of the floor.

Before bed time a tall, wild-looking hag came to the door, and asked leave to enter and dry herself. As ill luck would have it, Gilchrist told her to come forward and sit with them round the fire. She waited not for a second invitation, but came and sat at the fire, and began to dry herself. In a while she became restless, turning one side after another to the fire; and as she dried, she swelled and swelled, and grew bold and rude in her talk. Gilchrist happened to draw his snuff-horn

Ghillecriosd an adharc shnaoisein aige a tharruing as a phòca, agus snaoisean a ghabhail. Thug ise so fa-near, agus dh'iarr i air an adharc a shìneadh dhise. Fhreagair e nach robh e riamh 'na chleachdadh aige a tabhairt d'a leithidse; ach na'n toilicheadh i, gu'n tugadh e dhi deannag air bàrr na biodaig. Chuir e an sin beagan air ceann a mach na biodaig, agus shìn e null dhi e. Ach mar sin cha ghabhadh i e; agus a chionn nach faigheadh i e mar bha i ag iarraidh, chaidh i ann am feirg mhóir agus ann an droch cainnt.

Dh' éirich a' bhanarach agus am buachaille agus gille an tàilleir, agus chaidh iad taobh eile a' chailbhe, a bha a' roinn a' bhothain 'na dhà cheàrn.

Dh'éirich a' Chailleach an sin, agus am badaibh an tàilleir bhitheadh i. Ach thug e dhi sàthadh no dithis leis a' bhiodaig, a thug oirre tilleadh r'a h-àite suidhe aig taobh an teine.

An ceann tacain dh' éirich i an dara uair, agus chaidh i, mar shaoil esan, a mach. Ach cha robh i fada air falbh gus an cuala e, an ceann eile a' bhothain, ròcail grocaich mar aig duine 'ga thachdadh. Ghreas e sìos, agus co a bha roimhe ach a' Chailleach, agus i ag cur ri tachdadh na banaraich. Thug e stobadh eile de'n bhiodaig dhi, agus dh'iomain e roimhe i do'n cheann 'san robh an teine. Las a' Chailleach nis le corruich mhóir, agus b' ann air éiginn a b' urrainn e a cumail dheth. Sheas i m'a choinneamh a' feitheamh cothruim air a ghlacadh; agus cha do sguir i strì ris gus an robh bristeadh an latha am fagus. An sin chaidh i mach, agus ghlaodh i àirde a cinn air Gormla Mhóir o'n Mhaigh an Lochabar, agus air Nighean Fhir Leirg na h-Uinnsinn an Cnapadal. Ach gu fortanach do Ghillecriosd tàillear, ghoir an coileach dubh air bruach os a ceann, agus b' éiginn di an rathad a ghabhail.

from his pocket, and take a pinch of snuff. She noticed this, and asked him to hand her the horn. He replied that he was never in the habit of giving his horn to the like of her; but that, if she wished, he would give her a pinch on the point of his dirk. He then placed a little on the outward end of his dirk, and reached it across to her. But she would not take it in that way; and as she would not get it the way she was asking, she flew into a great passion and abusive language.

The milkmaid, the herd boy, and the tailor's man rose up, and went to the other side of the partition, which divided the bothy into two apartments.

The hag then rose, and at the tailor she would be. But he gave her a stab or two with his dirk, which made her return to her seat beside the fire.

After a while she got up the second time, and went, as the tailor thought, out of the bothy. She was not, however, long gone until he heard in the other end of the bothy a gurgling sound like that of a person being choked. He hastened down, and who was before him but the hag busy choking the milkmaid. He gave her another thrust with the dirk, and drove her before him to the end where the fire was. She now blazed into a great passion, and it was with difficulty he was able to keep her off. She stood opposite him waiting an opportunity of seizing him; and she ceased not to strive with him till daybreak was at hand. Then she went out, and cried as loud as she could to Gormla Mhor of Moy, in Lochaber, and to the daughter of the Laird of Ashfield, in Knapdale. But luckily for Gilchrist, the tailor, the black cock now crew on the brae above her, and she had to take the road.

[SEALGAIR SHRATH EIRINN IS A' CHAILLEACH.]

Bha sealgair ainmeil a chòmhnuidh an Srath Eirinn air taobh deas Loch Nis anns na làithibh a dh'fhalbh. An uair a thàinig àm na seilge, chaidh e le a dhà chù do'n Chrò-Chlach an ceann shuas a' Glinne; agus an déidh dha an là a chur seachad a' leantuinn an fhéidh, thog e air gu bothan-àiridhe a chaitheamh na h-oidhche. Ràinig e am bothan 'san fheasgar, las e teine, agus chuir e àird air an t-suipeir. An déidh dhà an t-suipeir a ghabhail agus tuilleadh connaidh a chur air an teine, thilg se e féin air dùn luachrach an oisinn a' bhothain. Lean a dhà chù e, agus laigh iad air a chùlaibh.

An ùine ghoirid thàinig cearc a stigh, agus leig i aon taobh foipe air lic an teinntein, agus chum i an taobh eile ris an teine. Cha robh i fada 'san t-suidheachadh sin an uair a thòisich i ri at agus ri at. An ceann tacain dh' éirich i, agus thionndaidh i an taobh a bha foipe ris an teine; agus ma dh' at i roimhe, dh'-at i nis a sheachd uibhir. Mu dheireadh dh'fhàs i 'na boirionnach, agus sheas i suas air an ùrlar mu choinneamh an t-sealgair. Cho luath is a thug na coin an aire dhi, dh' éirich gart orra, agus leum iad a null air an ùrlar gu bhi aice. "Caisg do choin," ars a' chailleach. "Cha'n urrainn mi," fhreagair an sealgair. Spìon i riobag as a falt, agus an uair a bha i a' sìneadh na riobaige dha, thubhairt i: "Ceangail le sin iad." Ghabh esan air na coin a cheangal leis an riobaig, ach an àite na riobaige chuir e orra aon d'a ghartain féin.

THE STRATH DEARN HUNTER AND THE WITCH.

In days gone by, a famous hunter dwelt in Strath Dearn, on the south side of Loch Ness. When the time of hunting arrived, he went with his two dogs to Crò-Clach, in the upper end of the Glen; and, after he had passed the day pursuing the deer, he betook himself to a shieling bothy to spend the night. He reached the bothy in the evening; and, after kindling a fire, prepared supper. When he had taken supper and placed more fuel on the fire, he threw himself on a heap of rushes in a corner of the bothy. His two dogs followed him, and laid themselves down at his back.

In a short time a hen entered and rested herself on one side on the hearth, while she kept the other side to the fire. She was not long in that position when she began to swell and to swell. In a while she rose, and turned the side under her to the fire; and if she swelled before, she now swelled seven times more. At last she became a woman, and stood up on the floor before the hunter.

As soon as the dogs noticed her they assumed an angry look, and sprang over on the floor to be at her. "Keep back thy dogs," said the carlin. "I cannot," answered the hunter. She pulled a hair from her head, and when she was reaching the hair to him, she said: "Tie them with that." He pretended that he was tying the dogs with the hair, but he put one of his own garters on them instead.

Cho luath is a shaoil a' chailleach gu'n robh na coin ceangailte, leum i null do'n oisinn, agus shàsnaich i anns an t-sealgair. Leum na coin an sin gu bhi an greim innte-se. "Teannaich, a riobag!" ars ise an so. "Lasaich, a ghartain!" fhreagair esan. Mu dheireadh fhuair na coin fa sgaoil, agus shàsnaich iad anns a' chailleach. An so leig i as an sealgair, agus chaidh i an comhair a cùil a mach an dorus.

Lean na coin i, gus an do chuir iad i ri leathad bruaich a bha mu choinneamh an doruis. An uair a ràinig iad a bhun, thòisich strì chruaidh eadar iad féin agus ise, a mhair ùine fhada. Ach thàinig crìoch air a' chath mu dheireadh. Thill na coin r'am maighstir air an loireadh agus air am beubanachadh gu mór. Agus dh' fhalbh a' chailleach ag ràdh: "Na 'n robh tosg a' choin òig anns an t-seann chù, no tùr an t-seann choin anns a' chù òg, cha d' fhuair mise as orra."

Air an ath latha chaidh an sealgair dhachaidh; agus an uair a ràinig e an tigh, choinnich a bhean e a' dol an cabhaig gu tigh ban-choimhearsnaich a bha an cràdh mór agus a réir coltais air beul bàis. Thug e oirre tilleadh dhachaidh; agus an déidh dha greim bìdh fhaotainn, chaidh e féin gu tigh na mnatha tinne. An uair a chuala i gu 'n robh e a' tighinn, ghlaodh i riusan a bha stigh leatha, an dorus a dhruideadh agus a chrannadh. Rinn iad mar dh' iarr i orra. Ach cho luath is a thàinig an sealgair dlùth gu leòir, chuir e an dorus roimhe, agus chaidh e stigh. Chaidh e dìreach dh' ionnsaidh na leapa, agus thilg e an t-aodach sìos bhàrr uchd na mnatha. Bha sealladh déistinneach air a leigeil ris da nis: bha dà chìch na mnatha air an reubadh as an àite. Thuig e an t-aobhar. B' ise a choinnich e féin agus a choin 's a' bhothan-àiridhe air an oidhche chaidh seachad; agus uime sin, tharruing e a chlaidheamh, agus chuir e gu bàs i mar bhuitsich.

As soon as the carlin thought that the dogs were tied, she sprang over to the corner, and laid hold of the hunter. The dogs then sprang to seize her: "Tighten hair," she now said. "Slacken garter," he replied. At last the dogs got loose, and fastened on the hag. She now let the hunter go, and went back-foremost out at the door.

The dogs followed her until they drove her down the slope of a brae which was before the door. When they arrived at its foot, there began between them and her a hard fight which lasted a long time. But the fight came to an end at last. The dogs returned to their master, much bemired and mangled, and the carlin went away, saying: "If the young dog's tusk had been in the old dog's mouth, or the old dog's sense in the young dog's head, I would not have escaped from them."

Next day the hunter went home; and when he arrived at the house, he met his wife going in a hurry to the house of a neighbour, who was in great pain, and, to all appearance, at the point of death. He prevailed on her to return home; and after taking a bite of food, he himself went to the sick woman's house. When she heard that he was coming, she cried to those with her in the house to shut and bar the door. They did as she told them. But as soon as the hunter came near enough, he drove the door in before him, and entered. He went straight to the bed and threw the clothes down off the woman's breast. A horrible sight was now revealed to him: the breasts of the woman were torn from their places. He understood the cause. She it was who last night met him and his dogs in the shieling bothy; and so he drew his sword and put her to death as a witch.

SGEOIL MU GHLAISTIGEAN.

Bha Domhnull MacIain 'na àireach aig tuath Achadh-an-todhair an Lochabar. An uair a thàinig an samhradh, chaidh e le spréidh a' bhaile chum àiridh na Beinne Brice air taobh tuath an Uisge Dhuibh.

Air là àraidh, is e 'na shuidhe air an lòn an cois na Beinne, agus an crodh 'nan laighe m'a thimchioll, chuala e guth caol ann fad as; agus ghrad dh' amhairc e an taobh o 'n d'thàinig e. Ciod a chunnaic e an sin, a' tighinn le luathas mór, agus a' deanamh dìreach air an àite 'san robh e 'na shuidhe, ach Glaistig. Gun dàil tiota tharruing e as a rathad, agus dh' fheuch e ri falach a dheanamh air féin ann an tom roideagaich. Ach ma dh' fheuch, cha b' ann gun fhaireachadh dhise. Thionndaidh i an taobh a ghabh e, agus ann am priobadh na sùla bha i 'na seasamh r'a thaobh. Thòisich i an sin ri leum a null is a nall thar a chuirp, a' bualadh a basan, agus ag ràdh nam briathar a leanas:—

Am faic sibh am bramachan roidein
'Na laighe am measg nam bó?
Bhuaileadh e buille eadar dà bhuille
Is buille eadar dà dhòrn,
'San lòn eadar dà dhoire
'San doire eadar dà lòn?

An uair a dh' fhàs i sgìth de'n obair sin, dh'fhalbh i le cruinn-leum uallach a' seinn na luinneig so:

Is mire mi na'm fìor-eun mór
Is mire mi na'm fìor-eun òg ,
Is mire mi na laogh dà bhó,
Is mire mi na meann an crò;

TALES ABOUT GLASTIGS.

DONALD MACIAN was cow-herd with the tenantry of Achantore in Lochaber. When summer came round, he went with the cattle on the farm to the summer pastures of Ben Breck, on the north side of the Blackwater.

One day, as he sat on the meadow at the foot of the Ben, and the cattle were lying round about him, he heard a small voice far away; and immediately he looked in the direction whence it came. What did he behold, coming with great speed and making straight for the place where he was sitting, but a Glastig? Without a moment's delay, he drew out of her way and tried to hide himself in a bush of bog-myrtle. But if he did, it was not without being observed by her. She turned the way he went, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was standing by his side. She then began to leap forward and back again over his body, clapping her hands, and repeating the following words:—

"Do you see the wee colt of the sweet gale
Lying in the midst of the kine?
A stroke he would strike between two strokes,
And a stroke between two blows,
In the meadow between two groves,
In the grove between two meadows."

When she grew tired of that work, she went away with a light, playful spring, singing the following lilt:—

"Friskier am I than the great eagle,
Friskier am I than the young eagle,
Friskier am I than the calf of two cows,
Friskier am I than a kid in a fold;"

agus a' siubhal le leithid de luathas is nach b' urrainn Domhnull buachaille bochd, is e leth-mharbh leis an eagal, a casan fhaicinn ag imeachd air an talamh. Chum i air aig an ruith so ag cromadh agus a' spìonadh bad feòir le a fiaclan as an talamh gus an deachaidh i as an t-sealladh.

CHAIDH an Domhnull Mac Iain ceudna samhradh eile do'n Bheinn Bhric le crodh Achadh-an-todhair. Ràinig e am bothan-àiridhe aig Ruighe na Cloiche làimh ri Uisge Chiarainn mu thràth feasgair. Air an rathad thrus e ultach connaidh, agus thug e leis e do'n bhothan. Chuir e an connadh an òrdugh air lic an teinntein, ghlac e an àsuin-theine, agus an déidh dha teine bhualadh, thòisich e air a' chonnadh a lasadh.

Am meadhon na h-oibre so, bha leis gu'n cuala e glaodh coimheach, air tùs fad air falbh, agus goirid an déidh sin, móran na b' fhaigse. Mu dheireadh chuala e an guth ceudna air taobh muigh an tighe ag radh:

"Heich: Hó! Thall!

An d' fhalbh am fear so thall fhathast."

Mu 'n gann a thionndaidh e a shùil an rathad a thàinig an guth, dh' fhosgall an dorus agus sheas Glaistig m'a choinneamh anns an fhosgladh. Ghlaodh i mach: "A Dhomhnuill MhicIain, bha mi air an Uiriallaich an uair a chuir thu a' cheud srad 'san spong, agus an Coire na Snaige an uair a ghabh an sop teine, agus tha mi an so a nis an uair a tha an connadh a' tòiseachadh air gabhail." "Is math a choisich thu, a bheathaich bhochd," arsa Domhnull MacIain.

Thug i an so ionnsaidh air tighinn a stigh; ach ma thug, thug Deargan, cù a' bhuachaille, ionnsaidh oirre-se. "Caisg Deargan, a Dhomhnuill MhicIain," ars i. Ghabh Domhnull MacIain air an cù a chasg, ach nach b' urrainn e. "Ceangail do chù, a Dhomhnuill MhicIain," ars i an sin. "Cha'n 'eil rud agam leis an

and going with such speed that poor Donald, the herd, who was half dead with fear, could not see her feet moving on the ground. She kept on at this rate, stooping and pulling with her teeth tufts of grass from the earth, until she went out of sight.

THE same Donald MacIan went with the Achantore cattle to Ben Breck another summer. He reached the sheiling bothy at Ruighe-na-cloiche, beside Ciaran Water, about evening. On the way he gathered an armful of fuel and took it with him to the bothy. He set the fuel in order on the hearth-stone, seized the fire implements, and, after striking fire, began to kindle the fuel.

In the midst of this work he thought he heard a strange cry, far off at first, and soon after much nearer. At length he heard the same voice outside the house, saying:

"Heigh! Ho! Hal!
Has this man over the way left yet?"

Scarcely had he turned his eye the way the voice came, when the door opened, and a Glastig stood before him in the opening. She cried aloud: "Donald MacIan, I was on the Uralich when you put the first spark in the tinder, and in the Woodpecker's Corrie when the wisp took fire; and here I am now as the fuel is beginning to kindle." "Thou hast walked well, poor creature," said Donald MacIan.

She now attempted to come in; but if she did, Dergan, the herd's dog, attacked her. "Stop Dergan, Donald MacIan," said she. Donald MacIan pretended to stop the dog, but that he could not. "Tie thy dog, Donald MacIan," said she then. "I have nothing to tie him

ceangail mi e," fhreagair am buachaille. Spìon i ròineag liath as a ceann, agus shìn i dha i, ag ràdh: "Ceangail le so e." Ghabh am buachaille air an ni a dh' iarradh air a dheanamh, ach chuir e a ghartan féin air a' chù an àite ròineag na Glaistige.

Cho luath is a shaoil ise gu'n robh an cù ceangailte, leum i am bad a' bhuachaille; ach ma leum, thug Deargan leum 'na bad-sa. Ghlaodh i an sin. "Tachd is teannaich, a ròineag. Tachd is teannaich, a ròineag." Ach thilg am buachaille an ròineag air an teine, agus chnac agus chnac i gus an do leum i mach air mullach a' bhothain. Cha bu luaithe bha sin seachad na fhuair an cù as, agus a chaidh e an sàs anns a' Ghlaistig. Ghlaodh i àirde a cinn: "Thoir dhiom do chù a Dhomhnuill MhicIain, agus cha chuir mi tuilleadh dragha ort.' Rinn am buachaille mar dh' iarr i air, agus an sin thubhairt i ris: "Rach do'n Bheinn Bhric moch am màireach, a Dhomhnuill MhicIain, agus gheibh thu an t-Agh Bàn a tha thu a' sealg o cheann iomadh là, ach nach d' fhuair thu fhathast." An déidh dhi so a ràdh, thug i an dorus oirre.

Moch air an ath là thug am buachaille leis a bhogha is a shaighdean, agus chaidh e do'n Bheinn Bhric. An uair a ràinig e a' Bheinn, chunnaic e a' Ghlaistig a' tighinn 'na choinneamh le greigh fhiadh roimpe, agus an t-Agh Bàn air an ceann. Ghabh e cuimse air an Agh, agus leig e as an t-saighead. Ach mu'n d'fhàg an t-saighead glaic an iubhair, chuala e a' Ghlaistig ag glaodhaich le guth nimheil: "Sàth 'na ghoile, a shaighead! Sàth 'na ghoile!" Shàth an t-saighead an goile an Aighe Bhàin, agus fhuair Domhnull MacIain e dhachaidh leis, mar ghealladh dha.

with," answered the herd. She pulled a grey hair out of her head, and handed it to him, saying: "Tie him with that." The herd pretended to do what he was told, but put his own garter on the dog instead of the Glastig's hair.

As soon as she thought that the dog was tied, she flew at the herd; but if she did, Dergan flew at her. She then cried: "Tighten and choke, hair! Tighten and choke, hair!" But the herd threw the hair in the fire, and it crackled and crackled until it flew out through the roof of the bothy. No sooner was that over than the dog got loose, and fastened on the Glastig. She cried at the pitch of her voice: "Take the dog off me, Donald MacIan, and I will give thee no more trouble." The herd did as she told him, and then she said to him: "Go to Ben Breck early to-morrow, Donald MacIan, and thou wilt find the White Hind which thou hast been hunting for many a day, but which thou hast not yet caught." After she had said this, she made for the door.

Early next day the herd took with him his bow and arrows and went to Ben Breck. When he reached the Ben, he saw the Glastig coming to meet him, with a herd of deer before her, and the White Hind at their head. He took aim at the Hind, and let go the arrow. But before the arrow left the bend of the yew, he heard the Glastig crying, in a spiteful tone: "Stick in the stomach, arrow. Stick in the stomach." The arrow did stick in the White Hind's stomach, and Donald MacIan got it home with him, as was promised him.

CRONAN GLAISTIG NA BEINNE BRICE.

Is e so an Crònan a bhitheadh Glaistig na Beinne Brice a' seinn d'a h-éildean am feadh a bhiodh i 'gan iomain roimpe air an t-sliabh:—

Cailleach Beinne Bric, horó!
Bric horó! Bric horó!
Cailleach Beinne Bric, horó:
Cailleach mhór an fhuarain àird
Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh,
Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
A dh' iarraidh shlige duibh' a 'n tràigh.
Gu 'm b' annsa leò biolair fhuar,
Biolair fhuar, biolair fhuar,
Gu'm b' annsa leò biolair fhuar,
A bhiodh an cois an fhuarain àird.

THE CROON OF THE GLAISTIG OF BEN BRECK.

THIS is the Croon which the Glastig of Ben Breck used to sing to her hinds while she was driving them before her on the mountain side:—

Lady of Ben Breck, Horo!
Breck, horo! Breck, horo!
Lady of Ben Breck, horo!
Lady of the fountain high.
I ne'er would let my troop of deer,
Troop of deer, troop of deer;
I ne'er would let my troop of deer,
A-gathering shellfish to the tide.
Better liked they cooling cress,
Cooling cress, cooling cress;
Better liked they cooling cress,
That grows beside the fountain high.

[AN DA BHRATHAIR A BHA AN ODHANAICH AGUS GLAISTIG NA BEINNE BRICE.]

Bha uair-eigin an Odhanaich dà bhràthair a bha anabarrach déidheil air seilg agus air iasgach. An àm an t-samhraidh agus an fhogharaidh b' àbhaist dhaibh dol do'n Mhonadh Dhubh, agus ré na h-ùine a bhitheadh iad an sin, ghabhadh iad fasgadh ann am bothan-àiridhe

Lagan Odhar a' Chàthair
Aig sàil Beinne Bhric.

An so bhitheadh a' Ghlaistig a' tadhal orra gus an d'fhàs i féin agus iadsan cho eòlach air a chéile is ged robh iad 'nan coimhearsnaich riamh. Ach cha robh tlachd air bith aig na sealgairibh 'na cuideachd, oir bha i cho draghail is gu'm b' éiginn daibh a bhi a ghnàth air an earalas 'na h-aghaidh.

Bha fear de na bràithribh, air an robh mar ainm Gilleasbuig, foidhidneach rithe; ach cha robh am fear eile ris an abradh iad Raonull. Cha robh Gilleasbuig toilichte d'a bhràthair air-son a ghiùlain; oir bha eagal air gu'm brosnaicheadh e an trusdar caillich gu dìoghaltas a dheanamh orra. Le sin, an uair a chasadh a bhràthair oirre le a bhiodaig, agus a ghlaodhadh i: "Caisg Raonull, a Lasbaig," theireadh Lasbaig le spraic: "Nach leig thu leis a' bheathaich bhochd." An sin thionndaidheadh i air féin, oir cha b' urrainn di fuireachd sàmhach tiota, agus dh' iarradh i air gradan, le rùn a ghlacadh air làimh an uair a bhitheadh e a' sìneadh dhi a' ghradain, agus a thoirt

THE ONICH BROTHERS AND THE GLAISTIG OF BEN BRECK.

THERE once lived in Onich two brothers who were exceedingly fond of hunting and fishing. In summer time and harvest, they used to go to the Black Mount, and while they stayed there, they took shelter in the shieling-bothy of

The Dun Valley of the Moss
At the heel of Ben Breck.

Here the Glastig used to visit them, until she and they grew as well acquainted with each other as though they had been always neighbours. But the hunters had no pleasure in her company, for she was so troublesome that they were obliged to be always on their guard against her.

One of the brothers, named Gillesbick, was patient with her; but the other, whose name was Ronald, was not. Gillesbick was displeased with his brother for his conduct, because he was afraid of provoking the nasty hag to be revenged on them. So, when his brother would turn against her with his dirk, and she would cry: "Stop Ronald, Lasbick," Lasbick would angrily say: "Won't you let the poor creature alone?" Then she would turn on himself, for she could not keep a moment quiet, and ask of him for snuff, with the intention of seizing his hand when reaching it to her,

air falbh leatha. Ach chuireadh esan an gradan air bàrr na biodaige, agus chumadh e rithe e air an dòigh sin. An sin lùbadh i a gàirdean, agus thionndaidheadh i ceann a h-uillne ris, agus theireadh i: "Cuir air a so e, a Lasbaig!" Ach bha fios aig Lasbaig gu'm b' e aobhar an iarrtais so greim fhaotainn an toiseach air cois na biodaige, agus a rìs air féin. Chuireadh so e air a fhaicill roimpe, air chor is gu'n robh e 'ga glèidheadh dheth le bàrr na biodaige.

Air là sònraichte chuir i le a conas a leithid de fheirg air Raonull is gu'n do leig e leis an abhag dol an sàs innte. Ghlaodh Gilleasbuig ris an cù a chasg agus e leigeil leatha. Thug Raonull cluas bhodhar dha so; agus an àite na h-abhaige a chasg, is ann a stuig e innte an cù glas mar an ceudna. Las so suas a corraich gu mór. Thug i aon sùil ghruamach fhiar air, agus thubhairt i ris mu 'n d' fhalbh i: "Theagamh gu'n dìol mise so fhathast ortsa, a fhleasgaich."

An déidh dhi falbh, thubhairt Gilleasbuig r' a bhràthair: "Is olc a rinn thu. Tha eagal orm gu'n dean an aigeannach ud cron oirnn fhathast." Ach fhreagair a bhràthair nach b' eagal daibh cho fhada is a bhitheadh an cù glas agus an abhag aca.

An ath oidhche, mu àm dol a laighe, chuala iad guth caol an toiseach mar gu'm bitheadh e fada as, agus goirid an déidh sin, mar gu'm bitheadh e na bu teinne dhaibh. Bha an guth a' tighinn, agus a' tighinn le luathas mór. Mu dheireadh, ghlaodh Gilleasbuig ri Raonull: "Is i a' Ghlaistig a tha ann! Glac do bhiodag gu h-ealamh, agus bi deas air a son, an uair a thig i." Tharruing Raonull a bhiodag, agus leum an cù glas a suas r' a thaobh, agus gart uamhasach air. Stuig e an sin an cù agus an abhag, agus air ball ghabh iad a mach le deann an còmhdhail na Glaistige.

Dh' fhan an dà bhràthair a stigh anns a' bhothan

and of carrying him off with her. But he would put the snuff on the point of the dirk, and present it to her in that way. Then she would bend her arm, and turn the point of her elbow towards him, and say: "Put it on this, Lasbick." But Lasbick knew that the object of this request was to get a hold, first of the handle of the dirk, and then of himself. This put him on his guard against her, so that he kept her off with the point of the dirk.

On a certain day she, by her teasing, put Ronald in such a passion that he suffered the terrier to attack her. Gillesbick cried to him to stop the dog and let her alone. Ronald turned a deaf ear to this; and instead of stopping the terrier he incited the grey hound also to attack her. This greatly kindled her wrath. She gave him one stern look askance, and before going off said: "Perhaps I'll pay thee back for this yet, my lad."

After she had gone, Gillesbick said to his brother: "Ill hast thou done. I fear that virago will do us harm yet." But his brother replied that there was no fear of them as long as they would have the grey hound and the terrier.

Next night at bed time they heard a small voice, at first as if it were far away, and shortly afterwards as if it were nearer them. The voice was coming nearer and nearer, and that with great speed. At length Gillesbick cried to Ronald: "It is the Glastig! Take hold of thy dirk quickly, and be ready for her when she arrives." Ronald drew his dirk; and the grey hound, with an angry look, sprang up at his side. He then urged the dog and the terrier on, and they at once made their way out with a rush to meet the Glastig.

The two brothers stayed in the bothy listening to

ag éisdeachd ciod a thachradh. Cha robh iad ach goirid a' feitheamh gus an cuala iad a' ghairm ghallain a thòisich a mach. Lean a' chaithream so ùine fhada mu'n dorus, ach uidh air n-uidh chaidh i na b' fhaide air falbh o'n tigh. Mu dheireadh aig tionndadh na h-oidhche gu là, sguir an cath agus thill na coin air an ais do 'n bhothan.

Thàinig an cù mór an toiseach gun air ach bad an sud agus an so de fhionnadh; agus goirid 'na dhéidh thàinig an abhag cho lom ri cearc air a h-ùr spìonadh.

hear what should happen. They had not been long waiting until they heard the loud barking which began outside. This noise continued long about the door, but gradually it went further away from the house. At last when night began to turn to day, the fight ceased and the dogs returned to the bothy.

The big dog came first with only a tuft of hair here and there on his body; and shortly after him came the terrier as bare as a newly plucked hen.

AN SEALGAIR AGUS GLAISTIG NA BEINNE BRICE.

Bha sealgair latha a' tilleadh o'n Bheinn Bhric, agus an uair a ràinig e bun na beinne, bha leis gu'n cuala e fuaim coltach ri cnacail dà chloiche 'gam bualadh ri chéile, no ri greadhnaich adhaircean an daimh, an uair a bhitheas e 'gan tachas ri creig. Chum e air a cheum gus an d'thàinig e an sealladh cloiche móire, a bha 'na laighe ri taobh an rathaid, agus an sin chunnaic e coltas boirionnaich 'na gurrach aig bun na cloiche, le tonnaig uaine m'a guailnibh, agus 'na làmhan dà lurgainn fhéidh, a bha i a' bualadh gun sgur r'a chéile. Ged thuig e gu'm bi a' Ghlaistig a bha innte, ghabh e de dhànachd a ràdh rithe: "Gu dé a tha thu a' deanamh an sin, a bhean bhochd?" Ach b' e an aon fhreagairt a fhuair e: "O 'n loisgeadh a' choille, o'n loisgeadh a' choille;" agus chum i air a' cheileir so cho fhada is a bha e an astar cluinntinn dhi.

THE HUNTER AND THE GLASTIG OF BEN BRECK.

A HUNTER was one day returning from Ben Breck, and when he arrived at the foot of the mountain, he thought he heard a sound like the cracking of two stones striking together, or the rattling of a stag's horns when he rubs them against a rock. He held on his way, until he came in sight of a large stone that lay beside the path, and then he saw, crouching at the foot of the stone, the semblance of a woman, with a green shawl about her shoulders, and in her hands a pair of deer-shanks, which she kept striking against one another without ceasing. Though he understood that she was the Glastig, he made bold enough to say to her: "What are you doing there, poor woman?" But the only reply he got was: "Since the wood was burnt, since the wood was burnt," and she kept repeating this refrain as long as he was within hearing distance of her.

MAC LACHAINN AGUS A' GHLAISTIG.

Bha a' cheud aon de Chloinn Lachainn Airdnamurchan ag gabhail còmhnuidh an Gleann na h-Iubhraich. 'Na ghreigh each bha làir bhrèagh, ghlas; agus bha e toileach a' cheud searrach a bhitheadh aice a ghlèidheadh. Ach bha fios air so aig a' Ghlaistig a bhitheadh a' tathaich nan sgairneach ri taobh easa no still a bha 's a' choimhearsnachd; agus a chionn gu'n robh fuath aice dha mar choigreach 'san àite, chuir i roimpe nach faigheadh e a thoil leis.

Cho luath is a rugadh an searrach, ghabh i e agus spàrr i e ann an toll os ceann sruthain a bha fo 'n talamh, agus anns an do bhàthadh e. Air an là 'na dhéidh sin fhuair Mac Lachainn an searrach marbh 'san toll, ach shaoil leis gu'm b' e féin a thuit ann leis a' mhi-fhortan. An ath bhliadhna thachair an ni ceudna, oir fhuaradh an dara searrach marbh anns a' cheart toll agus anns a' cheart sruthan a bha fodha. Bha a amharus a nis air a thogail, agus le sin chuir e roimhe gu'm faireadh e an làir air an ath shamhradh aig àm breith an t-searraich.

An uair a thàinig an t-àm, chaidh e latha do'n mhonadh a dh' fhaicinn na làrach; ach bha a' Ghlaistig an sin roimhe agus ag cur ris an treas searrach a phùcadh troimh an toll do'n t-sruthan a bha fodha. B'aithne dha gu math ciamar a dhìonadh se e fein o chumhachd nan sìthichean, agus uime sin ghlac e a' Ghlaistig 'na ghàirdeanan, agus le strì mhór chuir e fodha i mu dheireadh.

MACLACHLAN AND THE GLASTIG.

THE first of the MacLachlans of Ardnamurchan lived in Glenahurich. In his herd of horses he had a fine grey mare, whose first foal he wished to keep. But the Glastig frequenting the rocky sides of a neighbouring ravine or waterfall knew this; and because she hated him as an intruder in the place, she resolved to disappoint him.

As soon as the foal was born, she took it and thrust it into a hole opening over an underground stream, in which it was drowned. On the following day MacLachlan found the foal dead in the hole, but thought that it had fallen in accidentally. Next year the same thing happened, the second foal being found dead in the same hole, and in the same underground stream. His suspicion was now aroused, and so he resolved to watch the mare next summer at foaling time.

When the season arrived, he went one day to the hill to see the mare; but the Glastig was there before him, and was busy pushing the third foal through the hole into the stream underneath. He knew well how to defend himself from fairy influence; and, therefore, he seized the Glastig in his arms, and with a great effort succeeded at last in throwing her down.

"Tha do bhàs air do mhuin, a Chailleach," ars e, is e 'na sheasamh thairte.

"Is leam fhéin mo éirig," fhreagair ise. "Gu dé an éirig a bheir thu dhomh?" ars esan. "Sealladh an dà shaoghail dhuit féin, agus soirbheachadh dhuit féin agus do d' shliochd ad dhéidh." Air na cumhnantan sin leig e as i.

Uair-eigin 'na dhéidh sin bha e am Bràigh Lochabar, agus thug e leis a shlat, agus chaidh e dh' iasgach air abhainn Spithein. Air a' cheud siab chuir e'n dubhan an sàs ann an iasg brèagh a thug e air tìr air bruaich na h-aibhne. Air dha bhi acrach, las e teine ri taobh na h-aibhne, agus chuir e an t-iasg air.

Goirid an déidh sin thuit gu'n do leag e a mheur air bolgan a dh' éirich air taobh uachdair an éisg. Loisg an teas a mheur cho dona is gu'n do chuir e 'na bheul e 'ga fhionnarachadh. Cha bu luaithe a rinn e sin na fhuair e sealladh an dà shaoghail, no am briathraibh eile, an dara sealladh. Bha a' cheud chuid de ghealladh na Glaistige air a coimhlionadh an sin, agus tha e air a ràdh gu'n do choimhlionadh a' chuid eile 'na dhéidh sin.

"Your death is over you, Carlin," said he, as he stood over her. "My ransom is mine own," she replied. "What ranson wilt thou give me?" said he. "The vision of the two worlds to thyself and prosperity to thee and to thy descendants after thee." On these terms he let her go.

Some time after, being in the Braes of Lochaber, he took his rod, and went to the river Spean to fish. With the first cast he hooked a fine fish, which he landed on the river bank. Being hungry, he kindled a fire at the river side, and placed the fish upon it.

Soon afterwards he happened to press with his finger a blister which rose on the upperside of the fish. The heat burnt his finger so badly that he put it into his mouth to cool. No sooner had he done this than he obtained the vision of the two worlds, or, in other words, the second sight. The first part of the Glastig's promise was then fulfilled, and it is said that the other part was fulfilled afterwards.

[DOMHNULL MOR OG AGUS GLAISTIG NA BUIDHEINNICH.]

THA an sgeul a leanas air innseadh an so a chionn gu'm bheil e, mar tha an dara sgeul, a' nochdadh gur treud fhiadh a bha ann an treud na Glaistige.

BHA Domhnull Mór Og Camaron a chòmhnuidh am Bràigh Lochabar ann an ceud leth an linn a chaidh seachad. Bha e 'na dhuine comharraichte air iomadh dòigh. Anns a' cheud àite bha an dà shealladh aige. Mar dh' éirich do'n Phortair Cham, chunnaic e roimh làimh cuin agus c'àite an robh Cailein Caimbeul Ghlinn Iubhair gu bhi air a mharbhadh; agus a réir beul-aithris, bha e cho cinnteach gu'n tachradh gach ni mar chunnaic e, is gu'n d' thàinig e a h-uile ceum o'n Bhràigh gu coille Odhanaich far an d' fheith e gus an cuala e fuaim na h-urchair a loisgeadh air taobh eile a' chaolais le Ailein Breac.

Bha Domhnull mar an ceudna ainmeil mar shealgair fhiadh. Cha robh a leithid r'a fhaotainn an Lochabar r'a linn, agus is coltach gu'n robh an dara sealladh feumail dha mar shealgair. Air là àraidh, am feadh a bha e a' sealltainn suas o iochdar a' Ghlinne ri mullach na Buidheinnich, thubhairt e ri coimhearsnach, a bha 'na sheasamh làimh ris: "Is mise a tha a' faicinn an t-seallaidh! Cuir thusa do chas air mo chois-sa, agus chì thu e cuideachd." Rinn a choimhearsnach mar dh'

BIG YOUNG DONALD AND THE GLASTIG OF BUINACH.

THE following tale is told here, because it shows, like the second tale (p. 236), that the Glastig's herd was a herd of deer.

Big Young Donald Cameron resided in the Braes of Lochaber in the first half of the past century (18th). He was a remarkable man in many ways. In the first place he had the second sight. Like the One-eyed Ferryman, he foresaw when and where Colin Campbell, Glenure, was to be killed; and, according to tradition, he was so confident of everything happening as he foresaw, that he came every step from the Braes to the wood of Onich, where he waited until he heard the report of the shot fired on the other side of the narrows by Allan Breck.

Donald was also a famous deer - hunter. His equal was not to be found in Lochaber in his time; and it appears that the second-sight was useful to him as a hunter.

On a certain day, while he was looking up from the bottom of the Glen to the top of the Yellow Mountain, he said to a neighbour who was standing near him: "'Tis I who behold the sight! Place your foot on mine, and you will see it too." His neighbour did as

iarradh air, agus chunnaic e nis ni nach faca e gus a sin, an aon sealladh bu bhrèagha a chunnaic e riamh air féidh.

Bha Domhnull a ghnàth a' leantainn nam fiadh, agus b' i a roghainn thar gach beinne-seilge a' Bhuidheinneach.

Air maduinn chiùin mu bhristeadh an là, bha e 'na shuidhe air aisridh nam fiadh 's a' bheinn le a ghunna caol nach do dhiùlt riamh air a ghlùn, agus a' feitheamh gus an teirneadh "a' ghreigh uallach" o mhullach na beinne a dh' òl an dighe-maidne as na fuarain ghlana a bha a' bristeadh a mach o thaobh an t-sléibhe fuidhe. Mu dheireadh chunnaic e iad a' tighinn a mach as a' cheò a bha a' falach a' chreachainn os a cheann, agus Glaistig mhór 'gan iomain roimpe. Ghrad thug i an aire do'n t-sealgair, agus mu 'n d'thàinig a' chuid a bha air thoiseach do na féidh an dlùthas urchair, ghlaodh i ris: "Tha thu tuilleadh is trom air na h-aighean agam-sa, a Dhomhnuill Mhóir. Cha'n fhaod thu a bhi cho trom orra is a tha thu."

Bha Domhnull Mór deas-chainnteach, agus, le sin chuir e seachad i leis an fhreagairt ullamh so: "Cha do mharbh mi riamh agh far am faighinn damh." Leig e na h-aighean seachad air, agus a' Ghlaistig 'nan déidh, agus cha do chuir i tuilleadh dragha air.

he was told, and he now beheld, what he saw not till then, the finest view of deer he had ever witnessed.

Donald was always pursuing the deer, and of all bens his choice for hunting was the Yellow Mountain.

On a calm morning, at break of day, he was sitting on a deer-pass on the ben, with his slender-barrelled gun that never missed fire on his knee, and waiting until the light-moving herd should descend from the summit of the mountain to drink their morning draught out of the clear springs which gushed forth from the side of the slope beneath. At length he saw them coming out of the mist which hid the rocky summit above him, and a tall Glastig driving them before her. She at once noticed the hunter, and before the foremost deer came within shooting distance she cried to him: "Thou art too heavy on my hinds, Big Donald. Thou must not be so heavy on them as thou art." Big Donald was ready-witted, and so he put her off with this apt answer: "I never killed a hind where I could find a stag." He allowed the hinds to pass with the Glastig behind them, and she gave him no further trouble.

[AN CEATHRAR SHEALGAIR IS AN CEATHRAR GHLAISTIG.]

CHAIDH ceathrar shealgair a sheilg do Bhràigh Lochabar ann an aon de na linntibh a chaidh seachad. An déidh do sheilg an là a bhi thairis, thug iad orra gu bothan-àiridhe a chaitheadh na h-oidhche. Ràinig iad am bothan am beul an anmoich, agus an déidh teine a lasadh agus an suipeir a ghabhail, shuidh iad mu'n teallach, agus thòisich iad ri còmhradh. Dh' fhairich iad iad fhéin ro chomhfhurtachail, agus thubhairt triùir dhiubh ann am fala-dhà nach robh ni da 'n dìth a nis ach an leannain chum an deanamh cho sona ris an rìgh. "'N Ni Maith eadar mise agus sin," thubhairt an ceathramh sealgair.

Sguir an còmhradh an sin, agus tharruing an triùir shealgair air falbh do dh' oisinn a' bhothain, ach dh' fhuirich an ceathramh fear far an robh e.

Goirid an déidh sin thàinig ceathrar bhan a stigh do 'n bhothan, an cruth agus an coltas leannan nan sealgair. Chaidh triùir dhiubh a null agus shuidh iad làimh ris an triùir shealgair 'san oisinn; ach sheas a' cheathramh h-aon mu choinneamh an t-sealgair a bha aig an teine.

An uair a chunnaic an sealgair, a bha aig an teine, so, tharruing e a bhiodag as an truaill, agus chuir e i tarsuinn air a ghlùin. An sin thug e mach dà thruimb as a phòca, agus thòisich e air cluich orra. Thug a' bhean a bha m'a choinneamh an aire dha so, agus thubhairt i:

> "Is math an ceòl a tha 'san truimb
> Mur bhi am pong a tha 'na déidh:—
> Is math le fear d' an cuid i bhi
> 'Na ghob an àite té."

THE FOUR HUNTERS AND THE FOUR GLASTIGS.

In one of the past centuries four hunters went a-hunting to the Braes of Lochaber. After the day's sport was over, they betook themselves to a summer-pasture bothy to pass the night. They reached the bothy in the dark; and after kindling a fire and taking supper, they sat down about the hearth and began to converse. They felt very comfortable; and three of them said, in fun, that they wanted nothing now but the presence of their sweethearts to make them as happy as the king. "Goodness between me and that (wish)," said the fourth hunter.

The conversation then ceased, and the three hunters withdrew to a corner of the bothy, but the fourth stayed where he was.

Shortly after that four women entered the bothy, having the form and appearance of the sweethearts of the hunters. Three of them went over, and sat beside the three hunters in the corner; but the fourth stood before the hunter who was seated at the fire.

When the hunter sitting at the fire noticed this, he drew his dirk from the scabbard, and laid it across his knees. Then he took two trumps out of his pocket, and began to play on them. The woman standing before him noticed this and said:—

"Good is the music of the trump,
Saving the one note in its train.
Its owner likes it in his mouth
In preference to any maid."

Ach cha do ghabh an sealgair air gu 'n cuala e i, ach chum e ag cluich air na truimb, mar bha e roimhe. An sin thòisich i air tighinn na bu dlùithe agus air breith air le a cròig; ach chum e dheth i cho math is a dh'fhaodadh e le a bhiodaig. An uair a dh'fhairslich oirre greim fhaotainn air mar so, dh'fheuch i seòl eile air. "Thoir dhomh gradan," ars i. Rinn an sealgair gradan, agus shìn e dhi e air bàrr na biodaige. An uair a chunnaic i so, chum i ris ceann a h-uillne, agus thubhairt i: "Cuir an so e." Ach thuig an sealgair gu'm b' e aobhar a dèantais cothrom fhaotainn air greim a dheanamh air an làimh 'san robh a bhiodag, agus uime sin bha e air a fhaicill. Cho luath is a dh'fhairich e i a' dol a shìneadh a mach a gàirdean air feadh a bha esan a' ruigsinn di a' ghradain, chum e rithe bàrr na biodaige agus thug e dhi sàthadh no dhà leatha. Dh'fhoghainn sin leatha. Chaidh i air a h-ais chum taobh eile an teine, agus sheas i an sin ag cumail conais ris.

Mu dheireadh chuala e glaodh coilich mar gu'm bitheadh e air mullach monaidh. "Sud," ars an té a bha air taobh eile an teine, "coileach dubh a' Mhàirt: is mithich a bhi falbh." Gun tuilleadh a ràdh thug i an dorus oirre, agus ghrad leum a triùir bhan-chompanach 'na déidh.

Cho luath is a thàinig an latha, chaidh an ceathramh sealgair a null do'n oisinn, agus fhuair e a thriùir chompanach fuar, marbh, le am muineil geàrrta, agus gach srad fala sùighte as an cuislean. Cha robh teagamh aige nis nach bu Ghlaistigean a bha 'sna mnathan. B' iad an triùir bhéistean a rinn sud, agus dheanadh an ceathramh té a leithid eile air-san, mur bhi air-son nam briathran agus nam meadhon eile a ghnàthaich e.

The hunter, however, did not acknowledge that he heard her, but continued playing on the trumps as before.

Then she began to come nearer, and tried to lay hold of him with her hand; but he kept her off as well as he could with his dirk. When she failed in getting hold of him in this way, she tried another. "Give me a pinch of snuff," said she. The hunter prepared the snuff, and reached it to her on the point of his dirk. When she saw this, she turned towards him the point of her elbow, and said: "Put it here." The hunter understood that the reason for her action was to get an opportunity of seizing the hand in which the dirk was held, and so he was on his guard. As soon as he noticed her going to stretch out her arm while he was reaching her the snuff, he kept the point of his dirk towards her, and gave her one or two prods with it. That was enough. She went back to the other side of the fire, and stood there, irritating him.

At length he heard the crowing of a cock as if on a hill top. "Yonder," said the woman on the other side of the fire, "is the black cock of March; it is time to depart." She said no more, but made for the door, and her three companions sprang out after her. As soon as daylight appeared, the fourth hunter went over to the corner, and found his three comrades cold and dead, with their throats cut, and every drop of blood sucked out of their veins. He had now no doubt that the women were Glastigs. The three wretches it was who did the deed, and the fourth would have done the very same to him had it not been for the words and other means he had used.

[GOBHAINN SRON AN T-SITHEIN AGUS A' GHLAISTIG.]

Bha gobhainn de Chloinn a' Phearsain a chòmhnuidh an Sròn an t-Sìthein an aon de na linntibh a chaidh seachad. Bha e 'na chleachduinn aige a' cheàrdach a réiteachadh agus gach iarunn agus ball acfhuinn a chur seachad mu'm falbhadh e dhachaidh 'san oidhche. Ach an uair a philleadh e air ais air an ath mhaduinn agus a dh' fhosgladh e dorus na ceàrdaich, gheibheadh e a h-uile ni air an toirt as an àite 'san d'fhàg e iad, agus air an sgapadh air feadh an ùrlair. Cha b' urrainn e a thuigsinn ciod a b' aobhar do'n aimhreit so, agus uime sin chuir e roimhe fuireachd oidhche anns a' cheàrdaich feuch am faigheadh e mach e.

Sheas e ann an oisinn aig cùl an doruis, agus an t-òrd mór aige eadar a dhà làimh, a' feitheamh ciod a thachaireadh. Dh' fheith e ùine mhath gun ni fhaireachadh; ach mu dheireadh thàinig Glaistig mhór a stigh 'na still air an dorus, agus gun dàil tiota thòisich i, le mire chuthaich, air gach iarunn agus gach ball acfhuinn air am faigheadh i a làmh, a thilgeadh a null is a nall air feadh an tighe.

Bha aon 'na cuideachd àir an robh coltas leinibh bhig. Thug an t-aon so an aire do 'n ghobhainn 'na sheasamh aig cùl an doruis, agus air ball thubhairt e: "Tha an Tamhasg 's a' chùil, a chailleach! Tha an Tamhasg 's a' chùil." Fhreagair i gun uibhir agus stad air a ceum no sùil a thoirt an taobh a bha an gobhainn: "Cha'n 'eil ann ach Logais Beag! Cha'n 'eil ann ach Logais Beag!"

THE STRONTIAN SMITH AND THE GLASTIG.

THERE was in one of the past centuries a smith of the Clan Pherson dwelling at Strontian. He was accustomed to put the smithy in order, and lay aside all the iron bars and tools before he would go home at night. But when he would return next morning, and open the door of the smithy, he would find everything taken out of the place where he had left it, and scattered all over the floor. He could not understand the cause of this confusion, and he resolved to stay a night in the smithy to see if he could find it out.

He stood in a corner at the back of the door with the sledge-hammer between his hands, awaiting what should happen. He stayed a good while without noticing anything; at length a big Glastig came rushing in at the door, and, without a moment's delay, began, in mad frolic, to pitch hither and thither, over the house, all the iron bars and tools on which she could lay hand.

In her company was one having the appearance of a little child. This one, noticing the smith standing behind the door, instantly said: "The Ghost is in the corner, Carlin! the Ghost is in the corner." Without waiting a moment, or casting one look in the smith's direction, she answered: "It is only Little Shambler. It is only Little Shambler."

Mu dheireadh fhuair an gobhainn cothrom oirre 'san dol seachad, agus bhuail e an t-òrd mór oirre le a uile neart. Tharruing e an sin an t-òrd a thoirt di ath bhuille, ach ghlaodh i ris e chumail air a làimh, agus nach cuireadh i dragh tuilleadh air. Rinn e mar dh'iarr i, agus cho luath is a fhuair i as, thubhairt i ris gu 'm bitheadh gach aon d'a shliochd, a rachadh a thoirt a stigh air a fheusaig troimh dhorus na ceàrdaich, 'na làn-ghobhainn o'n uair sin.

Mar thubhairt b' fhìor. Cha robh aon d'a shliochd nach d'fhuair a cheàird air an dòigh fhurasda so, agus bha an dream 'nan goibhnibh ainmeil 'san àite ré iomadh linn.

At length the smith, having got a good opportunity as she was passing him, struck her with the big hammer with all his might. He drew it again to strike her another blow, but she cried to him to stay his hand, and that she would not trouble him any more. He did as she wished; and as soon as she got out of danger, she told him that everyone of his descendants, taken by the beard in through the door of the smithy, would henceforth be a perfect smith.

It happened as she had said. There was none of his descendants who did not acquire his trade in this easy way, and the race were famous smiths in the district for many generations after.

[GLAISTIG NO MAIGHDEAN GHLINN DUROR.]

Bha Glaistig an Gleann Dùror ris an abradh iad a' Mhaighdean. Bu bhoirionnach saoghalta a bha innte an toiseach. Bho cheann dà no tri cheud bliadhna bha i 'na banaraich eadar Gleann Dùror agus Gleann a' Chaolais, agus tha a h-ainm agus a sloinneadh, agus eadhon am baile 'san d'àraicheadh i, fhathast air chuimhne.

Thugadh air falbh i as a laighe-shiùbhladh leis na sìthichean, agus cha do thill i tuilleadh. Ach a réir beul-aithris, thionndaidheadh i 'na ban shìthe no 'na Glaistig, a ghabh fasgadh ann an easaibh agus ann an còsaibh nan creag eadar an dà Ghleann. Bha i gu sònraichte a' tathaich Eas nam Mèirleach air taobh deas Beinn Bheithir agus bu tric a chunnacas an sin i le luchd-gabhail-an-rathaid.

Is coltach gu'n do lean rithe 'na Glaistig an spéis a bha aice roimhe do chrodh agus do gach seòrsa spréidhe. Gu minic bha i r'a faicinn am meadhon a' chruidh mar gu 'm bitheadh i 'gan cunntas, agus roimh fhaidhrichean, agus aig àm atharrachadh tuath, mar gu'm bitheadh i ag cur air leth a' chuid de'n stochd a bha falbh, no ag gabhail seilbhe anns a' chuid a bha air tighinn. Ma bha aon de 'n tuath a b' fhearr leatha na càch, bha i ro chùramach m'a spréidh-san; agus aig àm dol air imrich, chuireadh i gach bacadh eadar e agus an togail bhàrr an fhearainn. A réir beul-aithris thachair so an uair mu dheireadh o cheann deich

THE GLASTIG OR MAID OF GLEN DUROR.

THERE was a Glastig in Glen Duror, whom people called the "Maiden." She was an earthly woman at first. Two or three hundred years ago she was a dairy-maid between Glen Duror and Glen-a-Chulish; and her name and surname, and even the farm where she was reared, are still remembered.

She was taken away out of child-bed by the fairies, and she returned no more. But according to tradition she was changed into a Banshee, or Glastig, who took shelter in the ravines and clefts of the rocks between the two Glens. She frequented, in particular, the Robbers' Ravine on the south side of Ben Vehir, and there she was often seen by the passers by.

It appears that the liking she formerly had for cows and all kinds of cattle stuck to her as a Glastig. Often she was to be seen in the midst of the cattle, as if she were engaged in counting them; and before markets, and at the time of changing tenants, as if she were separating the out-going part of the stock, or taking possession of the part newly come in. If she happened to have a greater liking for one of the tenants than for the rest, she was very careful of his cattle; and at the time of flitting, she would place every obstacle between him and the lifting of them off the ground. According to tradition, this happened for the last time about

bliadhna fichead. Co dhiùbh, o sin gu so cha'n fhacas is cha chualas a' Ghlaistig. Theagamh gu'n do ruaigeadh as a' Ghleann i le sgreadail fhìdeag nam bàtaichean smùide a' dol sìos is suas an Linne Sheilich, no le urchairean luchd-buidhinn cloiche na Creige-Eiteige aig bun Eas nan Con. Co dhiùbh, dh'fhalbh i, agus cha'n 'eil duine 'ga h-ionndrainn.

Is iomadh sgeul a bha air innseadh m'a timchioll, agus is iomadh meadar math bainne a chaitheadh oirre le banaraichean air àiridhean a' Ghlinne. Oir an oidhche a dh' fhàgadh iad am meadar làn bainne aice, gheibheadh iad gach ni ceart an dara mhàireach; ach an oidhche nach fàgadh, bhitheadh na laoigh air an leigeil a mach as a' chrò, agus an crodh air an deoghal air an ath mhaduinn.

thirty years ago. At any rate, from that day to this, the Glastig has been neither seen nor heard. Perhaps she was chased out of the Glen by the screaming of the whistles of steamers passing up and down Loch Linnhe, or by the blasts fired by the quarriers of the Quartz-Rock at the foot of the Dogs' Ravine. At any rate she has departed, and no one misses her.

Many a tale was told about her, and many a pail of milk was spent on her by the dairymaids at the shielings of the Glen. For the night they left the pail full of milk for her, they would find everything right next day; but the night they neglected to do this, the calves would be let out of the fold, and the cows would be sucked dry next morning.

BANRIGH NAN SITHICHEAN AN RIOCHD MUILE-MHAG.

Bha uair eigin a' fuireachd, aig ceann Loch Raonasa an Arainn, bean tuathanaich a bhitheadh a' deanamh àite mna-glùin d'a ban-choimhearsnaich. Air latha bòidheach fogharaidh thuit dhi féin agus do mhnaoi eile a bhi mach air an achadh ag geàrradh coirce. Roimh fheasgar leum muile-mhàg mhór, bhuidhe gu h-éigineach á rathad a corrain; agus, an uair a chunnaic i an creutair truagh 'ga slaodadh féin á cunnairt, thubhairt i: "Tha thusa an sin, a luideag bhochd; b' fheàirrde thu mise mu d' thimchioll an ùine ghoirid." "O! am beathach mosach," ars a' bhean eile: "ma thig i an rathad agamsa, cuiridh mi bàrr mo chorrain troimpe." "Cha chuir, cha chuir," arsa bean an tuathanaich; "cha'n 'eil an creutair bochd ach a' màgaran mu 'n cuairt a' trusadh a cuid mar tha sinn féin." Agus leigeadh air falbh a' mhuile-mhàg le a beatha.

An ceann beagan làithean thàinig gille an cabhaig a' marcachd air each glas gu tigh an tuathanaich, agus bhuail e buille air an dorus leis an t-slait a bha 'na làimh. Chaidh an tuathanach a mach, agus thubhairt an gille ris gu'n d'thàinig e air-son na mnà a dh' fheitheamh a bhan-mhaighstir, is i am feum a cuideachaidh. Dh'iarr an tuathanach air dol a stigh agus biadh a ghabhail, am fad is a bhitheadh a bhean a' deanamh deas air-son an turuis. Fhreagair e gu'n

THE FAIRY QUEEN IN THE FORM OF A FROG.

At the head of Loch Ransa, in Arran, there once lived a farmer's wife who used to act as midwife to her neighbours. On a fine day in harvest she and another woman happened to be out in the field cutting oats. Before evening a large yellow frog leaped with difficulty out of the way of her sickle, and when she saw the poor creature dragging itself out of danger, she said: "There your are, poor clumsy thing; you would be the better of my help soon." "O! the nasty beast," said the other woman, "if she comes my way, I'll put the point of my sickle through her." "No! No!" said the farmer's wife, "the poor creature is only crawling about gathering her portion like ourselves," and the frog was let away with her life.

In a few days a lad, riding on a grey horse, came in haste to the farmer's house, and struck a blow on the door with the switch that was in his hand. The farmer went out, and the lad said to him that he had come for the wife to attend his mistress, who needed her assistance. The farmer told him to go in and take food, while his wife was making ready for the journey. He replied that he was in haste, and that he would wait

robh e an cabhaig, ach gu'm feitheadh e far an robh e gus am bitheadh i deas. An so thàinig a' bhean a mach, agus thubhairt i nach rachadh i ceum leis mur tigeadh e stigh, agus an gabhadh e greim bìdh. Ach chuir e 'na cuimhne ciod a thubhairt i r'a bhanmhaighstir an uair a thachair i oirre ann an riochd muile-mhàg air an achadh bhuana; agus an sin thubhairt e nach faodadh i dol á cois a facail. Chunnaic i gu'n robh i an sàs leis an ni thubhairt i, agus gu 'm feumadh i falbh leis. Ach mu'n d' fhalbh i, gheall an gille gu'n tugadh e dhachaidh gu sàbhailt i an ceann beagan làithean.

Chuir an tuathanach a bhean air cùl a' ghille; agus cho luath is a fhuair i 'na suidhe an sin, air falbh 'na dheannaibh ghabh an t-each glas a suas ri aodann a' bhruthaich. Ann an ùine glé ghoirid ràinig e am mullach, agus an sin thionndaidh e a aghaidh ri glomhas mór a bha eadar am bruthach a dhìrich e agus aon eile a bha m'a choinneamh. An uair a thug bean an tuathanaich so fa-near, ghlaodh i ris a' ghille: "Ciod is ciall duit? Am bheil thu an dùil gu'n leum an t-each an glomhas sin." Ach mu 'n robh na briathran as a beul chaidh an t-each thairis air mar eun air iteig. "Is math a fhuaradh thu, a phiseag ghlas!" ars an gille ris an steud a bha fodha. Chuir na briathran so ioghnadh air bean an tuathanaich; ach, ma chuir, bu mhóide a h-ioghnadh an uair a dh' amhairc i, agus a chunnaic i nach robh anns an steud a mharcaich i féin agus an gille, ach cat glas.

"A nis," ars an gille ri bean an tuathanaich, "tha thu a' dol do Shìthean, a tha goirid as a so, a dh'fheitheamh air Ban-rìgh nan Sìthichean; agus, mu'n téid thu na 's fhaide, innsidh mi dhuit ciod is còir dhuit a dheanamh, an uair a ruigeas tu e. Na bitheadh eagal ort mo chomhairle-sa a ghabhail, oir cha'n e sìthiche

where he was, until she would be ready. The woman now came out, and said that she would not go a step with him unless he would come in and take a morsel of food. Then he reminded her of what she had said to his mistress when she met her in the form of a frog on the reaping field, and then he said that she dared not go back from her word. She saw that she had put herself in his power by what she had said, and that she must go with him. Before she departed, however, the lad promised to bring her home safely in a few days.

The farmer placed his wife behind the lad, and as soon as she had got seated there, away went the grey horse at full gallop up the face of the hill. In a very short time he reached the summit, and then he turned his face towards a great chasm which lay between the hill he had ascended and another opposite. When the farmer's wife noticed this, she cried to the lad: "What do you mean? Do you expect the horse to leap that chasm?" But before the words were out of her mouth the horse went over it like a bird on the wing. "Well done, grey kitten!" said the lad to the steed that was under him. These words made the farmer's wife wonder; but, if so, her wonder was the greater when she looked and saw that the steed which she herself and the lad rode was but a grey cat.

"Now," said the lad to the farmer's wife, "you are going to a Fairy Knoll, which is a short distance from this, to attend the Queen of the Fairies; and before you proceed further, I shall tell you what you ought to do when you reach it. Be not afraid to take my advice, for I am not a fairy at all, but a human being.

a tha annam-sa idir, ach duine saoghalta. Tha mi fo gheasaibh aig na sìthichean fad bliadhna thar fhichead; agus tha bliadhna eile agam ri chur a stigh fhathast, mu'm bi mi saor, agus comas agam pilleadh air m' ais ri mo dhaoine féin a rithist. Chum gu 'm bi agad-sa cuideachd comas pilleadh dhachaidh aig ceann do ùine féin, thoir fa-near ciod a their agus a nì thu, fhad is a bhitheas tu 'san t-Sìthean. Cha bhi nithean an sin mar dh' amhairceas iad; ach, dean thusa mar dh' iarras mise ort, agus chì thu iad mar tha iad; agus cha bhi thu tuilleadh an cunnart a bhi air do mhealladh leò. Ma-tà, gheibh thu tri seòrsachan siabuinn, aon aca geal, aon eile dhiubh buidhe, agus an treas aon dearg. An uair a gheibh thu leat féin, suath an siabunn geal os ceann do shùla deise, agus bheir e air falbh an sgleò dhith, agus an sin chì thu nithean gu ceart. Ach thoir aire mhath nach bean thu ri do shùil no ri do mhala le aon de 'n dà sheòrsa eile. Sin agad mo cheud chomhairle; agus so té eile, agus bi cinnteach nach dearmad thu i. An uair a bhitheas do ùine mach, thig mise air do shon; agus an sin cruinnichidh na sìthichean mu do thimchioll, agus tairgidh gach aon diubh ni-eigin r'a thabhairt leat mar ghean-math. Faodaidh tu rud air bith a bheir iad dhuit a ghabhail, ach òr is airgiod; agus innsidh mise dhuit a rithist ciod is còir dhuit a dheanamh riu. Ach tha sinn a nis an sealladh an t-Sìthein, agus feuch nach tig thu thairis air ni air bith a thubhairt mise riut."

Bha dorus an t-Sìthein fosgailte rompa, agus solus sèimh a' deàrrsadh a mach troimhe. Chaidh bean an tuathanaich a stigh, agus b' ann an sin a bha an t-àite brèagh. Bha na ballachan agus am mullach loinnireach le òr agus airgiod; agus air an ùrlar bha bòrd fada, uidheamaichte, agus saor do na h-uile a thigeadh. Bha an sin cuideachd mhór a dh' fhir agus a mhnathan òga

I lie under spells by the fairies for twenty-one years, and I have another year yet to put in before I shall be free and have power to return back to my own people again. That you also may have power to return home at the end of your time, take heed what you say and do as long as you are in the Fairy Knoll. Things there will not be as they will appear; but do you as I tell you, and you will see them as they are; and you will no longer be in danger of being deceived by them. Well, you will get three kinds of soap, one white, another yellow, and the third red. When you find yourself alone, rub the white soap over your right eye, and it will remove thence the glamour, and then you will see things aright. But take good heed that you do not touch your eye, or your brow, with either of the other kinds. That is my first advice; and here is the other, and be sure that you do not neglect it. When your time is out, I will come for you, and then the fairies will gather about you, and each one of them will offer something to take with you as a gift. You may take anything they will give you, except gold or silver; and I will tell you again what you ought to do with them. But we are now in sight of the Fairy Knoll, and see that you will not come over anything I have said to you."

The door of the Fairy Knoll stood open before them, and a mild light was shining through the doorway. The farmer's wife entered, and it was there that the grand place was. The walls and the ceiling were glistening with gold and silver; and on the floor stood a long table, covered with abundance, and free to all comers. A great company was there, of young men

sgeadaichte an aodach uaine, agus a thug bàrr air na chunnaic i riamh ann am maise. Chuir iad uile fàilte oirre, agus thug aon aca stigh i do sheòmar na Ban-rìgh.

Rinn a' Bhan-rìgh gàirdeachas rithe, agus thubhairt i gu'n robh earbsa aice innte, o'n là a ghabh i truas dith air an achadh bhuana. Dh' fhuirich bean an tuathanaich greis 'san t-Sìthean. Air là àraidh, an uair a bha i leatha féin, ghabh i an siabunn geal, agus shuaith i e os ceann a sùla, agus an sin ghrad dh'atharraicheadh gach ni m'a timchioll. Thionndadh an t-àite brèagh 'na tholl ruadh gainmhich, agus na daoine móra eireachdail a bha ann, 'nan seann chreutairean beaga, duaichnidh. Cha do ghabh i oirre ciod a rinn no chunnaic i, ach o sin bu latha gach mionaid leatha gus an d' fhuair i as. Mu dheireadh thàinig an gille an cabhaig, agus ghlaodh e rithe a bhi deas falbh leis-san, a chionn gu'n d' thàinig an t-àm anns am feumadh esan a ghealladh a choimhlionadh d'a fear.

Cho luath is a chuala na sìthichean so, chruinnich iad mu'n cuairt oirre, agus thairg gach aon aca dhi ni-eigin mar ghean-math. Ghabh i gach ni a fhuair i, ach airgiod agus òr, mar dh' iarradh oirre; agus chaidh i mach. An sin dh' fhalbh i 'na suidhe air cùl a' ghille air an steud ghlas. Ach ghabh an gille rathad ùr a thug iad troimh phreasan dhreas agus dhroighinn. Cho luath is a ràinig iad a' cheud phreas, ghlaodh an gille rithe aon de thiodhlacan nan sìthichean a thilgeil ann. Rinn i sin, agus ghrad-sprèadh e le fuaim cho cruaidh ri urchair gunna, agus chuir e am preas 'na lasair theine. An sin thilg i air falbh na bha aice, aon an déidh aoin; agus mar thachair do'n cheud aon, thachair do'n chòrr. "A nis," ars an gille, "na'n do glèidh thu na rudan ud gus an deachaidh thu dhachaidh,

and women, arrayed in green garments, and surpassing all she had ever seen in comeliness. They all welcomed her, and one of them took her into the Queen's chamber.

The Queen rejoiced to see her, and said that she had confidence in her, since the day she pitied her on the reaping field. The farmer's wife stayed a while in the Fairy Knoll. One day when she was alone, she took the white soap and rubbed it over her eye, and then everything around her was suddenly changed. The grand place was turned into a pit of red gravel, and the tall, handsome people that were in it into old creatures, small and ill-favoured. She never made known what she did or saw, but from that time she felt every minute as long as a day till she got out of it. At last the lad came in haste, and called on her to be ready to depart with him, because the time had arrived when he must fulfil his promise to her husband.

As soon as the fairies heard this, they gathered around her, and everyone of them offered her something as a token of goodwill. She took every thing she got, except gold and silver, as she had been told; and she went forth. Then she took her departure, sitting behind the lad on the grey steed. But the lad took a new road, which led them through bushes of briars and thorns. As soon as they reached the first bush, the lad called to her to throw therein one of the fairies' gifts. She did so; and next moment it exploded with a report as loud as a gun-shot, and turned the bush into a flame of fire. She then threw away all the gifts she had, one after another, and as had happened to the first one it happened to the rest. "Now," said the lad, "had you kept those things until you went

chuireadh iad an tigh ri theine, agus loisgeadh iad thu féin is na bhitheadh ann." Ràinig iad tigh an tuathanaich an tèaruinteachd, dh' fhàg an gille beannachd aig a' mhnaoi, agus an sin dh' fhalbh e air an steud ghlas an taobh a ghabh e an toiseach.

home, they would have set the house on fire, and burnt you yourself, and all that was in it." They reached the farmer's house in safety, the lad bade farewell to the farmer's wife, and then departed on the grey steed in the direction he had taken at first.

BO MHAOL ODHAR
DHOIRE-MHIC-BHRANNDAIDH.

Anns an linn a chaidh seachad, bha fear a Chloinn Choinnich 'na aon de thuath Odhanaich an iochdar Lochabar. 'Na àm thuit gu'n do thòisich crodh a' bhaile air faotainn a mach 'san oidhche as a' bhuaile thodhair agus air dol do'n dail choirce far an d' rinn iad móran dolaidh. Cha robh fhios ciamar a bha a' bhuaile air a bristeadh sìos, agus rathad air a dheanamh troimpe oidhche an déidh oidhche. Bha aon ni a mhàin cinnteach, agus b'e sin nach d'rinn na coimhearsnaich no an crodh féin an obair chronail so riamh. Mu dheireadh smaointich MacCoinnich gu'n robh làmh aig na sìthichibh anns a' ghnothach; agus le sin chuir e fios air a bhràthair, am Portair Cam, tighinn agus faire a dheanamh maille ris fad aon oidhche air a' bhuaile thodhair, dh' fheuch an robh no nach robh e ceart 'na bharail.

Thàinig am Portair Cam, agus cho luath is a thàinig am feasgar, chaidh iad le chéile dh' ionnsaidh an achaidh thodhair. An uair a ràinig iad an t-achadh, chuir iad an crodh a stigh do'n bhuaile, agus ghabh iad aice cho math is a b' urrainn iad. An sin shuidh iad sìos an àite am fagus di, far an d' fheith iad dh' fheuch ciod a thachradh.

An déidh do chuid mhath de 'n oidhche dol seachad, chuala iad air leò na cabair 'gam bristeadh air an taobh a b' fhaide air falbh de 'n bhuaile. Ghrad dh'éirich am Portair Cam, agus ghabh e cuairt an taobh o'n d'thàinig an fhuaim. Cha deachaidh e ach goirid gus

THE DUN COW OF MACBRANDY'S THICKET.

In the past century, a man of the Clan Kenzie was one of the tenants of Onich, in Nether Lochaber.

In his time it happened that the cattle on the farm began to get out of the tathing-fold at night, and to go into the corn field, where they did much damage. No one knew how the fold was broken down, and a way made through it night after night. One thing only was certain, and that was that neither the neighbours nor the cattle themselves ever did this mischievous work. At last MacKenzie suspected that the fairies had a hand in the matter; and for that reason he sent word to his brother, the One-eyed Ferryman, to come and watch the tathing-fold with him during one night, to see whether or not he was right in his conjecture.

The One-eyed Ferryman arrived, and as soon as night came, they went together to the tathing-field. When they reached the field, they put the cattle inside the fold, and secured it as well as they could. Then they sat down in a place near it, where they waited to see what would happen.

After a good part of the night had passed, they thought they heard the stakes being broken on the furthest off side of the fold. The One-eyed Ferryman rose up immediately, and took a turn in the direction from which the sound came. He had gone but a short

am faca e, oir bha an dà shealladh aige, mart maol odhar a' tilgeil nan cabar as an àite le a ceann, agus an sin a' dol a stigh do 'n bhuaile far an do chuir i mart an déidh mairt air an cois, agus as an d' iomain i iad uile troimh 'n bhealach a rinn i chum na dail choirce.

Lean am Portair a' bhó mhaol odhar gus an d' ràinig i Sìthean Doire-Mhic-Bhranndaidh.

Dh' fhosgail an Sìthean roimpe, agus chaidh i stigh. Ghreas am Portair 'na déidh gu ruig an dorus, agus chum a ghlèidheadh fosgailte, shàth e a bhiodag ann an aon de na h-ursnaibh.

Fhuair e nis làn-shealladh air taobh a stigh an t-Sìthein. Bha an Sìthean air a lasadh suas le solus dealrach, agus bha teine mór le coire iaruinn an crochadh os a cheann air meadhon an ùrlair; agus mu'n cuairt do'n teine bha cròilean de sheann daoinibh móra liatha 'nan laighe air an uilnibh.

Thàinig an tuathanach a nis gu dorus an t-Sìthein; ach ma thàinig, cha'n fhaca e ni air bith gus an do chuir e a chas air chois a' Phortair Chaim. Ach cho luath is a rinn e sin, dh' fhosgail an Sìthean, agus chunnaic e gach ni a bha an taobh a stigh dheth. Chuir an sealladh iongantach m'a choinneamh a leithid de dh' eagail air is gu 'n do ghuidh e air a' Phortair an t-àite neo-chneasda fhàgail gun dàil. Cha d' thug am Portair umhail air bith dha. An àite sin is ann a ghlaodh e le guth àrd ris na sìthichibh: " Na'n cuireadh a' bhó mhaol odhar aca dragh tuilleadh air buaile Odhanaich, gu'n tugadh e gach ni 'san t-Sìthean as, agus gu'n tilgeadh e mach iad air Rudha na h-Oitire." Air dha so a ràdh tharruing e a bhiodag as an ursainn, agus air ball dhruid an dorus air féin agus air a bhràthair. Phill iad 'na dhéidh sin dachaidh; agus o'n oidhche sin cha'n fhacas tuilleadh bó mhaol odhar Doire-Mhic-Bhranndaidh ann am buaile Odhanaich.

distance when he beheld (for he had the second sight) a dun polled cow throwing with her head the stakes out of their place, and then going into the fold where she put cow after cow on their feet, and whence she afterwards drove them all through the gap she had made into the corn field.

The Ferryman followed the dun polled cow until she arrived at the Fairy Knoll of Derry MacBrandy.

The Fairy Knoll opened up before her, and she entered. The Ferryman hastened after her as far as the door, and to keep it open, drove his dirk into one of the jambs.

He now got a full view of the inside of the Fairy Knoll. It was lighted up with a brilliant light, and on the middle of the floor was a large fire with an iron caldron hanging over it; and around the fire was a circle of big old grey-haired men resting on their elbows.

The farmer now came to the door of the Fairy Knoll; but, if so, he saw nothing until he placed his foot on that of the One-eyed Ferryman. But as soon as he did that, the Fairy Knoll opened, and he saw everything that was within it. The wonderful sight before him put him in so great fear that he besought the Ferryman to leave the uncanny place without delay. The Ferryman paid him no attention whatever. Instead of that, he called in a loud voice to the fairies, saying: "If their dun polled cow should ever again trouble Onich fold, he would take out everything in the Knoll and throw it out on Rudha na h-Oitire." Having said this he drew his dirk out of the jamb, and straightway the door shut against him and his brother.

After that they returned home; and from that night the dun cow of Derry MacBrandy has never been seen in an Onich fold.

NA GRUAGAICHEAN.

Bha uair-eigin a' fuireachd an Callairt duin'-uasal a bha 'na shealgair fhiadh ro ainmeil. Bha cù glas aige nach robh a leithid ri fhaotainn 'san àm an Lochabar; ach, bha e, coltach r' a mhaighstir, a' fàs sean, agus ag call a luathais.

Air là àraid 'san fhogharadh dhìrich an duin'-uasal le a sheann chù glas féin monadh Cheann Loch Mór a leantainn nam fiadh. Ràinig e na coireachan a b' àbhaist dhoibh a bhi a' tathaich; ach, ged chunnaic e greigh an déidh greighe dhiubh, agus a lean e iad fad an là, cha d'fhuair e an astar saighead a thilgeil orra, no an cù a leigeil riu. Mu dheireadh aig cromadh na gréine 'san àird-an-iar, thàinig e air làn-damh brèagh leis féin, agus leig e an cù air falbh 'na dhéidh. Shìn an cù as le a uile neart, agus an toiseadh bha e a' buidhinn air an damh; ach cho luath is a leag an damh a chabair air a ghuailnibh, agus a thog e a chuinneinean 'san athar, thòisich an cù a' tuiteam air dheireadh, agus an ùine ghoirid chaill e sealladh air gu h-iomlan.

Shuidh an duin'-uasal sìos, gu sgìth, aimhealach air cnocan uaine an gleann domhain eadar dà shliabh àrd. Cha robh e fada an sin gus an do sheas dà ghruagaich a b' àille cumadh agus dreach m'a choinneamh, agus cù brèagh aig té dhiubh air éill. Labhair an té eile an toiseach, agus thubhairt i: "Tha thu sgìth, a shealgair nam fiadh, agus fo aimheal a chionn gu'n do leig an seann chù as an damh mór." "Tha mi sgìth, gu

THE MAIDENS.

THERE once lived in Callart a gentleman who was a very famous deer-hunter. He had a greyhound the equal of which was not then to be found in Lochaber; but, like his master, he was growing old and losing his speed.

One day in autumn the gentleman, followed by his old greyhound, ascended the hill above Kinloch More to chase the deer. He reached the corries they used to frequent; but though he saw herd after herd of them and followed them all day long, he never got near enough to shoot an arrow, or to slip the dog after them. At length, when the sun was going down in the west, he came upon a fine full-grown stag all by himself, and he slipped the dog in pursuit of him. The dog stretched away with all his might, and at first was gaining on the stag; but as soon as the stag laid his antlers down over his shoulders, and lifted his nostrils in the air, the dog began to fall behind, and soon lost sight of him altogether.

Wearied and vexed, the gentleman sat down on a green hillock in a deep glen between two lofty mountains. He was not long there when two maidens of fairest form and mien stood before him, one of them holding a noble dog in a leash. The other was the first to speak, and she said: "You are tired, hunter of the deer," said she, "and vexed because the old dog has allowed the big stag to escape." "I am tired,

dearbh, agus duilich gu 'n deachaidh latha a' choin ghlais seachad," fhreagair an sealgair. "Tog do mhisneach, agus thoir leat an cù so," ars an dara gruagach, "agus cha'n 'eil creutair ceithir-chasach air aghaidh na talmhainn, o'n mhaighich bhig gus an làn-damh cròiceach, air nach beir e, agus nach tabhair e gu d' ionnsaidh." "C' ainm a tha air?" dh' fheòr-aich an sealgair. Fhreagair i gu 'n robh Brodum. Rug e air an éill as a làimh, agus thug e buidheachas dhi air-son a' choin. Dh' fhàg e an sin beannachd aice féin agus aig a ban-chompanach, agus dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh.

Cho luath is a dh éirich e an ath latha, thug e mach leis gach duine a bha 'san tigh, agus air dha a aghaidh a thionndadh ris an dà shliabh, eadar am faca e na gruagaichean, thubhairt e: "Am faic sibh an dà shliabh ud a tha m' ur coinneamh? A so a mach cuimhnichibh gur e a their sibh riu na Gruagaichean;" agus is e sin a theirear riu gus an latha an diugh.

Lean an cù ris an duin'-uasal fhad is a bu bheò dha. Cha deachaidh iall riamh air cù a b' fhearr. Cha robh ni a rachadh iarraidh air nach deanadh e, no creutair ris an rachadh e a leigeil nach beireadh e air. Agus cha robh duine beò a leanadh e, no fhreagaireadh e, ach a mhaighstir.

An uair a chaochail a mhaighstir, chaill e a mhis-neach. Lean e an tiodhlacadh gu ruig eas a tha eadar Callairt agus an ath bhaile; ach stad e an sin, agus theirinn e do'n eas, far am facas e a' dol a stigh do dh' uaimh, as nach do thill e tuilleadh. Tha a ainm air a chumail air chuimhne ann an ainmean an dà àite sin; oir is e a theirear riu fhathast Eas Bhroduim agus Uaimh Bhroduim.

indeed, and grieved that the grey dog's best days have passed," answered the hunter. "Courage, and take this dog with you," said the second maiden, "and there is not a four-footed creature on the face of the earth, from the little hare to the full-grown antlered stag, but he will catch, and bring to you." "What is his name?" asked the hunter. She replied that it was Brodum. He took the leash out of her hand, and thanked her for the dog. He then bade farewell to herself and her companion, and went away home.

As soon as he rose the next day, he brought every one in the house out with him, and after turning his face towards the two mountains between which he had seen the maidens, he said: "Do you see yonder two mountains opposite you? From henceforth remember that you are to call them the Maidens," and that is what they are called to the present day.

The dog followed the gentleman as long as he lived. Never was a leather strap placed on a better dog. Whatever he was asked to do he did, and no creature he was sent after but he caught. And there was no man living he would follow, or answer, save his master.

When his master died, he lost heart. He followed the funeral as far as the ravine between Callart and the next farm; but he stopped there, and descended the ravine, where he was seen entering a cave, out of which he never returned. His name is preserved in the names of these two places; for they are still called Brodum's Ravine and Brodum's Cave.

GOBHAR NA CADHA RUAIDHE.

ANNS na làithibh a chaidh seachad is gann a bha baile 's a' Ghàidhealtachd gun bhadan ghobhar. B' àbhaist do 'n tuath an iomain gu srath, agus an cur a stigh do chrò nan gabhar 'san fheasgar gu bhi an sin air an leigeil.

Air feasgar àraidh bha tuath Odhanaich ag cur nan gobhar gu baile an uair a thug iad fa-near coltas de ghobhair mhòir ghlais am measg an tréid. Lean i so càch math gu leòir gus am faca i iad air an iomain a stigh do 'n chrò. An sin bhrist i mach asda, agus thug i a h-aghaidh ris a' mhonadh. Chaidh na coin 'na déidh, agus thug iad di an droch bheubachadh mu'n do bhuidhinn i a' Chadha Ruadh. Ach an uair a ràinig i a' Chadha, thill i air an lodhainn, agus an ùine glé ghoirid chuir i dhachaidh iad 'san sgalartaich. An sin sheas i air mullach na Cadha agus thubhairt i:

" B' e sin an cath cruaidh,
A' Chadha Ruadh a thoirt a mach."

An déidh dhi so a ràdh dh'fhalbh i; agus o sin gu so cha'n fhacas i an Odhanaich.

THE GOAT OF THE RED PASSAGE.

In bygone days there was scarcely a farm in the Highlands without a small flock of goats. The tenantry used to drive them to the low ground, and put them in the goat-fold in the evening, there to be milked.

On a certain evening the tenantry of Onich were driving their goats farmwards when they noticed what appeared to be a large grey goat in the midst of the flock. She followed the rest quite well, until she saw them driven into the fold. Then she broke away from them, and set her face to the hill. The dogs went after her, and gave her a bad worrying before she won the Red Passage. But when she had reached the Passage, she turned on the pack, and in a very short time sent them yelling homewards. Then she stood at the top of the Passage, and said:

"That was a hard bout,
The Red Passage to make out."

After saying this she departed; and from that day to the present she has not been seen in Onich.

AN LAOGH-ALLA.

Bha an Laogh-alla a' leantainn nam bàthaichean bu shine 's a' Ghaidhealtachd. A réir fear-mo-sgeòil, cha'n fhacas riamh e; agus air an aobhar sin cha b' urrainn e a ràdh cò ris a bha e coltach. Ach ged a bha e a ghnàth a' fuireachd as an t-sealladh, rinn se e féin aithnichte ann an rathaidibh eile. Air uairibh bha e air a chluinntinn mu mharbh mheadhon-oidhche ag geumnaich anns a' bhàthaich; a bha daonnan togta aig aon cheann de 'n tigh chòmhnuidh. Bha fios aig an tuathanach a chuala an sin a ghuth gu'n d'thainig cothrom 'na charaibh, agus gu'm bu chòir dha fàth a ghabhail air. Le sin dh'éireadh e as a leabadh, rachadh e gun lòchran, gun choinneil, do'n bhàthaich, agus dh' iarradh e an creutair sìthe anns an dorchadas. Na'n robh de shealbh air gu'm beanadh e dha, ghlacadh e le a ghàirdeanaibh e mu'n cuairt a chuirp, agus o'n uair sin dh'fhàsadh e 'na dhuine sona mu thimchioll feudalach. Is e sin ri ràdh gu'n soirbhicheadh leis mar fhear togail agus glèidhidh spréidhe; agus a thaobh gu'n robh saoibhreas a' Ghàidheil 'sna làithibh a chaidh seachad ag comh-sheasamh am mórchuid ann an spréidh, tha e ag ciallachadh mar an ceudna gu'n cinneadh e 'na dhuine beartach agus soirbheach.

Chualadh an Laogh-alla an uair mu dheireadh mu thuairam deich agus tri fichead bliadhna roimhe so ann an Achadh an Dùin an Liosmór. B'e am bàthaich

THE WILD-CALF.

The Wild-calf haunted the oldest byres in the Highlands. According to my informant, it was never seen; and for that reason he could not say what it was like. But though it always remained invisible, it made its presence known in other ways. Sometimes it was heard at dead mid-night lowing in the byre, which was always built at one end of the dwelling-house. The farmer who then heard its voice knew that an opportunity had come within his reach, and that he ought to take advantage of it. So he quietly got out of bed, went without lamp or candle to the byre, and groped in the dark for the weird creature. If he had the good fortune of touching it, he immediately embraced it with his arms round its body, and from that moment he became a lucky man about cattle. That is to say, he became a successful rearer and manager of cattle; and as the wealth of the Highlander of bygone days consisted mainly in cattle, it meant also that he turned out a rich and thriving man.

The Wild-calf was last heard in Achanduin, in Lismore, somewhere about seventy years ago. The byre

anns an cualadh e an treas bàthaich a bu shine 'san Eilean, agus b'e an t-àm 'san cualadh e, mar dh' fhaodadh dùil a bhi againn, marbh mheadhon-oidhche. Air do 'n tuathanach a bhi air a dhùsgadh le a gheumnaich, dh' éirich e a chlisge as a leabadh. Ach air dha bhi fo eagal dol 'na dhàil anns an dorchadas, las e coinneil, rug e air a' choinneil 'na làimh, agus an sin ghlac e de mhisnich gu'n deachaidh e do 'n bhàthaich leis féin. Ach dh' iarr e an laogh an dìomhain, a chionn gu'n do bhrist e aon de na cumhnantan air an do rinn se e féin aithnichte. Le sin chaill e a chothrom, agus cha d' fhuair e air-son a shaothrach ach curiomchoire a mhnà.

in which it was heard was the third oldest in the Island; and the time of hearing it was, as we might have expected, the dead hour of midnight. The farmer, awakened by its lowing, rose immediately out of bed. But fearing to come in contact with it in the dark, he lighted a candle, took the candle in his hand, and then mustered sufficient courage to enter the byre alone. His search, however, proved useless, for he had violated one of the conditions on which it made itself felt. So he lost his opportunity, and got nothing for his trouble but his wife's reproaches.

URUISG SGURR-A'-CHAORAINN.

Bha Uruisg a' fuireachd roimhe so ann an creig chas aig bun Sgùrr-a'-Chaorainn an Lochabar. Bha an t-Uruisg so, a réir coltais, ro dhraghail do bhuachaille Bhlàr-a'-chaorainn an uair a thuiteadh dha a bhi a' dol rathad na Sgùrra. Cha robh feasgar a rachadh e seachad oirre, nach cuireadh an t-Uruisg a cheann a mach air toll an aodann na creige, agus nach glaodhadh e 'na dhéidh:

"Bodach mac bhodaich 'ic bhodaich! Tha sin de bhodaich a triùir: is bodach thu fhéin, agus is bodach d' athair, agus 'na bhodach bithidh do mhac, agus bithidh mac an fhir sin 'na bhodach, agus bithidh sibh uile 'nur bodaich, ìoc air an achd."

An uair a dh' fhàg am buachaille so Blàr-a'-chaorainn, thàinig fear eile 'na àite ris an abradh a luchd-eòlais Domhnull Mór. Cha robh Domhnull ach goirid air a' bhaile gus an robh e cho mór air a shàrachadh leis an Uruisg is a bha am buachaille a dh' fhalbh. Cha robh feasgar a thilleadh e o'n mhonadh seach a' chreag nach glaodhadh e 'na dhéidh: "Dhomhnuill Mhóir, cha toigh leam thu." Bha an fhàilte so fada o bhi taitneach le Domhnull còir, ach ghlèidh e a bheachd dha fhéin cho fada is a b' urrainn e. Mu dheireadh bha a fhoidhidinn cho glan air a claoidheadh le sìor-sgallais an Uruisg is nach b' urrainn e cumail air féin na b' fhaide.

Air feasgar àraidh, is e a' tilleadh gu fuar, ocrach

THE URISK OF SGURR-A-CHAORAINN.

An Urisk once lived in a steep rock at the foot of Sgurr-a-Chaorainn in Lochaber. This Urisk was, it appears, very troublesome to the herd of Blar-a-Chaorainn, when he happened to go the way of Sgurr. Not an evening he passed it but the Urisk put his head out of a hole in the face of the rock and bawled after him:

"Carl, son of carl, son of carl. There you have of carls three:—a carl are you, and a carl is your father, and your son will be a carl, and his son will be a carl, and you all will be carls, like it or not."

When this herd left Blar-a-Chaorainn, there came in his place another whom his acquaintances called Donald Mór. Donald was but a short time on the farm, until he was as much annoyed by the Urisk as the herd that had left. Not an evening did he return from the hill past the rock but the Urisk bawled after him: "Donald Mór, I do not like you." This salutation was far from being pleasing to honest Donald, but he kept his opinion to himself as long as he could. At length his patience was so completely worn out by the Urisk's continual jeering that he could not contain himself any longer.

One evening, when returning, cold and hungry, from

as a' mhonadh, agus an t-Uruisg ag glaodhaich 'na dhéidh, mar b' àbhaist: " Dhomhnuill Mhóir, cha toigh leam thu," thionndaidh e air a shàil ann am feirg, agus ghlaodh e cho àrd is a rinn an t-Uruisg fhéin: " Cha'n 'eil sin ach comain duit." Sguir an t-Uruisg d'a sgallais; agus o sin gu so, cha chualadh a ghuth le duine air bith eile.

the hill, and the Urisk bawling after him as usual: "Donald Mór, I do not like you," Donald turned on his heel in wrath, and bawled as loud as the Urisk himself: "That is but the return you owe me." The Urisk ceased his jeering; and from that time to this his voice has not been heard by any other person.

URUISG AN EASA BHUIDHE.

Ann an Gleann-Màilidh an Lochabar, tha eas ùigeil ris an abrar an t-Eas Buidhe. Anns an eas so bha e air a ràdh gu 'n robh na h-Uruisgean ag gabhail fasgaidh; agus b' ann làimh ris a bha bothain-àiridhe cuid de thuath a' ghlinne suidhichte.

Bha aon de na h-Uruisgean,

"Uruisg an Eas'-Bhuidhe
'Na shuidhe 'n Gleann-Màilidh."

ro dhraghail do thé de na banaraichean a bha anns na bothain-àraidhe làimh ris an eas. Cha robh latha nach tigeadh e stigh do 'n bhothan far an robh i; agus nach cuireadh e seachad an ùine 'na shuidhe mu'n teine, a' feòraich cheisdean dhith, agus ag cur bacadh oirre 'na h-obair. Dh' fhàs i sgìth dheth, ach cha robh fhios aice cia mar a ghràinicheadh i e gun chorruich nan Uruisgean eile a thionndadh 'na h-aghaidh. Mu dheireadh chlaoidheadh a foidhidinn cho buileach leis is gu'n do chuir i roimpe a bhi cuidhte is e, ciod air bith a thachradh.

Air latha àraid a bha e 'na ghurrach mu'n teine mar b' àbhaist, dh' fheòraich e am measg a cheisdean, c' ainm a bha oirre. Fhreagair i gu'n robh: "Mi fhéin is Mi fhéin. "Is iongantach an t-ainm sin," ars esan. "Coma co dhiùbh, is e sin a tha orm."

Bha poit mhèig air an teine, agus an uair a chaidh i g'a toirt dheth, bha esan 'san rathad oirre, mar bu ghnàth leis. Bhrosnaich so i cho mór is gu 'n do leig

THE URISK OF EAS BUIDHE.

In Glen Mallie, in Lochaber, there is an eerie ravine called Eas Buidhe. In this ravine it was said that the Urisks took refuge; and near it were the summer pasture bothies of some of the farmers in the Glen.

One of the Urisks,

"The Urisk of Eas Buidhe,
Sitting in Glen Maillie,"

was very troublesome to one of the dairymaids staying in the bothies near the ravine. Not a day passed but he came to the bothy where she lived; and he spent the time sitting at the fire, asking questions, and obstructing her in her work. She grew tired of him, but she knew not how to rout him without turning the wrath of the other Urisks against her. At last her patience with him was so completely worn out that she resolved to get rid of him, happen what might.

One day as he was crouching about the fire as usual, he asked, among his questions, what her name was. She replied that it was: "Myself and Myself." "That is a curious name," said he. "Never mind, that is what I am called."

A pot full of whey hung over the fire, and when she went to take it off, he was in her way, as usual. This so provoked her that she inten-

i d'a deòin le taom de'n mhèag ghoileach tuiteam m'a chasan, agus a sgaldadh. Leum e gu grad o a àite-suidhe, agus ruith e mach a' burralaich agus ag glaodh-aich gu'n do loisgeadh e. Cho luath is a chuala na h-Uruisgean eile so, ruith iad a nìos as an eas 'na choinneamh, agus dh'fheòraich iad cò a loisg e. Fhreagair e gu 'n do loisg, "Mi fhéin is Mi fhéin." "O, ma's tu fhéin a loisg thu, cha'n 'eil comas air; ach, na'm b' e aon air bith eile a rinn e, loisgeamaid e fhéin agus na tha 'sna bothain-àraidhe leis.

tionally allowed a wave of the boiling whey to fall on his feet, and scald him. He sprang up quickly from his seat, and ran out, howling and crying that he was burnt. As soon as the other Urisks heard this, they ran up from the ravine to meet him, and asked who burnt him. He answered that it was "Myself and Myself." "Oh, if you have burnt yourself, it cannot be helped; but if anyone else had done it, we would have burnt him and all that is in the bothies along with him."

ALASTAIR MOR AGUS AN T-URUISG.

Bha Alastair Mór 'na iasgair-slaite cho math agus cho tograch is a bha anns an àite d' am buineadh e. Cho luath is a chitheadh e coltas deagh fhroise a' tighinn, ghrad-thilgeadh e a shlat thar a ghualainn, agus air falbh 'na throtan ghabhadh e dh' ionnsaidh na h-aibhne.

Air feasgar blàth samhraidh, agus ceòban math uisge ann, thug e an abhainn air, mar bu ghnàth leis; agus an déidh dha an t-slat a chur an òrdugh, thilg e mach leatha an acfhuinn. Cho luath is a bhean an dubhan do 'n uisge, thòisich an aon ghabhail air an iasg a b' fheàrr a chunnaic e riamh. Bha e a' slaodadh nam breac a stigh cho tiugh an déidh a chéile is nach robh ùine aige feitheamh ri'n cur aon chuid air gad no air sreing. Ach thilg e iad air an fheur ghlas air bruaich na h-aibhne le rùn tilleadh air an son an uair a bhitheadh an t-iasgach seachad. Bha a aire cho mór air an obair a bha aige is gu'n d'thàinig an oidhche air gun fhios da.

Thug e an sin sùil 'na dhéidh, agus cò a chunnaic e ag iasgach r'a thaobh ach Uruisg mór is e a' toirt a stigh breac air a' bhreac ris, agus 'gan tilgeadh còmhla r' a chuid éisg-san air an fheur. Cha robh comas air, no feum aon diog a ràdh. Ach chuir e féin agus a chompanach air an iasgach, gus an deachaidh a' chuid a b' fheàrr de 'n oidhche thairis.

An sin ghlaodh an t-Uruisg: "Is mithich stad, Alastair Mhóir, agus an t-iasg a roinn." "Ud! Ud!"

BIG ALASTAIR AND THE URUISG.

BIG ALASTAIR was as good and as keen a rod-fisher as there was in his native place. As soon as he would see the appearance of a good shower coming, he would instantly throw his rod over his shoulder, and he would hie away at a trotting pace to the river.

On a warm summer evening, with a good drizzling rain falling accompanied with mist, he, as his custom was, betook himself to the river; and after getting his rod in order, he therewith cast out the tackle. As soon as the hook touched the water, the fish began to take better than he had ever seen them take before. He was hauling the trout in so thickly, one after another, that he had no time to wait to put them on either withy or string. He just threw them on the green grass on the bank of the river, with the intention of returning for them when the fishing was over. His attention was so much on his work that night came upon him without his observing it. He then gave a look behind him, and whom did he see, fishing at his side, but a great Uruisg, who was taking in trout for trout with him, and throwing them with his own catch of fish upon the grass. There was no help for it, and no use in saying a syllable. But he and his companion kept on at the fishing until the best part of the night was overpast.

Then the Uruisg cried: "It is time to stop, Big Alastair, and divide the fish." "No! No!" said Big

ars Alastair Mór, "cha mhithich idir, agus an t-iasg ag gabhail cho math." Gun tuilleadh a ràdh thill an t-Uruisg gu doicheallach ris an iasgach. An ceann ùine maithe 'na dhéidh sin ghlaodh e rithis: "Stad a nis, 'Alastair Mhóir, agus roinneamaid an t-iasg." "Dean foidhidinn bheag fhathast," ars Alastair, "agus nach faca mi riamh roimhe, a leithid de ghabhail air an iasg." Rinn an t-Uruisg mar dh' iarradh air, ach cha b' ann gu toileach; oir bha an latha a' tighinn, agus iasgach eile r'a dheanamh mu'n tigeadh e. Uime sin, an ùine ghoirid, ghlaodh e an treas uair air Alastair stad. Thuig Alastair o fhuaim guth na béiste nach robh feum 'sam bith tuilleadh dàil iárraidh.

Le sin thionndaidh e ris, agus thubhairt e: "Co dhiùbh a thrusas tusa an t-iasg, no roinneas tu iad?" Fhreagair an t-Uruisg: "Trusaidh mise iad, agus roinneadh tusa iad." "Cha 'n 'eil fios agamsa ciamar a roinneas mi iad," ars Alastair. "Hù! cha'n 'eil sin duilich. Sgiolam shìos, is sgiolam shuas; sgiolam thall, is sgiolam a bhos; agus an sgiolam mhór mu dheireadh dhomh fhéin."

Cha do chòrd an roinn so ach dona ri Alastair Mór, oir thuig e gu'm b' esan an sgiolam mhór a b' àill leis an Uruisg fhaotainn air a earrainn mu'n tigeadh an latha. Ach ciod a bha e r'a dheanamh chum an trusdar a mhealladh? Bha an latha a' tighinn, agus na'n cumadh e an obair neo-chrìochnaichte gus an tigeadh e, bhitheadh e tèaruinte.

Thòisich e air an iasg a roinn ach a réir coltais cha robh cabhag air an obair sin a chrìochnachadh. Mur sleamhnaicheadh an t-iasg as a làmhan, rachadh an cunntas am mearachd air, no thachradh driod-fhortan eigin eile a chuireadh bacadh air. Bha an t-Uruisg ag call a fhoidhidinn, agus cha robh tubaist a thigeadh air Alastair nach robh ag cur teine r' a chorruich.

Alastair, "it is not at all time, while the fish are taking so well." Without saying more the Uruisg returned sulkily to the fishing. A good while after that, he cried again: "Stop now, Big Alastair, and let us divide the fish." "Have patience a little longer," said Alastair, "considering that I never before saw the fish in such a taking humour." The Uruisg did as he was asked, but it was not willingly; for the day was approaching, and another fishing to accomplish before it would arrive. So, in a short while, he cried the third time to Alastair to stop. Alastair knew, from the tone of the monster's voice that there was no use whatever in asking a longer delay.

Whereupon he turned towards him and said: "Whether wilt thou gather the fish, or divide them?" The Uruisg answered: "I shall gather them, and do thou divide them." "I do not know how to divide them," said Alastair. "Pooh! that is not difficult. A spratlum down, and a spratlum up; a spratlum there, and a spratlum here; and the last big spratlum for me."

This division pleased Big Alastair very indifferently, for he understood that he himself was the big spratlum which the Uruisg wished to have as his share of the fish before the day should come. But what was he to do to disappoint the nasty fellow? The day was approaching, and if he could keep the work unfinished until it came, he would be safe.

He began to divide the fish, but to all appearance he was in no hurry to finish that task. When the fish would not slip out of his hands, he would make a mistake in the counting, or some other mishap would occur to delay him. The Uruisg was losing his patience, and no mischance would befall Alastair which did not inflame his wrath.

Chrathadh e a cheann is a ghuaillean, phostadh e an talamh le a chasan, agus le guth leth-chrosda, leth-ghearanach ghlaodhadh e: "Nach toir thu an aire, Alastair Mhóir! nach toir thu an aire, Alastair Mhóir!" Ach leigeadh Alastair le a earail dol a stigh air an aon chluais agus a mach air a' chluais eile.

Mu dheireadh dhùisg an coileach ruadh, agus thug e fuasgladh dha as a' chàs anns an robh e. Ghoir e air tom os ceann na h-aibhne, agus air ball chaidh an t-Uruisg as an t-sealladh.

Thog Alastair leis an t-iasg, agus thill e dhachaidh. Ach o'n là sin gu là a' bhàis cha deachaidh e dh' iasgach bhreac air an abhainn an déidh do 'n oidhche tuiteam.

He would shake his head and shoulders, stamp on the ground with his feet, and in a voice half angry, half plaintive, cry out: "Won't thou take care, Big Alastair? Won't thou take care, Big Alastair?" But Alastair would suffer his remonstrance to go in at one ear and out at the other.

At length the red cock awoke, and relieved him from the strait he was in. He crowed on a knoll above the river, and straightway the Uruisg went out of sight.

Alastair took with him the fish, and returned home. But from that day to the day of his death he did not go to fish trout on the river after nightfall.

EACH-UISGE PHOLL NAN CRAOBHAN.

Anns na làithibh a dh' fhalbh bha Poll nan Craobhan, linne air abhuinn Spé, an Cromba, air a thathaich le each-uisge, a bha 'na aobhar eagail do 'n dùthaich mu'n cuairt air. Air uairibh àraid, bha e ri fhaicinn ag itheadh leis a' chrodh aig bruaich na h-aibhne; agus an sin b'e, a réir coltais, an t-aon each bu bhòidhche a chunnaic duine riamh. Bha a chraicionn cho dubh shlìom ri sgiath an fhithich. Air a cheann bha srian loinnireach, agus air a dhruim dìollaid le stiorapan airgid. Ach an uair a rachadh fear bu dàna na chéile tuilleadh is dlùth air, chuireadh aon sealladh d'a shùil cholgach grìs troimhe a fhreumhaicheadh e ris an talamh, air chor is nach robh comas aige làmh no cas a ghluasad. Na'n dì-chuimhnicheadh an duine, leis an eagal, e féin a chroiseadh, an sin tharruingeadh an t-each dubh bu bhòidhche dealbh, na bu dlùithe agus na bu dlùithe dha, agus dh'atharraicheadh sealladh fiadhaich a shùla gu sealladh ciùin an fhéidh. An uair a thigeadh e nìos ris an duine, dheanadh e sodal ris, a' suathadh a chinn shlìom r'a bhroilleach.

An ùine ghoirid dh' fhàgadh an t-eagal an duine, agus leumadh e 'san dìollaid; agus an sin cho luath ri saighead o'n bhogha, leumadh an t-each a mach do Pholl nan Craobhan. Cha bhitheadh an duine ri fhaicinn tuilleadh, agus cha bhitheadh an t-each dubh ri fhaicinn fad latha is bliadhna.

Làimh ri abhuinn Spé bha chòmhnuidh duine d' am b' ainm Iain Beag. B' àbhaist do dh'Iain Beag a'

THE WATER-HORSE OF POLL NAN CRAOBHAN.

In bygone days, Poll nan Craobhan, a pool on the river Spey, in Cromdale, was haunted by a water-horse which was the terror of the surrounding country. At certain seasons he was to be seen feeding with the cattle on the bank of the river; and then he seemed to be the most beautiful horse that man ever beheld. His coat was as black and glossy as the raven's wing. On his head was a glittering bridle, and on his back a saddle with stirrups of silver. But when any man, bolder than his fellows, approached too near him, one glance of the horse's fiery eye sent a thrill of terror through him that rooted him to the earth, so that he could not move hand or foot. If, in his fear, the man then forgot to cross himself, the black horse of the most beautiful shape would draw nearer and nearer him, and the fierce glance of his eye would change to the mild look of the deer. When he would come up to the man, he would fawn on him by rubbing his shining head against his breast.

Soon the man's fear would vanish, and he would spring into the saddle; and then, quick as an arrow from the bow, the black horse would plunge into Poll nan Craobhan. The man was to be seen no more, and the black horse was not to be seen for a year and a day.

Near the river Spey lived a man named Little John. Little John usually spent a great part of the year in the

chuid mhór de 'n bhliadhna a chaitheadh 's a' Bhlàr Bhuidhe a' deanamh mòna, agus air an aobhar sin theireadh iad ris am fad is am farsuingeachd na sgìreachd, Iain Beag a' Bhlàir-Bhuidhe. Ged bha Iain Beag, mar tha a ainm ag innseadh, ro bheag am pearsa, bha e cho neo-sgàthach, dàna ri aon de na Fiantaibh féin. Bha a smuaintean fad an là, agus a bhruadair ré na h-oidhche, mu each-uisge Pholl nan Craobhan; agus b'iomadh innleachd gun rath a dhealbh e a chur as do 'n each.

Mu dheireadh thall smaointich e gu'n rachadh e agus gu'n cuireadh e a chomhairle ri cailleach dhubh Allnaig; agus cha robh e fada a' fàgail Beinn Chromba 'na dhéidh. An uair a ràinig e bothan na cailliche duibhe, bhuail e aig an dorus, agus air ball thàinig an fhreagairt a mach: "Thig a stigh, Iain Bhig a' Bhlàir Bhuidhe, is ann domhsa is aithne ciod a tha thu ag iarraidh; agus cò aig am bheil fios nach cuir thusa agus mise teadhair air each dubh Pholl nan Craobhan fhathast.

An déidh do dh' Iain Beag a leòir cabhruich agus bainne milis fhaotainn, ghabh a' chailleach dhubh a clach fhiosachd, agus dh'amhairc i innte ùine fhada. Mu dheireadh thog i suas a ceann, agus thubhairt i: "Nis, Iain Bhig, tha fhios agam gu math nach gealtair a tha annad, agus gu'n ceannsaich thu each-uisge Pholl nan Craobhan." "Cha'n 'eil fhios agam air sin," ars Iain Beag. "Cum a suas do mhisneach, agus cha'n eagal duit! Ach so an ni a dh' fheumas tu a dheanamh: Bithidh an t-each ag itheadh 'san lòn air feasgar Bealltuinne. An uair a thòisicheas a' ghrian air tèarnadh o a h-àirde 'san speur, marbhaidh tu an damh ballach. Cuiridh tu an sin an craicionn umad féin, agus falbhaidh tu air do làmhaibh agus air do chasaibh, cosmhuil ri damh. Roimh laighe na gréine, iomaineadh cuid-eigin thu féin agus an crodh gu taobh Pholl nan

Yellow Moss making peats, and on that account he was known over the length and breadth of the parish as Little John of the Yellow Moss. Though Little John, as his name indicates, was very small in person, he was as bold and fearless as one of the very Féinn. His thoughts all day and his dreams by night were of the water horse in Poll nan Craobhan; and many were the fruitless plans he formed for the destruction of the horse.

At long last, he thought he would go and consult the black wife of Alnaic; and he was not long in leaving Cromdale Hill behind him. When he arrived at the hut of the black wife, he knocked at the door, and the answer came out at once: "Come in, Little John of the Yellow Moss; it is I who am aware what you want; and who knows but you and I may yet put a tether on the black horse of Poll nan Craobhan."

When John had got enough sowens and sweet milk, the black wife took her divining stone, and looked into it for a long time. At last she lifted up her head, and said: "Now, Little John, I know well that you are no coward, and that you will subdue the water horse of Poll nan Craobhan." "I do not know about that," said Little John. "Keep up your heart, and there is no fear of you! But this is what you must do: The horse will be feeding on the meadow on Beltane-eve. When the sun begins to descend from his highest point in the sky, you will kill the speckled ox. You will then put the skin about yourself, and go on your hands and feet, like an ox. Before the setting of the sun let some-one drive yourself and the cows to the side of Poll nan

Craobhan. Cho luath is a laigheas a' ghrian, thig an t-each dubh a nìos as an uisge, agus tòisichidh e air itheadh leis a' chrodh. A chionn gu'n amhairc thusa coltach ris an damh, bithidh an t-each air a chur as a umhail. Ach ma dh' fhairicheas, no ma nochdas tu an t-eagal is lugha, is dìomhain a bhitheas aig do bhean sùil ri d' ath philleadh. Rach air d' athais na's dlùithe agus na's dlùithe do 'n abhainn, gus am faigh thu eadar an t-each agus an t-uisge; agus an sin is ann agad féin a bhitheas a' choire, mur faigh thu an làmh an uachdair air. Cha'n 'eil 'san t-sréin aon chuid sparrag no smeachan; agus, uime sin, an uair a gheibh thu dlùth gu leòir, bheir thu leum a dh' ionnsaidh na sréine, agus spìonaidh tu dheth i. An sin bithidh an t-each dubh fo do smachd, agus nì e ni air bith is toil leat, cho fad is a chumas tu an t-srian uaith. Bi cùramach mu 'n t-sréin, air neo is ann duitse is miosa e. Nis, Iain Bhig, gabh do rathad."

Chaidh Iain Beag dhachaidh, agus dh' fheith e gus an d' thàinig an latha roimh fheasgar Bealltuinne mu'n cuairt. Cho luath is a chaidh a' ghrian seach a h-àirde 'san speur, mharbh e an damh ballach. Chuir a' bhean an craicionn uime air dhòigh cho seòlta is gu'n do ghabh an crodh féin e air-son an daimh a chaidh a mharbhadh. Roimh laighe na gréine dh' iomain i an crodh a dh' ionnsaidh bruaich na h-aibhne, agus lean esan iad mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e. An uair a chaidh a' ghrian fuidhe, thàinig an t-each dubh a nìos air a shocair as an linne, agus thòisich e air itheadh am measg a' chruidh. Ars Iain Beag ris féin: "A nis, a mhic m' athar fhéin, na bitheadh eagal ort," agus ag gabhail air a bhi creimeadh an fheòir, mar bha e a' dol air aghaidh, fhuair e mu dheireadh eadar an t-each agus an t-uisge. An sin le cruaidh leum fhuair e greim air an t-sréin loinnirich, spìon e bhàrr an eich

Craobhan. As soon as the sun sets, the black horse will come up out of the water, and begin feeding with the cattle. As you will look like an ox, the horse will be thrown off his guard. But if you feel or show the least fear, your wife will look for your return in vain. Draw nearer and nearer the river at your leisure, until you get between the horse and the water; and then it will be your own fault if you get not the better of him. The bridle has neither bit nor chin-strap; and, therefore, when you get near enough, you will make a spring at the bridle, and pull it off. The black horse is then under your control, and will do whatever you wish, so long as you keep the bridle from him. Be careful of the bridle, or it will be the worse for you. Now, Little John, go your way."

Little John went home, and waited till the day before Beltane-eve came round. As soon as the sun had crossed his highest point in the sky, he killed the speckled ox. His wife put the skin upon him in such a clever way that the very cows mistook him for the ox that had been killed. Before sunset she drove the cows to the bank of the river, and he followed as best he could. When the sun went down, the black horse came slowly up out of the pool, and began feeding among the cattle. Said Little John to himself: "Now, son of my own father, be not afraid," and pretending to be nibbling the grass as he went, he at last got between the horse and the water. Then with a great spring he got hold of the glittering bridle, pulled it off

i, agus rug e air a bhad-mullaich air. "Ha! Ha! a fhleasgaich, tha thu agam, a nis," ars e. Fhreagair an t-each: "Tha mi agad a nis, gu dearbh, Iain Bhig a' Bhlàir Bhuidhe; ach ma nochdas tu dhomhsa an caoimhneas a tha thu leigeil ris do na beathaichean eile a tha agad, nì mi seirbhis dhìleas duit a là agus a dh' oidhche, gus an toir thu air ais dhomh mo shrian agus mo dhìollaid féin le làimh maighdinn; agus an sin cha chuir mi dragh tuilleadh air an dùthaich."

"Chì sinn mu'n chùis sin," ars Iain Beag.

Bu mhór eagal mnà Iain Bhig an uair a chunnaic i am beathach uamhasach air iomain a stigh do 'n stàbull; ach dh' innis Iain Beag dhi gu 'n deanadh each-uisge Pholl nan Craobhan am fortan fhathast.

Dh'fhalaich Iain Beag an t-srian agus an dìollaid an àite uaigneach os ceann leabadh na ceàrna. Cha robh duine bu mhó as féin na esan; oir cha robh an ruith Spé each a dh'fhaodadh a choimeas ris an each dhubh dhreachmhor aige. Cha robh rathad air bith tuilleadh is garbh ri a shiubhal, no eallach air bith tuilleadh is trom ri a giùlan, no fodar air bith tuilleadh is làidir ri a itheadh leis. Le a chàrn mor féin dh' fhalmhaicheadh Iain Beag a nis am Blàr Buidhe de 'n mhòine na bu luaithe na chuireadh muinntir a' Chlachain a suas i 'na cruaich.

Bha e a' fàs beairteach, agus bha móran a' tighinn am fad agus am farsuinneachd a cheannach an eich dhuibh; ach bha iad air am fàgail a philleadh dhachaidh as a eugmhais.

Chaidh gnothuichean air an aghaidh mar so le Iain Beag fad gràinnein bhliadhnachan gu ruig latha a chaidh e féin agus a bhean gu faidhir an Clachan Chromba, agus an d'fhàg iad Sine Bhàn, an nighean, a dh' amharc as déidh an tighe. B' àbhaist do Shine Bhàin an t-each dubh a bhiathadh le a làimh fhéin,

the horse, and caught him by the forelock. "Ha, ha! my lad, I have you now," said he. The horse answered: "You have me now, indeed, Little John of the Yellow Moss; but if you will show me the same kindness as you show to your other animals, I will serve you faithfully day and night, until you give me back my own bridle and saddle by the hand of a maiden; and then I will trouble the country no more."

"We will see about that," said Little John.

Great was the terror of Little John's wife when she saw the awful beast being led to the stable; but Little John assured her that the water-horse of Poll nan Craobhan would yet make their fortune.

Little John hid the bridle and the saddle in a secret corner above the kitchen bed. No man was so proud as he; for no horse in the course of the Spey could be compared with his beautiful black horse. No road was too rough for him to tread, no load too heavy to carry, no fodder too coarse to eat. With his great sled-cart Little John could now empty the Yellow Moss of peats quicker than the men of the Clachan could build them into stacks.

He was getting rich, and many came from far and near to buy the black horse; but they were left to return home without him.

Things went on in this way with Little John for some years, until one day he and his wife went to a fair at the Clachan of Cromdale, and left their daughter Sheena Vane to look after the house. Sheena Vane used to feed the black horse with her own hand, and

agus a mharcachd a dh'ionnsaidh an uisge; ach air an latha dhubh, dhona ud, thuit dhi amas air an t-sréin agus air an dìollaid far an robh iad falaichte.

Smaointich i gu 'm b' ann an sin a fhuair i an cothrom air aon réis fhada, mhath fhaotainn air druim an eich dhuibh; agus air falbh ghabh i leis an t-sréin agus leis an dìollaid do 'n stàbull. An uair a chunnaic an t-each a uidheam féin, shitrich e rithe le gàirdeachas mór. An ùine ghoirid chuireadh e fo uidheam; ach cha bu luaithe bha Sine Bhàn 'na suidhe 'san dìollaid na dh' fhalbh e le luathas na gaoithe, cha b' ann do Pholl nan Craobhan, ach do Lochan a bha làimh ri Clachan Chromba. An uair a bha iad a' dol troimh Ath Chroisg, choinnicheadh iad le Iain Beag agus le a mhnaoi, agus ghlaodh an t-each dubh riu 'san dol seachad: "Fhuair mi nis mo shrian agus mo dhìollaid o làimh maighdinn, agus cha chuir mi dragh air duine tuilleadh."

Chunnacas an t-each agus an nighean a' dol fodha an còmhail an cinn anns an àite bu doimhne de 'n Lochan, far an robh móran a' saoilsinn gu 'n robh e gun ìochdar. B'e sin an sealladh mu dheireadh a fhuaradh de Shine Bhàin agus de each-uisge Poll nan Craobhan, ach cha b' ann an sin a chualadh an t-iomradh mu dheireadh mu Shine, mar chìthear a nis.

Bha e air a thoirt fa-near nach robh a' chuid de 'n Lochan anns an deach an t-each-uisge fodha le Sine Bhàin, a' reothadh, ciod air bith cho tiugh is a bhitheadh an eigh air an uisge m' a thimchioll. Anns na h-oidhchean fuar geamhraidh, an uair a bhitheadh a' ghaoth a' séideadh gu cruaidh, agus a' sguabadh an t-sneachd 'na mhill thiugha o Bheinn Chromba, bhitheadh an glaodh tiamhaidh, brònach: "Is mise tha fuar, is mise tha fuar," air a chluinntinn os ceann fuaim na doininn, a' tighinn o'n Lochan, agus ag cur

ride him to water; but on this black, evil day she happened to light upon the bridle and saddle, where they lay concealed.

She thought to herself that now was her chance of having a good long ride on the black horse's back; and away she went with the bridle and saddle to the stable. When the horse saw his own furniture, he neighed at it with great delight. In a short time he was in harness; but no sooner was Sheena Vane seated on the saddle than away he went with the swiftness of the wind, not to Poll nan Craobhan, but to a Lochan near the Clachan of Cromdale. As they were going through Achroisk they were met by Little John and his wife, and the black horse cried out in passing: "I have now got my bridle and saddle from the hands of a maiden, and I will trouble no man any more."

The horse and the maiden were seen to plunge headlong into the deepest part of the Lochan, where many believed it had no bottom. That was the last that was seen of Sheena Vane and the water-horse of Poll nan Craobhan, but not the last that was heard of Sheena, as will presently be seen.

It was observed that the part of the Lochan in which the black horse disappeared with Sheena Vane never froze over, however thick the ice might be on the surrounding water. In the cold winter nights, when the wind blew strong, and swept the snow in blinding clouds from Cromdale Hill, an eerie, piteous cry of: "I am cold, I am cold," was heard above the noise of the storm, coming from the Lochan and sending a

gaoir fhuar troimh chridheachan na dream a chuala e. Bliadhna an déidh bliadhna bha an guth muladach ceudna air a chluinntinn, gus an d'thàinig gobhainn á Gleann Braon, agus an do thuinich e 's a' Chlachan. Bha an gobhainn so air a theagasg le cailleach dhubh Allnaig, cionnus a labhradh e ri tannaisg; agus cho luath is a chuala e an glaodh brònach, thubhairt e gu'm faiceadh esan an athghoirid ciod a bha an tannasg ag iarraidh.

Chaidh e mach a dh' ionnsaidh an Lochain, agus ghnàthaich e na briathran a dh' fhoghluim e o'n chaillich dhuibh; agus dh' innis an tannasg dha nach b' urrainn e fois fhaotainn gus an leughadh an sagairt seachd aifrinn do dh'anam Shine Bhàine. Bha an aifrionn air a leughadh; agus 'na dhéidh sin cha chualadh an glaodh tiamhaidh: "Is mise tha fuar, is mise tha fuar." Is e theirear ris an Lochan gus an latha an diugh Bog-an-Loirein; agus ris an àite, 'san robh Iain Beag a' Bhlàir Bhuidhe ag gabhail còmhnuidh, Dail-a'-chapuill.

cold chill through the hearts of those that heard it. Year after year the same mournful cry was heard, until a smith from Glen Braon came and settled in the Clachan. This smith had been taught by the black wife of Alnaic how to speak to ghosts; and when he first heard the piteous cry, he said that he would soon see what the ghost was wanting.

He went out to the Lochan, and used the words he had learned from the black wife of Alnaic; and the ghost told him that it could find no rest until the priest had said seven masses for the soul of Sheena Vane. The mass was said, and the eerie cry of: "I am cold, I am cold," was not heard thereafter. The Lochan is called to this day Bog-an-Loirein; and the place where Little John of the Yellow Moss lived, Dalchapple (Horsefield).

NOTES.

Page 3—"The white Red-eared Hound" occurs also in *Folk and Hero Tales*, iii. p. 84.

Compare also the following passages:—

"The physicians declared that nothing could cure him but the flesh of a perfectly white cow with red ears."—*Book of Fermoy*, p. 36, where there is a note with further instances.

"Morgan awoke on the morrow and saw the fifty white red-eared kine."—*Voyage of Bran*, i., 75, 3.

Before sunrise yesterday at Knightlowe, Warwickshire, the ancient ceremony was enacted of collecting "wroth silver," payable to the Duke of Buccleuch. To the assembly round the wayside cross, beneath Scottish firs, the steward read the charter specifying a fine of twenty shillings for every penny not forthcoming, or forfeiture of a white bull with red nose and ears.—*Scotsman*, 12th November, 1909.

R. T. Simpson, a local antiquarian, says that only once was the fine enforced during the last century, a white bull having been demanded by the steward of the late Lord John Scott, the then Lord of the Hundred, in a case where the money either was not paid at all or was not paid before sunrise. The beast was, however, rejected, as it did not fully answer the description. He goes on to say that the breed at Cadzow Castle does so, and in a lesser degree, those at Kilmory House, Argyllshire, and at Chillingham, Northumberlannd.—*A Curious Warwickshire Custom, Collection of "Wroth Silver,"* Rugby, 1884.

Page 8—"Blackening on the soles of her feet," &c A "run" found on p. 58, and also in *Spiorad na h-Aoise* (Gaelic Fairy Tales, 1907), a tale which has many features in common with *Cathal O'Cruachan*, as the last has with *The Weaver's Son and the Giant of the White Hill*, Curtins' *Myths and Folk Lore*, p. 64.

Page 13—The Henwife is the mischief-maker.—*Waifs and Strays*, iii. 277.

Page 15—The tale concludes with a "tag" or "nonsense ending," so p. 55, 67, 95, &c.—See *Waifs and Strays*, iii. 285.

Page 16—The skill and supernatural power of smiths is early in evidence—

"Very sharp is Goibniu's science."

—*Thesaurus Palæohibernicus*, ii. 248.

This is a story of the Gael. When the battle of Moytura was being fought, Goibniu the Smith was in the forge making the weapons for the Tuatha Dé Danann, and Luchtine the Carpenter was making the shafts for the spears, and Credne the Brazier was making rivets for the same spears. *Dicunt autem Scoti* that

Goibniu the Smith *faciebat hastas* by three actions, and the last action was the finish. Then Luchtine made the shafts by three cuts, and the last cut was the finish. *Sic et Creidne faciebat* the rivets. Goibniu used to hurl the spear-heads from the tongs, and they used to stick in the jamb. Luchtine used to cast the shafts after them, and it was enough to fix them in. Creidne used to hurl the rivets from the teeth of the tongs, and it was enough to fix them in. Now, while Goibniu was at this thing a crime is charged against his wife. It appeared to him then that the story hurt him, and he grew jealous thereat. This is what he does. There was a pole in his hand when the story was told him, and about it the furnace of clay is made; and he sang spells over that pole, and to every man who came to him he gave a blow of that pole. Then, if the man escaped, a lump full of gory liquid and matter was raised upon him, and the man burned like fire. *Cormac's Glossary*, p. 32, Tr. 123.

St. Patrick prays to be protected against spells of women, smiths and wizards. —Hymn 48.

Page 31.—"The purse burst." This tale and incident are referred to in *Waifs and Strays*, iii. 299.

Page 34.—As to tailors and their information, see *Campbell's Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans*, p. 6.

Page 37.—Chì mi sin, agus fuaighidh mi so, &c.

A West Ross-shire variant to this expression runs—

Cluinneam sin ach fuaghaim so,
Chì mi sin agus fuaghaim so.

Page 40—Sorcha is "Morvirn, Ardnamurchan, or both together."—*Reliquiæ Celticæ*, i. 332, note, but Mr. MacDougall also agreed with Dr. Hyde that the name did not refer to any real country on the map (*Waifs and Strays*, ii. 456), but to the mythical land of light. Cf.. *The Book of the Dean of Lismore*, p. 14, 16 (text), and notes, p. 21 (tr.), 141; Smith's *Sean Dàna*, p. 174, 5. The name occurs in *Old Celtic Romances*, 262, fol., as does Ur, Uthar, p. 89.

This tale is manifestly that version of "The Knight of the Red Shield," referred to in *W. H. Tales*, ii. 470.

Page 42—Portair Iain Duibh.

Martin, writing of Iona, *Description of the Western Islands*, p. 263, says "there was a tribe here called Clan Vic n-Oster [the modern òsdair] from Ostiarü, for they are said to have been Porters."

The Portair from whom the Clann a' Phortair MacNaughtons in Glenlyon derive their designation was a ferryman (a common meaning of portair) on the Lyon.

The Portair Cam, the one-eyed ferryman, was a man *sui generis*, and so energetic in his movements that he became proverbial—

Coslach ris a' Phortair Cham,
Cha luaithe thall na bhos e.
Like the One-eyed Ferryman,
No sooner on that side than on this.

Page 56—Mr. MacDougall has a note bearing on this tale in *Waifs and Strays*, iii. 276.

Page 57—"Cathal was to give his wife to the Herd of the Stud if he should lose." *Cf.* 'Twere my advice to thee if thou shouldst win of the Gruagach carsalach donn, to get the cropped rough-skinned maid that is behind the door for the worth of thy gaming."—*West Highland Tales*, i. 2.

Midir, King of Faëry, won back his fairy wife, Etain, by chess.—*Voyage of Bran*, ii. 52. *Metrical Dindshenchas*, ii. 89.

Loth pheallagach odhar (*W. H. Tales*, i. 13), may refer to "peallaidh, a mysterious being with long untidy hair, haunting streams."—*Celtic Review*, v. 51. Presenting himself before the unsuspecting traveller in the servile appearance of a scabbed colt, the ghost will in this guise place himself in the traveller's way, as if to graze by the roadside.—*Stewart's Highland Superstitions*, p. 13.

Page 58—Madadh is probably the wolf.—J. M'D.

Page 72—A parallel to the bottle incident occurs in *Revue Celtique*, iv. 187.

Page 91—"Three human bodies, holding their heads between their hands, stood before him." See the tale of Coluinn gun cheann, *W. H. Tales*, ii. 101. The phrase was almost proverbial—

'S e 'n trùp Ghallta g'an robh 'chall sin,
Bha colainn gun cheann air cuid diubh.
D. Macintyre, p. 14.

Ar is colann cen chend duine cen anmcharait.—*Félire*, p. xlvi., cxxix., ed. Stokes. *Cf.* Campbell's *Witchcraft and Second Sight*, p. 191.

Page 100—For reference to several Irish and other versions of this tale, see *Revue Celtique*, iv. 185.

Page 104—Tàladh na mnatha sìthe. The translation was made for Mr. MacDougall by Mr. Malcolm MacLucas.

Page 108—"The women of Conall." Conall is represented as the Celtic Cupid, and the guardian deity of childhood.—*Celt. Rev.*, v. 64.

The cateinich, white-crested waves, are so styled. The reference, however, is to the "hairy" aborigines (*cf.* gruagach, molach, &c.), who in the main gave rise to the belief in brownies and certain classes of the daoine sìthe. Cf. The "shag-boy" in *The Testimony of Tradition*, p. 107.—See also *Celt. Rev.* vi. 172. The meaning is that the child would reach the age of love-making, and the fairy folk would work for him and be his friends.

Page 111—"MacKenzie thou'rt none." For some notices of the confusion between MacKenzie and MacLeod, see Maclan's *Costumes of the Clans*, p. 290. Keltie's *History of the Highland Clans*, ii. 191, 479. For Clann Conn, see Skene's *Highlanders*, p. 188.

"Lochlannach na lann" occurs in Caithreim Ceallachain Caisil, § 63.

Page 112—A' bhean-chomuinn. A similar version, without translation, will be found in *A' Choisir-Chiùil*, p. 58.

Page 120—Eadar dà bhì an dorus. Cf. *Bricriu's Feast*, p. 153 (Irish Texts. Society, vol. ii.).

Fairies visit and flit on New-Year's Eve. "When they want beef or mutton . . . with elf arrows they bring down their game," Keightly, p. 165. Cf. *W.H. Tales*, ii. 83, where it is said the arrow "was slender like a straw for thickness," and MacGregor's *Highland Superstitions*, p. 15. "These arrows are of stone, like a yellow flint, and shaped like a barbed arrow-head."—Stewart, p. 89.

"This elf-arrow or elf-bolt was believed to be thrown by the fairies at cattle and men, and whoever had one in his possession was believed to be safe from fairy attacks. Water in which it was dipped restored to health those who were struck with sudden illness."—Fergusson's *Scottish Social Sketches*, p. 85.

Page 128—"He heard a voice coming from the root of every blade." Cf. Curtin's *Tales of the Fairies*, p. 29.

Witches were believed to carry off cows' milk by pretending to milk the hair tether.—See Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*, sub voc. Milk the Tether.

Page 139—A good description of the view from the top of Scuir Eigg will be found in Leyden's *Journal of a Tour in the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland in 1800*, p. 158.

Page 158—"The inexhaustible meal chest." Cf. the Dagdae's Caldron—No company ever went from it unthankful.—*Voyage of Bran*, ii. 173.

Page 160.—"My curse on thy teaching mouth." Probably the translation should run as Mr. Robertson suggests—"My curse on the mouth that taught thee." This view is strengthened by the similar phrase—"Beannachd dhuitse 's mollachd do d' oid-ionnsachaidh."—*W.H. Tales*, i. 12.

"Well," said the Gruagach, "that is your son. I can't blame you for having him; but I blame your instructor for the information he gave you, and I give him my curse."—Curtin's *Myths*, &c., p. 145.

Page 162.—"The two neighbours and their Hogmanay whisky, or the man who danced a year and a day with the fairies," is a shortened version of the extremely diverting tale given by Stewart, p. 62, and followed by Keightly, p. 386. It is much abbreviated in *W.H. Tales*, ii. 74.

Page 168—The tale is a superior version of Kallundborg Church.—Keightly's *Fairy Mythology*, p. 116, 117, note.

As to divulging the fairy's name.—Cf. *Inge of Rantum*, Keightly 232.

Page 172—"A Shrutha-Shliabh" is an attempt to derive the name of Stirling which in the Gaelic of to-day is Sruileadh, Sruibhleadh, or Sriobhladh, the last corresponding to the old Scottish form Strivling, or Strivelin. But the name of Snowdon, Snowden, or Snowdun was also applied to Stirling, and is probably derived from Snuad, river, and dùn, enclosure, fort, or hill, and thus corresponds in meaning to the word in the text.

Page 174—"The fairies were excellent musicians." Cf. "To the minstrel we listened then—his melody admitted not of indifference—it lacked but little that the swelling music, well sustained, had lulled us all to sleep."—*Silva Gadelica*, ii. 116. Cf. The wonderful musical gifts of the Strömkarl, "the trees dance, and waterfalls stop at his music."—Keightly, p. 152.

Page 176.—The phrase translated "skill without success," occurs *W. H. Tales*, ii. 98, mistakenly translated "speechless art, or artless speech; also in Campbell's *Superstitions*, p. 161, "ingenuity without advantage." Another version of the MacCrimmon legend will be found in Campbell's *Superstitions*, p. 139.

Page 180—The Kiss of the King's Hand. A pibroch so named will be found in Thomason's *Ceòl Mór*, p. 156. There is also in existence a pibroch called Uaimh an Oir, though probably referring to a different incident. As MacCrimmon entered the cave he encountered a wolf and played—

Is truagh tha mi gun tri làimh
Dà làmh 's a' phlob is làmh 's a' chlaidheamh.

See J. A. MacCulloch's *The Misty Isle of Skye*, p. 242.

Page 186.—Duthil. Mr. MacDougall had decided on writing Daoghall, the correct Gaelic.

Page 192.—Fairies meet periodically to fight.—*Silva Gadelica*, ii. 224; *Voyage of Bran*, ii. 215.

Page 196—The sword MacGillony. The Highlander had fanciful names for his weapons. Duncan MacIntyre applied them freely to guns and halbert as well. For names of swords, cf. *W. H. Tales*, iii. 402, verse 19, and note.

A drawn sword was a special protection from the fairies. "He caused set furth the said James Glen, his alone betwixt nyne and ten in ane winter night, and bade draw ane compas about the said James with ane drawn sword, and that the said Stein went out his alone into the yaird to hold affe the fairye from the said James."—Stirling Pres. Records, quoted in *Social Sketches*, p. 78.

A piece of cold iron or steel put into the bed of a lady "uneasy in her circumstances," will protect mother and offspring from being "fayed."—Stewart's *Highland Superstitions*, p. 91.

Page 199.—"Fairy sweetheart" or this and other parts of these tales, cf. Keltie's *The Scottish Highlands*, i. 305, 7.

Page 202.—Very different from the foregoing (says Mr. MacDougall) was the version current in Craignish in my boyhood. Murdoch of the golden locks was a famous deer-hunter, who continued to follow his favourite occupation of pursuing the deer until he became a blind old man. Being then no longer able to provide for himself, he was led, by his unnatural son, to Ben-an-Or, his former hunting-ground, and left there to perish of cold and hunger. He sat down alone on the mountain side, and as he meditated on his helpless condition, his thoughts were directed to a Higher Source for deliverance, and he gave them expression in the following verses :—

"Is mise Murchadh Buidhe nam Fiadh,
A dh' fhàgadh air sliabh Bheinn an Oir
Is ged tha mi aosda, liath,
Is fhurasda do Dhia mo dheanamh òg."

[I am Yellow Murdoch of the Deer,
Left on the slope of Ben-an-Or;
And albeit I am old and sere,
God can make me young once more.]

The legend adds that as the result of his pious trust in a Higher Power, he recovered his sight, and regained sufficient strength to enable him to return home without any human assistance.

Page 204.—"The Hunchback of the Willow Brake," cf. "The Legend of Knockgrafton" in Joseph Jacob's *More Celtic Fairy Tales*, p. 154.

Page 214.—The Caointeach (or Caoineag, *Celt. Rev.*, v. 50), resembles the Banshee who expressed themselves in the golgaire, or wail. "They gave forth their lament on going from him, so that they moved the persons who were in the *Lios* exceedingly. It is from the lament cry of the women of the *Sidè* that the musicians of Ireland have retained it." *Tain Bo Fraich*, 149, and note. O'Curry, *On the Mann.*, iii. 383.

MacLachlan, *Celtic Gleanings*, p. 76, speaking of the Mackays of the Rhinns in Islay, says—"This tribe crossed at a late period to Ireland and became Magees." MacD. in his MS. calls them the Clan Magee.

Page 216 —"Gruagach, a female spectre of the class of Brownies, to which the Highland dairymaids made frequent libations of milk, frisked and gambolled about the cattle pens and folds, armed only with a pliable reed, with which she switched all who annoyed her by uttering obscene language, or by neglecting to leave for her a share of the dairy produce."—MacGregor's *Highland Superstitions*, p. 33.

Gruagach, now a common word for "girl," means "hairy," a fact which emerges as well known in the Speyside synonym Meg Mholach, hairy Meg Stewart, p. 98). Gruagach, wizard-champion, is masculine in *Old Celtic Romances*, p. 248; The Laughing Gruagach, Curtin's *Myths*, &c., p. 114; The Fisherman's

Son and the Gruagach of the Tricks, p. 139; and in *Waifs and Strays*, ii. 97. All these partake of a common character with the Brownie-clod, so called from a habit he had of flinging clods at passers-by.—Keightly, p. 395.

The phonetic Gaelic of Keightly, p. 384, thus corrected,

Fhuair Brùnaidh còt' is currac,
'S cha dean Brùnaidh obair tuilleadh,

might, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to several of our tales.

See Campbell's *Superstitions*, Index.

Page 228.—"Sheiling bothy" life, for an excellent account hereof, by Dr. Carmichael, see Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, iii. 385.

Page 230.—"The Strath Dearn hunter," similar details will be found in Stewart's *Highland Superstitions*, p. 132.

Page 234—Glaistig occupied a middle position between the fairies and mankind. She was not a fairy woman, but one of human race who had a fairy nature given her.— Campbell's *Superstitions*, p. 157.

See the whole essay, where some of the tales of our text are mentioned.—The Glaistig at Glenduror, p. 162; Selvach MacKelvie, p. 174; and the Onich Brothers, p. 181.

Page 240—Another (and superior) version of the Croon of Ben Breck is found in *W.H. Tales*, ii. 369.

A translation by John Campbell Shairp of a version resembling Mr. MacDougall's appears in *Lyra Celtica*, p. 277.

Page 253.—"He went to the river Spean to fish."

"Over Connla's Well grew nine beautiful mystical hazel trees, which annually sent forth their blossoms and fruits simultaneously. The nuts were of the richest crimson colour, and teemed with the knowledge of all that was refined in literature, poetry and art. No sooner, however, were the beautiful nuts produced on the trees than they always dropped into the well, raising by their fall a succession of shining red bubbles. Now, during this time the water was always full of salmon, and no sooner did the bubbles appear than these salmon darted to the surface and ate the nuts, after which they made their way to the river (Shannon). The eating of the nuts produced brilliant crimson spots on the bellies of these salmon; and to catch and eat these salmon became an object of more than gastronomic interest among those who were anxious to become distinguished in the arts and in literature without being at the pains and delay of long study; for the fish was supposed to have become filled with the knowledge which was contained in the nuts, which, it was believed, would be transferred to those who had the good fortune to catch and eat them. Such a salmon was on that account called the Eó Feasa, or Salmon of Knowledge; and it is to such a salmon that we sometimes meet a reference among our old poets, where, when speaking of objects

which they pretend to be above description, they say, "unless they had eaten of the salmon of knowledge, they could not do it justice."—O'Curry *On the Mann.*, ii. 143. So *Cormac*, Tr. sub Caill Crinmon, p. 35. Cf. "The Song of Finn Mac Cool, composed after his eating of the salmon of knowledge."—*Lyra Celtica*, p. 4, note p. 375.

Page 258—This story, or one similar in its main features, suggested to Scott his first original ballad, *Glenfinlas*.

Page 260 —"The black cock of March." Curtin, *Tales of the Fairies*, p. 115, says—A cock hatched in March from a cock and hen hatched in March.

MacD. has this note—Is e sin coileach-tighe, dubh 'san dath, agus a thugadh a mach am mìos a' Mhàirt. Cha 'n 'eil coileach eile a ghlaodhas cho fìor. Goiridh e 's a' mhionaid a thionndaidheas an oidhche gu là.

Coileach dubh a' Mhàirt
Coileach is fìre 'tha.

That is, a domestic cock, hatched in March, and black in colour. No other cock crows so true. He crows at the very moment when night turns to day.

The black cock of March,
The truest in existence.

Campbell's *Superstitions*, p. 88, says—"A black cock born *(sic)* in the busy time of the year," probably seed time.

See *Faclair Gàidhlig*, sub Màrt.

Page 294—C.M.R. would read iochd air nachd, and refers to ichd-air-neachd, at all events.—O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary, p. 300.

Page 298—Mi fhéin is mi fhéin. Cf. *W.H. Tales*, ii. 206.

Page 308.—The Lowland form of the name "Poll na Craobhan" occurs in an old rhyme at one time popular on Avonside and Speyside :—

And sit weel, Janetie,
And ride weel, Davie,
And your first stop will be
The bottom of Pot Cravie.

Page 310—The Alnaic is a rugged stream that flows into the Avon at Delnabo, near Tomintoul.

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